McCLURE'S

Win-the-War Magazine

JANUARY
1919

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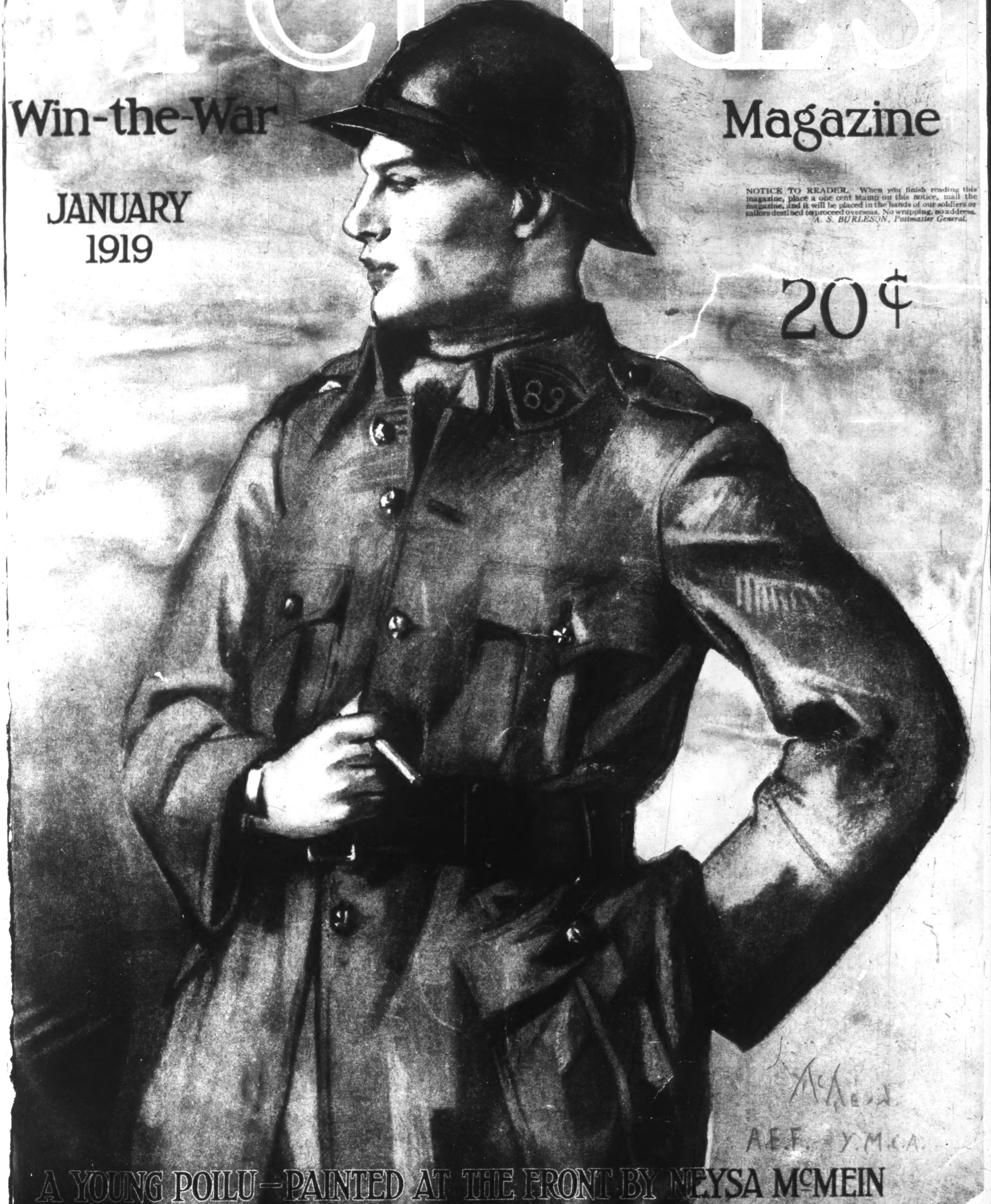

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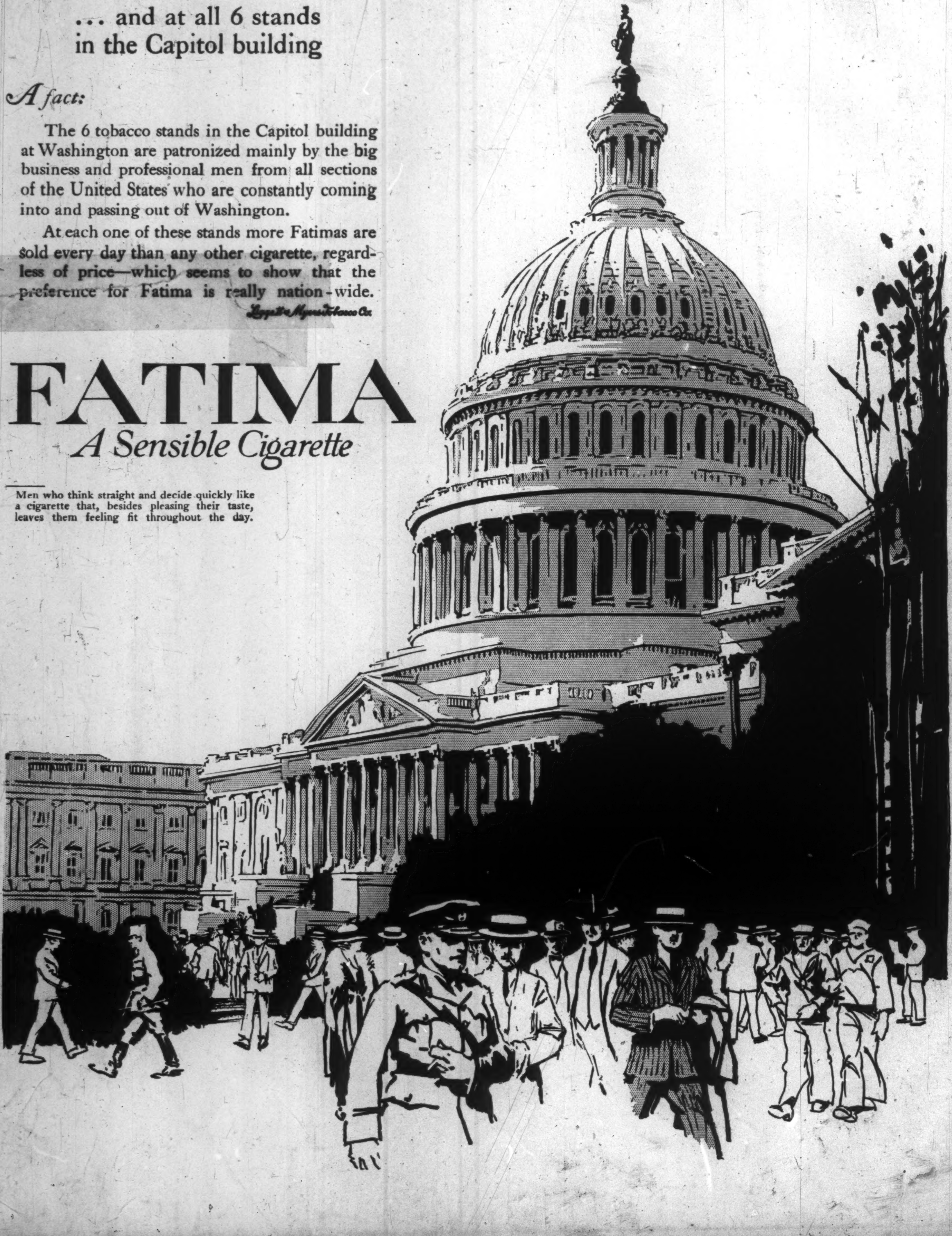

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How One Evening's Study Led to a $30,000 Job

A Simple Method of Mind Training that Any One Can Follow with Results from the First Day

By a Man Who Made Formerly No More Than a Decent Living

I HOPE you won't think I'm conceited or egotistical in trying to tell others how I suddenly changed from a comparative failure to what my friends term a phenomenal success.

In reality I do not take the credit to myself at all. It was all so simple that I believe any man can accomplish practically the same thing if he learns the secret, which he can do in a single evening. In fact I know others who have done much better than I by following the same method.

It all came about in a rather odd manner. I had been worrying along in about the same way as the average man thinking that I was doing my bit for the family by providing them with three square meals a day, when an old chum of mine, Frank Powers, whom I had always thought was about the same kind of a chap as I, suddenly blossomed out with every evidence of great prosperity.

He moved into a fine new house, bought a good car and began living in the style of a man of ample means. Naturally the first thing I did when I noticed these things—for he had said nothing to me about his sudden good fortune—was to congratulate him and ask him what had brought the evident change in his finances.

"Bill," he said, "it's all come so quickly I can hardly account for it myself. But the thing that has made such difference in my life lately began with an article I read a short time ago about training the mind.

"It compared the average person's mind to a leaky pail, losing its contents as it went along, which if carried any distance would arrive at its destination practically empty.

David M. Roth

When Mr. Roth first determined to exchange his leaky mind for one that would retain anything he wanted it to, it was because he found his memory to be probably poorer than that of any man he knew. He could not remember a man's name 20 seconds. He forgot so many things that he was convinced he could never succeed until he learned to remember. Today there are over ten thousand people in the United States whom Mr. Roth has met at different times—most of them only once—whom he can instantly name on sight.

Mr. Roth can and has hundreds of times at dinners and lectures asked fifty or sixty men he has never met to tell him their names, business and telephone numbers and then after turning his back while they changed seats, has picked each one out by name, told him his telephone number and business connection. These are only a few of the scores of equally "impossible" things that Mr. Roth can do, and yet a few years ago he couldn't remember a man's name twenty seconds. Why go around with a mind like a leaky pail when, as Mr. Roth says, "what I have done any one can do."

"And it showed that instead of making the pail leak-proof most of us kept filling it up and then losing all we put into it before we ever reached the place where the contents would be of real use.

"The leak in the pail, the writer demonstrated, was forgetfulness. He showed that when memory fails, experience, the thing we all value most highly, is worthless. He proved to me that a man is only as good as his memory, and whatever progress a man accomplishes can be laid directly to his powers of retaining in his mind the right things—the things that are going to be useful to him as he goes along.

"Farther on in the article I read that the power of the mind is only the sum total of what we remember—that is, if we read a book and remember nothing that was in it, we have not added one particle to our experience; if we make a mistake and forget about it, we are apt to make the same mistake again, so our experience did not help us. And so on, in everything we do. Our judgment is absolutely dependent on our experience, and our experience is only as great as our power to *remember*.

"Well, I was convinced. My mind was a 'leaky pail.' I had never been able to remember a man's name thirty seconds after I'd been introduced to him, and, as you know, I was always forgetting things that ought to be done. I had recognized it as a fault, but never thought of it as a definite barrier to business success. I started in at once to make my memory efficient, taking up a memory training course which claimed to improve a man's memory in one evening. What you call my good fortune today I attribute solely to my exchanging a 'leaky pail' for a mind that retains the things I want to remember."

* * * * * * *

Powers' story set me thinking. What kind of a memory did I have? It was much the same as that of other people I supposed. I had never worried about my memory one way or another, but it had always seemed to me that I remembered important things pretty well. Certainly it never occurred to me that it was possible or even desirable to improve it, as I assumed that a good memory was a sort of natural gift. Like most of us, when I wanted to remember something particularly I wrote it down on a memorandum pad or in a pocket note-book. Even then I would sometimes forget to look at my reminder. I had been embarrassed—as who has not been?—by being obliged to ask some man whom I previously had met what his name was, after vainly groping through my mind for it, so as to be able to introduce him to others. And I had had my name requested apologetically for the same purpose, so that I knew I was no different than most men in that way.

I began to observe myself more closely in my daily work. The frequency with which I had to refer to records or business papers concerning things that at some previous time had come under my particular notice amazed me. The men around me who were doing about the same work as myself were no different than I in this regard. And this thought gave new significance to the fact that I had been performing practically the same subordinate duties at exactly the same salary for some three years. I couldn't dodge the fact that my mind, as well as most other people's, literally limped along on crutches, because it could not retain names, faces, facts, and figures. Could I expect to progress if even a small proportion of the important things I learned from day to day slipped away from me? The only value of most of my hard-won experience was being canceled—obliterated—by my constant forgetting things that my experience had taught me.

The whole thing hit me pretty hard. I began to think about the subject from all angles as it affected our business. I realized that probably hundreds of sales had been lost because the salesman forgot some selling point that would have closed the order. Many of our men whom I had heard try to present a new idea or plan had failed to put over their message or to make a good impression because they had been unable to remember just what they wanted to say. Many decisions involving thousands of dollars had been made unwisely because the man responsible didn't remember all the facts bearing on the situation and thus used poor judgment. I know now that there isn't a day but what the average business man forgets to do from one to a dozen things that would have increased his profits. There are no greater words in the English language descriptive of business inefficiency than the two little words "I forgot."

I had reached my decision. On the recommendation of Powers, I got in touch at once with the Independent Corporation which shortly before had published the David M. Roth Method of Memory Training. And then came the surprise of my life. In the very first lesson of the course I found the key to a good memory. Within thirty minutes after I had opened the book the secret that I had been in need of all my life was mine. Mr. Roth had boiled down the principles perfecting the memory so that the method can almost be grasped at a glance. And the farther you follow the method the more accurate and reliable your memory becomes. Within an hour I found that I could easily memorize a list of 100 words and call them off backward and forward without a mistake. I was thunderstruck with the ease of it all. Instead of study the whole thing seemed like a fascinating game. I discovered that the art of remembering had been reduced by Mr. Roth to the simplest method imaginable—it required almost nothing but to *read* the lessons! Every one of those seven simple lessons gave me new powers of memory, and I enjoyed the course so much that I look back on it now as a distinct pleasure.

The rest of my story is not an unusual one among American business men who have realized the value of a reliable trained memory. My income today is close to $30,000. It will reach that figure at the beginning of our next fiscal year. And two years ago I scarcely made what I now think of as a decent living.

In my progress I have found my improved memory to be priceless. Every experience, every business decision, every important name and face is easily and definitely recorded in my mind, and each remembered experience was of immense value in my rapid strides from one post to another. Of course I can never be thankful enough that I mended that "leaky pail" and discovered the enormous possibilities of a really good memory.

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Mr. Roth's fee for personal instruction to classes limited to fifty members is $1,000. But in order to secure nation-wide distribution for the Roth Memory Course in a single season the publishers have put the price at only five dollars, a lower figure than any course of its kind has ever been sold before, and it contains the very same material in permanent form as is given in the personal $1,000 course.

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Volume 51 Number 1

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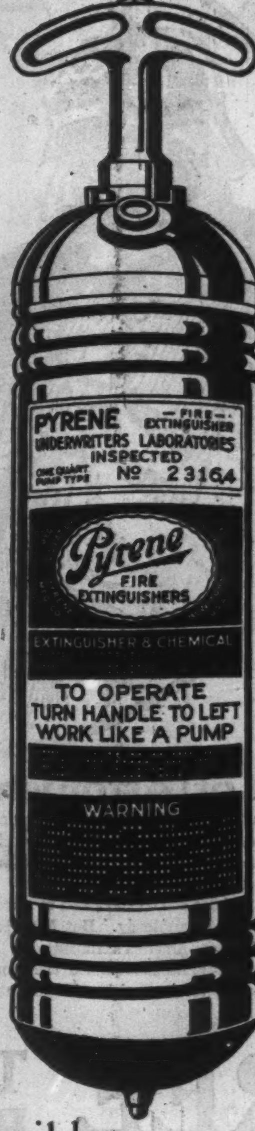
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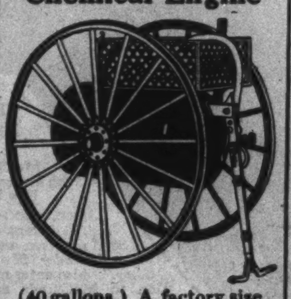

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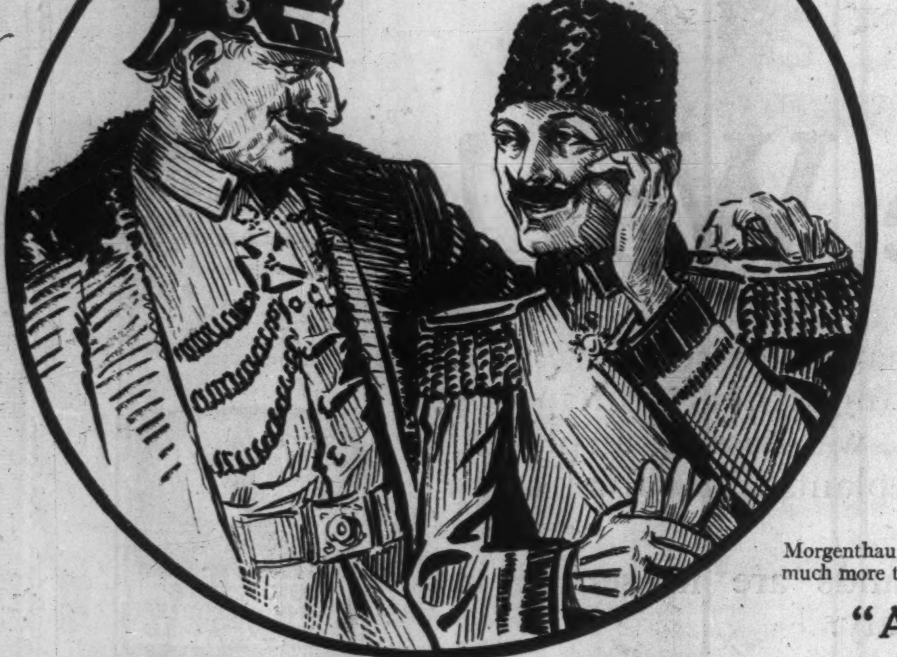

NOW that the Kaiser has been brought to his knees; now that the inside secrets of the world war are on the verge of being revealed, the time is ripe for Americans to know at first-hand all of the terrible events that happened in that remote, yet vastly important theatre of war, the Turkish Empire.

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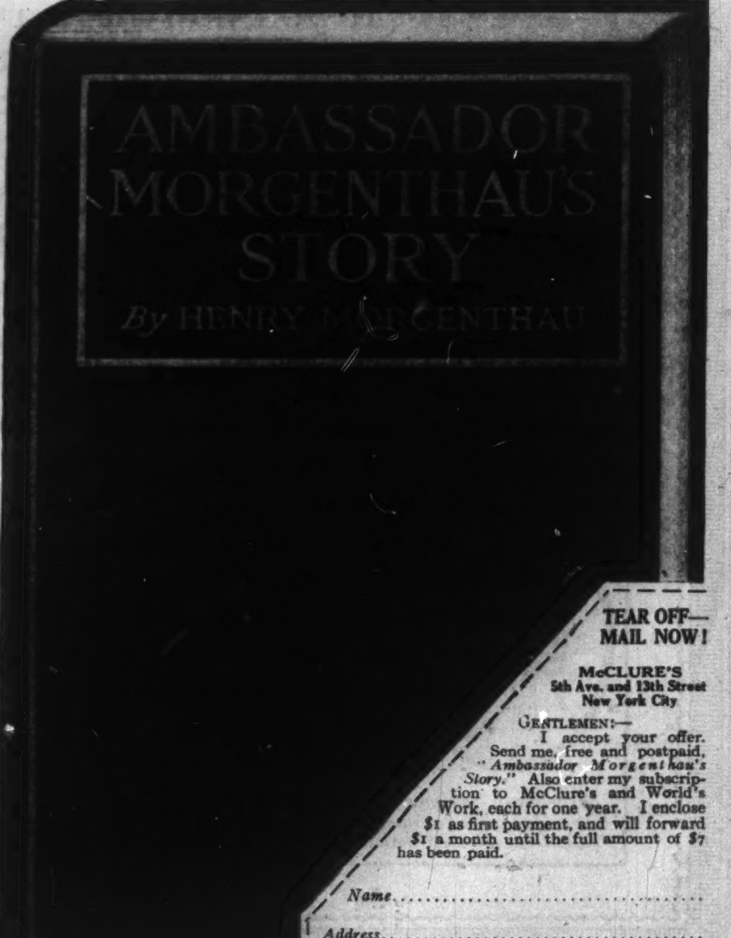

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Little Signs That Reveal Character at a Glance

The Simple Knack of Knowing All About a Person at Sight

EVERY ONE knows that a high forehead indicates the intellectual type—that a receding chin denotes weakness, while a pronounced chin means determination—these things and a few other signs are understood by all. But often these signs are counterbalanced by others which are just as apparent but which the average person doesn't know how to diagnose.

As a consequence we often jump to conclusions about people which prove incorrect because we don't carry our observations far enough. It's like trying to read a sentence by looking at the first one or two words. We might guess the sense but more likely than not we'd go wrong. Yet once you have the secret, you can understand what *all* the little signs mean and get at a glance a complete picture of the characteristics of every person you meet, as easily as you read this page.

I know this to be true for I used to be about the poorest judge of character that I know. I was always making friends only to find that they were the wrong kind, or saying the wrong thing to my customers because I had failed to "size them up" correctly, or lending money to people who never intended to pay me back. I even made a costly mistake by giving up a good job to go into partnership with a man who turned out to be little short of a thief.

I was pretty much discouraged by this time and I determined that the thing for me to do was to learn to read character, if such a thing as that was possible, for I felt that unless I did know whom I could trust and whom I couldn't, I never would get very far.

It was about this time that I read an article about Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford, who is recognized as the foremost character analyst in this country, and who was employed by a big company at a record fee to select their employees. I thought then that if hardheaded business-men paid such a salary as this in order to insure their getting the right kind of workers that there sure must be something in character reading for me.

One day while in Pittsburg my eye was attracted to an announcement of a lecture on Character Analysis by Dr. Blackford and I decided to go and see if I could learn anything.

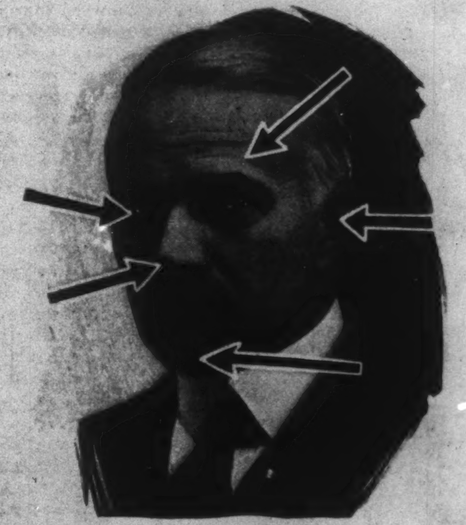
That lecture was an eye opener! Not only did Dr. Blackford show how easy it is to read at a glance the little signs that reveal a person's character, but after the lecture she gave a remarkable demonstration of character reading that amazed the audience.

She asked the audience to select two people in the hall to come up and be analyzed. Several men, all of them entirely unknown to Dr. Blackford, were suggested and finally two were chosen. As they came upon the platform Dr. Blackford looked them over keenly and, after a moment's thought, began to analyze both of them at once. As she mentioned the characteristics of one she described the corresponding characteristics in the other.

Beginning with generalities, she told the audience, every one of whom seemed to know both men, that one was a good mixer, aggressive, bold and determined, while the other was more or less of a recluse, very self-contained, quiet and gentle.

The first, she said, was brilliant, clever, quick-witted and resourceful; the second a silent man, slow and deliberate when he spoke, and relied upon calm, mature judgment rather than brilliant strokes of ingenuity and wit.

The first man according to Dr. Blackford was active, restless, always on the go, impatient, and able to express himself only in some active, aggressive manner. The second man was studious, plodding and constant, and expressed himself after prolonged concentration and careful thought. The first man, the doctor said, was therefore especially equipped to execute plans, to carry to success any course of action, but was not particularly qualified to make plans or to map out a course of action—he could make practical use of many different kinds of knowledge but did not have the patience or the power of concentration to search out and classify the knowledge so that it could be used. While he was a brilliant speaker, a resourceful and effective debater, he lacked the power to dig out and assemble the material for orations and debates. The second man, she continued, being shy and self-conscious, could not speak in public, but was a master of study and research and strong in his ability to classify and correlate all kinds of knowledge.



"What I've learned enables me to know as much about a man the first time I meet him as his best friend—sometimes more."

"Indeed," said Dr. Blackford, "this gentleman would be a remarkable success as a lawyer, especially in court practice. The other gentleman would be a remarkable success as a lawyer, but his particular field would be the preparation of cases and the giving of counsel to clients. Therefore," she went on, "they would be particularly fitted to work together as partners not only because they complement each other professionally but because their dispositions are such that they would naturally admire and respect each other."

As she said this the audience broke into a storm of applause and upon inquiry I learned that the two men were indeed lawyers and partners, that they had been partners for twenty years and were well known in Pittsburg for their intense affection for each other and for the fact that during their twenty years' partnership they had never had a disagreement. One was the brilliant trial lawyer; the other the student and counselor, and as a team they were remarkably successful.

* * * * * *

When the lecture was over it didn't take me long to get up to the platform and inquire as to how I could learn more about character reading, and I found that Dr. Blackford had just completed a popular Course that explained the whole thing and which would be sent on approval, without charge, for examination. I immediately wrote the publishers and received the Course by return mail.

And when it came I was never so amazed in my life—for here was the whole secret in seven fascinating lessons. No hard study—no tiresome drudgery, just interesting pictures and simple directions that I couldn't go wrong on.

Why, the very first lesson taught me pointers I could use right away and it was only a matter of a few weeks before I was able at one quick but careful survey to tell just what a man was like by what he looked like.

And what a revelation it was! For the first time I really *knew* people whom I *thought* I had known for years. It was all so simple now that it hardly seemed possible that I could have made such mistakes as I did before I heard of Dr. Blackford.

People took on a new interest. Instead of just "blanks" each one became a definite personality with qualities, tastes and traits which I was always able to "spot." Why, the very act of meeting people became the most fascinating pastime in the world. And how much more clearly my own character loomed up to me. I knew as never before my limitations and my capabilities.

But it has been in my contact with people in business that my new faculty has helped me most—to say that it has been worth thousands of dollars to me is to put it mildly. It has enabled me to select a new partner who has proved the best help a man ever had—it has made it possible for us to build up probably the most efficient "frictionless" organization in our line of business with every man in the right job—it has been the means of my securing thousands of dollars' worth of business from men I had never been able to sell before because I hadn't judged them correctly, for after all salesmanship is more in knowing the man you're dealing with than in any other one thing—and what I've learned from Dr. Blackford's lessons enables me to know as much about a man the first time I meet him as his best friend—sometimes more.

Is it any wonder that such concerns as the Scott Paper Company, the Baker-Vawter Company, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and others have sought Dr. Blackford as counselor; or that thousands of heads of large corporations, salesmen, engineers, physicians, bankers and educators have studied her Course and say that the benefit derived is worth thousands of dollars to them?

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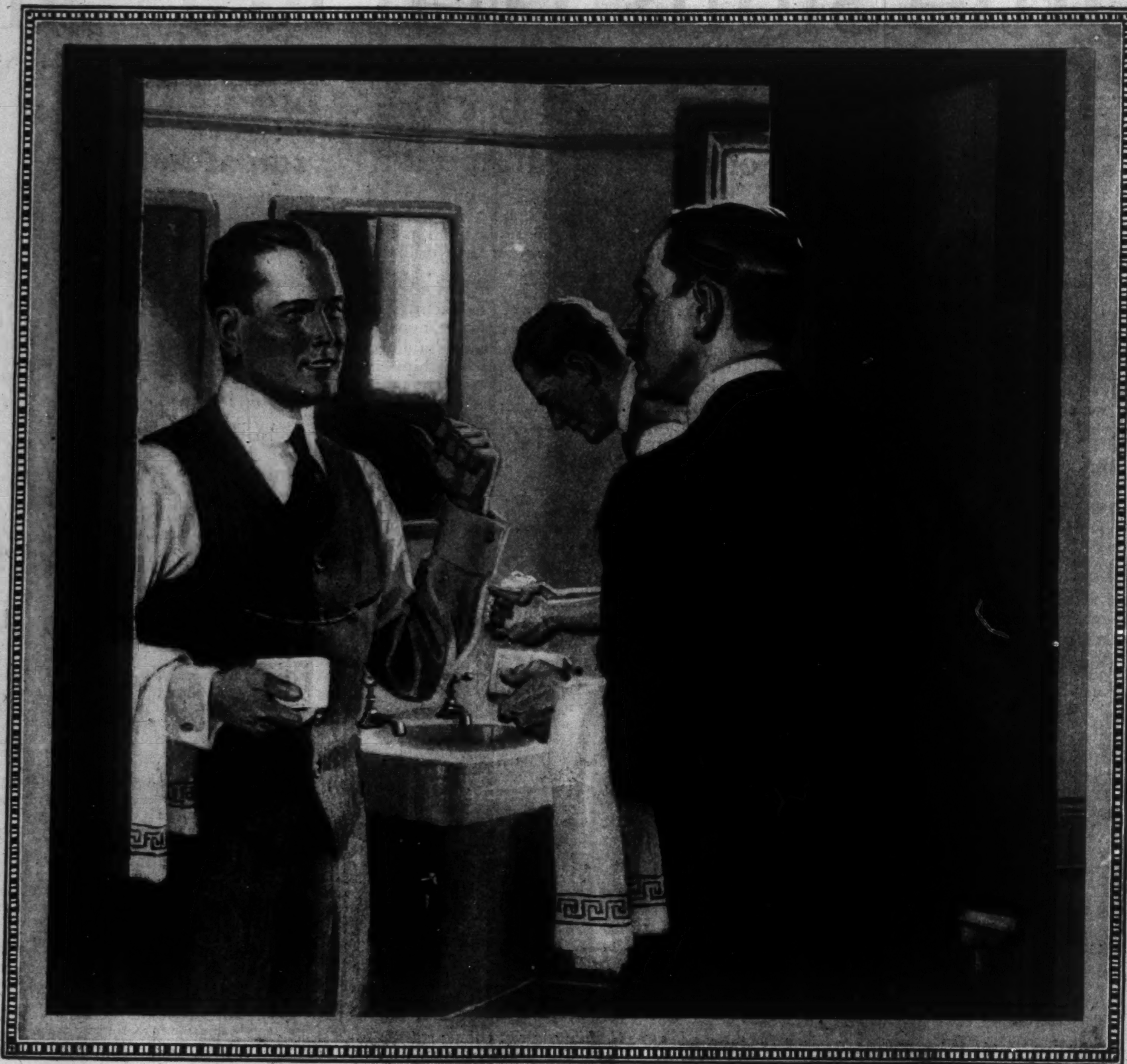

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Number 1

McCLURE'S

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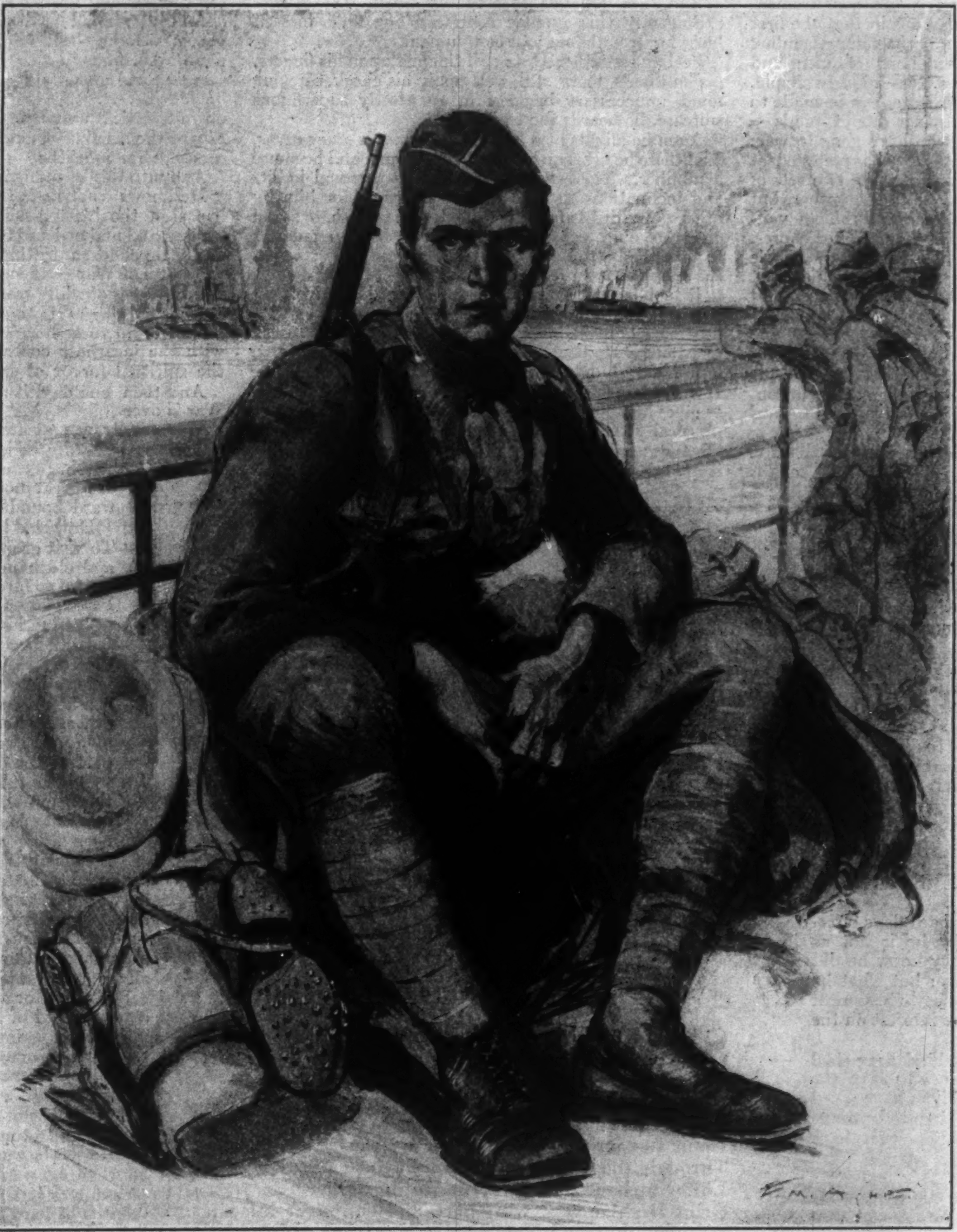

Of a sudden, the War stops, and our men come back. What are we going to do with them, and for them? What are they going to do with, and for, us?

The Great Return

by Porter Emerson Browne

AMONG the many grave and commanding issues that we, both as individuals and as a nation, will soon face, there are few more important and more imperative than that which, for want of a better name, we have come to call the Problem of the Returned Soldier.

Already our Government, like the governments of the Allies, is working toward a solution of several of its phases. The Department of the Interior, under Secretary Franklin K. Lane, is formulating plans to aid the home-coming soldier — to aid him helpfully, intelligently and constructively.

These plans, briefly, are to give the returned soldier a home of his own, and the best kind of a home — a home on the land where, his own master and his own employer, the returned man can live in peace, in comfort, in prosperity and in independence.

To this end, millions of acres are, or can easily be made, suitable. Where there is development or reclamation work to be done, it can be done by the soldier himself. He is to make his own home, to be cared for while doing it, and given an interest in the land for which he can pay, through a long period of years. And, in the end, a part of God's green earth will be his and his alone.

The two hitherto disadvantages to agricultural life in the United States — loneliness and hard work — are to be obviated. Under a systematized plan, houses can be arranged in communities. And work can be minimized by machinery.

It is a splendid plan. The farm has always been, and will always be, a character builder. In the top-heavy, hyper-complicated social scheme that we have allowed ourselves to be misled into, where men drift to cities and become over-employed in the creation of luxuries and under-interested in the production of necessities, we have sadly neglected the field that is at once the greatest producer of individuals and nations that the world has ever known.

As a further phase of its solution there is our great new Merchant Marine. That will need men — good men — and many of them. And following the sea, too, is a wonderful life. Like the farm, it means breadth and scope and outlook. Through it men come to know the world, and the peoples thereof. It means to the right sort of men, education, health and development.

And there is the added trade and commerce and business that this Merchant Marine will bring. This, too, will offer vast opportunities in which a soldier's training will help tremendously.

But before going into the main details of the solution of the Problem of the Returned Soldier, it would be well to understand just what is the Problem itself.

This country has taken some millions of men for its armies. It has taken these men from the routine careers of peace to plunge them into the frenzied existences of war. Meanwhile it has filled the vacancies that these men have left with older or younger men, with women, with machinery.

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And then, some day, of a sudden, the War stops, and this great volume of men, mentally transformed, socially disorganized, economically unplaced, comes flooding back in a great, khaki-colored wave. What are we going to do with them, and for them? What are they going to do with, and for, us?

That is the Problem.

It sounds tremendous. And it is tremendous. It is tremendous in its potentialities for confusion if it remains unsolved; in which case it becomes tremendously complicated. It is tremendous in that the first and main element in its solution is the comprehending co-operation of one hundred millions of men and women, in which case it becomes tremendously simple.

For if the people of the United States can be made to understand two separate and distinct sets of minds — first, the minds of the soldiers who have gone to war; second, the minds of the people who have stayed at home — if, as I say, the reactions of these two sets of minds can be made clear, not alone to each other, but to themselves as well, then the major Problem vanishes and the rest becomes, as the saying is, just chores.

Let us consider first the attitude of mind of the people who have stayed at home. It is the background against which the returned soldier finds himself emplaced and against which he must work.

FROM time beyond record the attitude of society toward the returned soldier (and it is an attitude that is alike well-meaningly mistaken and unconsciously cruel) has been that of his native town toward the returned football hero.

He has made the team. He has fought valiantly. He has won his "Y" or his "H" or his "D" or his "P." His name and his picture have been in all the papers. He has become the hero of countless boys, the idol of numberless girls. His parents are proud of him; so are his friends.

Hence on his return from his triumphs, he is wined and dined and fêted. Parties and dances are given in his honor. He is the cynosure of all eyes and the pet of the populace.

For what they deem a reasonable interval, his parents and relatives look for no help from him. He has done his part, done it well and bravely. He is entitled to rest and recreation. The rewards of heroism are justly and fittingly his. Far be it from them to deprive him of one jot, tittle or iota.

But as time goes on, and he does not get a job, or getting one, fails to hold it, they begin to wonder, vaguely. They cease to say, "Wasn't he great?" and begin to ask, "Why isn't he helpful?"

Themselves busy in the full, hard days of reconstruction, they wonder why he is not as keenly interested as they. They know he did great work at Château-Thierry; but what he did at Château-Thierry isn't going to help meet the high cost of living or pay the interest on the mortgage.

They know that he and his kind have shed their blood and given their lives to save the country; but countries that soldiers have saved must go on if for nothing more than to continue to serve and care for the soldiers that have saved them.

To the people at home, the War is over — like some frightful, nearly-fatal illness; yet one that they have survived. The War is over. But life goes on. And in the feverish civilization that is ours, they must go on with it, or be run over by it. Only the soldier lags behind.

By and by they become impatient. They begin to urge, to remonstrate — perhaps to complain.

It is not because they do not love the boy that has been spared to them. It is not because they do not realize what he has done and all that he has done. It is not because for all this they are not grateful from the bottom of their hearts.

It is because they themselves were not at Château-Thierry.

And so they do not understand.

The question of the returned soldier is multiplex.

There is the soldier who comes back wounded. For him society will do all that lies in its power; because his visible wounds at least society understands. There is the veteran of mature years and settled habits; and he as a rule, can merge himself back into civilian life so quickly and so successfully that society will never realize that he has been away. There is the dolt who plods along just the same regardless of his job or his surroundings. There is the pre-war recalcitrant who may come back recalcitrant still.

But all these form the vast minority. It is with the average case — the great body of returned men — that society must concern itself most.

A few — a very few — months ago this average soldier was not a soldier at all. He was just an American boy, doing his work at shop or factory, on farm or ranch, in mill or mine.

And then America entered the Great War.

Suddenly this average American boy finds himself hurrying from home to a cantonment.

Feeling his father's grip still tingling upon his fingers, his mother's tears still wet upon his cheek, carrying much unnecessary baggage in an utterly superfluous suitcase, he boards the train.

Anon he alights at a great city of boards and canvas. And there he gives up his identity as a man and becomes a number. There he relinquishes his personal habits and inclinations to take routine provided for him by others. He drills and he is drilled. He is made to stand erect; to obey orders; to exercise; to bathe regularly; to take the best of care of his bodily machinery; to eat the simplest and the best of food.

It subordinates, to a degree, his initiative. It relieves him almost entirely of responsibility. He learns to do what he is told; and he learns not to ask questions. He begins to feel his lessened power as an individual; but to realize his greater power en masse. It frees him of false modesty; of fear of his fellow man. It gives him a new value of, and a new pride in, his own physical strength. So, after all, the things his new life takes away are very little compared to the things it gives; and if, upon the new foundation that he has gained, he can replace the qualities that he has temporarily relinquished, it is for him a net benefit of value incalculable.

So for a time. And then, one day, he is taken to the sea coast and hurried into the body of a great ship. A little later and he disembarks upon a strange and foreign shore. And not long after this he finds himself struggling across a shocked and scarified landscape, specked of dead and dying men, in pursuit of other men, treacherous and death dealing.

And he, who all his days has lived the ordered life of peace; who has been taught never to strike another man, even, finds himself suddenly in a world new and amazing and incredible; a world where he must kill or be killed. . . . His friends fall around him, struck down by a death unseen. All around him are the fumes of gas, the smell of blood, and the tumult and the horrors of a million hells.

And into this he plunges!

He knows what he is fighting for. Never fear! He has seen the blasted villages — a whole countryside bruised and maimed and beaten — old men, and women and little children drifting helpless and hopeless before the storm of War — the naked wounds of the ground — and the acres of white crosses that once were men. . . .

He is fighting to rid the world of the Thing that is the author of all these horrors. And he fights! He fights with the incarnate courage that freemen know, and the spiritual fervor of free peoples.

And then, one day, it all stops. He is told that the War is over.

It seems strange, at first. No more killing and being killed! It is hardly believable!

Back to billet, or to camp. A wait. Once again into the great body of the transport. Homeward bound!

How glad he will be to see the folks again! To visit around! To hunt out old friends and old hang-outs!

And so he comes back to America, and to Peace!

To find himself a hero!

Until he got home, he never knew he was a hero. He never had the slightest idea of being a hero. He was just a regular American boy doing his duty like several million other American boys, meeting sore feet with a grumble and death with a grin, all as part of the day's work.

But he takes the fêting and the celebration happily. Who wouldn't? He shakes admiring hands and looks into admiring eyes while admiring voices urge him to recount his adventures — to tell of his exploits at Château-Thierry.

It's the first he's learned that the things he did at Château-Thierry were exploits. His recollection of Château-Thierry was a very hot, very busy and most unpleasant mess. But since they all seem to want to hear about it, he tells them.

So it goes for a week or so. And then arrive a new crowd of heroes. Admiring hands, admiring eyes, admiring voices all turn from him to the newcomers. He becomes one of the group of auditors listening to new exploits at other places.

But he is not jealous. He is enjoying the novelty of a return to civilian life — of being able to eat what he wants, and do what he wants, and go where he wants, whenever he wants. It is pleasant to be able to lie in bed. After all the months of hard routine, merely to drift is delightful.

So it goes for a time, until, at length, novelty again wears off, as novelty, fickle and evanescent, has a way of doing. . . . He has seen all his old friends, visited all his old haunts. And now what?

He asks himself the question. There comes no answer.

What?

He doesn't know. But he does know this: That nothing seems to interest him; nothing excites him; nothing has the power to please him; nothing seems worth doing. He tries to think of work. It seems stupid and boresome. Education? He is too nervous; he cannot concentrate. He is restless, unsettled, upset.

And here it is that parents and friends, who have not been at Château-Thierry and who consequently cannot realize how piffling the pursuits of peace look to a man fresh from a battlefield, begin to show their impatience.

F. P. A. once said in the New York *Tribune* that, after having been a battle aviator, there was nothing that anybody could possibly do that wouldn't seem like playing poker for fun.

It is the truth, and certainly a neat summing up of a situation.

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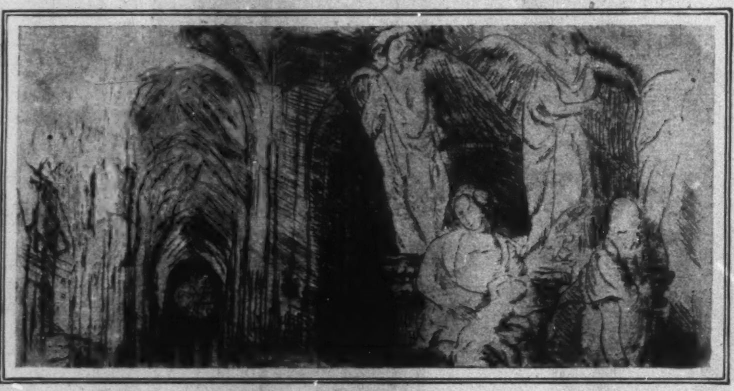
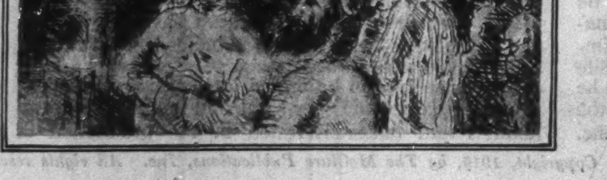


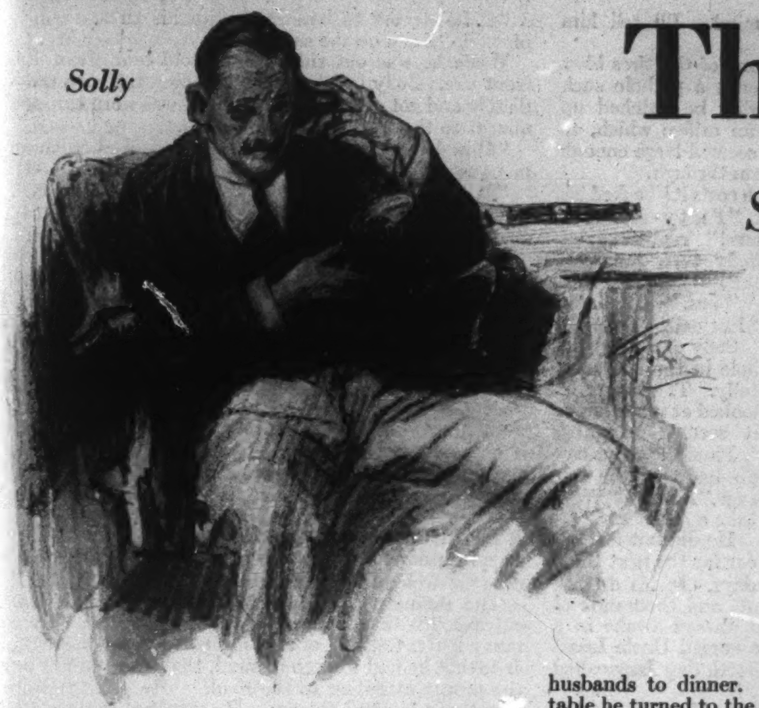
In a French Cathedral

by Charlotte Becker

Etchings by Randall Davey

STIFF little dukes, and duchesses at prayer
In wide-spread skirts, with quaintly solemn air,
Archaic saints, and angels with gay wings
Aflame in gold and scarlet blazonings,
Look from the ancient windows in amaze
Upon the motley company that strays
Through the cathedral's dim, historic nave —
Lithe, turbaned Indians, unsmiling, grave;
Grim Highlanders, with bare and sunburnt knees;
Straight, dun-clad Yankees, scarce from overseas;
Plumed Bersaglieri; Belgians, worn and spent;
Serbs, Russians, Anzacs — heads devoutly bent
Before the carven columns to revere
The tattered battleflags of yesteryear.
Between the figures on the painted glass,
The sunlight filters, like a silent mass,
For this strange throng of varied caste and creed,
Which, bound by her proud call of Freedom's need,
Thrills with the gallant glory and romance
That was, and is and ever shall be — France!





Solly

The Nice Present

Sometimes it is Well to Look a Gift Horse in the Mouth

by Bruno Lessing

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

IN theory, a story should begin at the beginning. In practise, however, beginnings are not always easy to locate. If the theme be temperament or personal habit, the beginning might lie in the cradle. If the story revolve around a great fortune, a missing will or a tendency to gout, the threads may run back several generations. To be mathematically accurate, all stories really begin with Adam. But life is too short to drag the history of the human race into every narrative. Therefore, as a short cut, it is permissible to begin *in medias res*, which is the Latin vernacular for the seventh inning.

Isidore Kalish, who was in the vest line, and Solomon Gutman, who was in the pants line, had married sisters. Izzy and Solly were, themselves, second cousins, or something like that, and hated each other with delightful thoroughness. The fact that they were related only aggravated the situation. When relatives hate each other they have a distinct advantage over the rest of us in this: that the very fact of their being related keeps the flames of hatred burning more brightly. It provides a natural, irremovable grievance for each to know that ties of blood bind him to the object of his aversion. Neither could ever have told you how it began. It was probably because they were so much alike. Both were prosperous in business and both were inordinately close-fisted. Their wives, meek, quiet and devoted spouses, without the slightest cause for resentment against each other, had, of course, drifted apart. A wife who looks upon life through the eyes of her husband has but little scope for self-determination. And then, unexpectedly, Uncle Israel came into his fortune.

Uncle Israel — the uncle of Mrs. Kalish and Mrs. Gutman — had reached his sixty-fifth year without having ever been an object of solicitude to either his nieces or their husbands. As soon, however, as it became known that a distant relative had died in Russia and had left him a sufficient fortune to maintain him in idleness for the rest of his days, the Kalishes and the Gutmans began to worry about him. And, indeed, they soon found many things to worry about.

The first was that Uncle Israel showed a tendency to spend money somewhat lavishly — and not upon his nieces or their husbands. The second was that he took his old crony, Mirzoff, to live with him and gave him a regular allowance. Both Izzy and Solly told their wives that this was downright robbery because Mirzoff was not a relative. The third was that Uncle Israel bought himself an automobile and hired Jakey Levine as chauffeur. It is true that, quite often, he placed the car at the disposal of his nieces, but Solly and Izzy almost wept over his extravagance. The fourth was that Uncle Israel's health seemed suddenly to be improving. There were other causes of worry, too, but these were the principal ones.

Uncle Israel suddenly took it into his head to go to California to live. He had heard so much about its wonderful climate that he determined to see what effect it would have upon his health. He urged Mirzoff to accompany him but the old man shook his head.

"It took me forty years," said he, "to get used to the rotten climate in New York, and if I changed now it would kill me."

Before Uncle Israel left he invited his nieces and their husbands to dinner. When they were seated at the table he turned to the two husbands:

"Look here," he said, "you two fellows have been mad with each other long enough. Before I go away I want you to get glad." Izzy stared at the ceiling and Solly gazed vacantly into space. Uncle Israel shook his head.

"What's the use of being mad?" he asked. "Ain't you got enough troubles? Shake hands and get glad with each other and, maybe, before I go away, I make you a nice present."

In a flash, Izzy and Solly were shaking hands. True, they did not look at each other — each was beaming upon Uncle Israel — and in their hearts they hated each other more than ever but, had he insisted upon it, they would even have kissed each other.

"So!" exclaimed Uncle Israel. "That's much nicer. Now I can go away happy."

The day after Uncle Israel left for California Izzy and Solly each received a letter from him. With the exception of the names, the letters were identical.

"I am giving you my automobile," it read. "It is all fixed up and is as good as new. You can arrange between you — now that you are glad with each other — what days to use it. You can also keep it anywhere you like. I have paid the garage up to the end of this month. Only you must not sell it. If one of you doesn't want it, the other can have it. If neither of you want it, it goes to Mr. Mirzoff. You must keep Jake, the chauffeur. He is a good man and I like him. If you got a cheaper chauffeur he wouldn't be any good. I hope you all have a good time with it."

Those who favor the classics in modern education claim that human emotions can be described in Greek more accurately and forcibly than in any other language. This may be so. At any rate, the emotions of Solly and Izzy upon receiving this letter cannot possibly be described in English. After the final choking sensation had passed, Solly called up Izzy on the telephone:

"I was just going to call you up," was the first thing Izzy said. "Say, what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't want the automobile," said Solly. "I got enough expenses without it."

"Well, I don't want it, neither," said Izzy, promptly. "But if I don't take it and you don't take it, that loafer Mirzoff gets it and I betcha the old skinflint left him enough money to run it, too."

"He ain't going to get it from me," said Solly firmly. "That's one sure thing. I betcha he got too much out of that miser, already."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

And then followed a long silence during which the telephone wire hummed and Solly and Izzy tried to think.

"I suppose they ain't nothing to do but to take it," said Solly, finally, "and go halves on the expense."

"That's what I was thinking," replied Izzy. "Suppose you take it four days and then I take it four days."

And this arrangement was agreed upon. On the following day Jake, the chauffeur, called upon Izzy and asked for instructions.

"Take the car to Mr. Solomon Gutman," said Izzy. "He's going to use it four days and then I'll take it. Only go easy with tires. Remember, rubber costs money."

"The tank is empty," said Jake, "and I ain't got any oil."

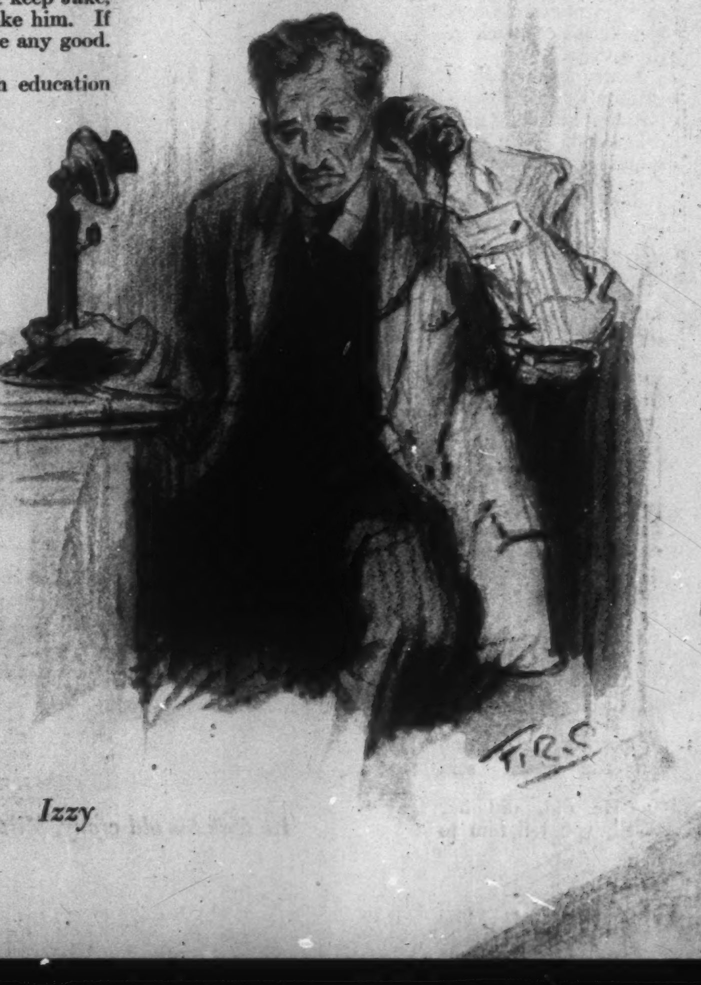
"I should worry," rejoined Izzy. "Tell that to Mr. Gutman."

When Solly learned that he would have to pay for gasoline and oil before the car could be taken from the garage he cursed Uncle Israel from Dan to Beersheba.

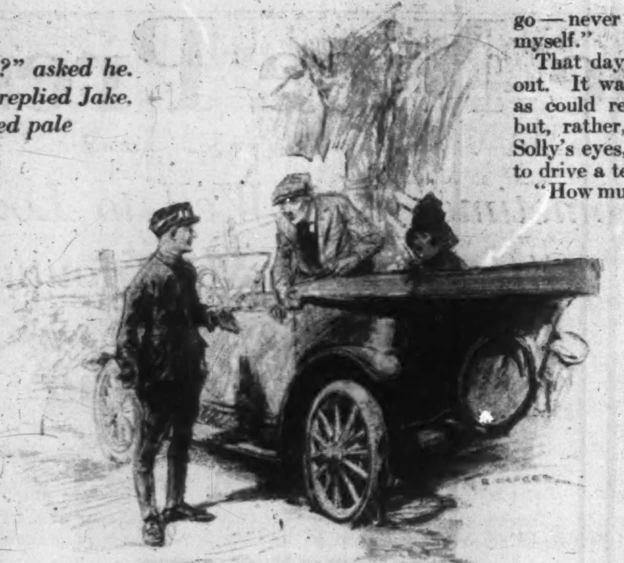
"How much does it take," he asked, "to run a car four days?" Jake shrugged his shoulders.

"That depends on how many miles you run," he replied. "That car ain't no gas-saver and it just eats up oil."

During the next four days gasoline became a sort of obsession with Solly. He felt sure that the automobile must leak in a hundred places. Never had he seen gasoline disappear so rapidly: never had he imagined that a man could buy so much of it. And yet he did not ride very far. Several times he started out with his wife for a long tour of Westchester County but the



Izzy



"How much costs it?" asked he. "Fifty-six dollars!" replied Jake, and Solly turned pale

thought of the gasoline that was being consumed and the ever-present dread that Jake would turn to him and suggest filling the tank again, robbed the trip of all its pleasure. And, when he came to a pleasant spot along the road he would stop and sit in the car for hours, smoking and explaining to his wife how much he loved to look at scenery.

On the fifth day the car was turned over to Izzy. That same afternoon Solly suddenly remembered that he had left at least six gallons of gasoline in the tank. He immediately called up Izzy to establish credit for that amount but Izzy had gone automobiling.

Izzy's wife suggested buying automobile goggles to shade her eyes. Izzy drew from his pocket a huge and valuable gold case which his employees had given him on his birthday, took from it his reading glasses and handed them to his wife.

"You can use these," he said. "Better keep them in the case when you ain't using them." It happened that they fitted her eyes perfectly and Izzy congratulated himself upon saving a dollar. Upon examining the car carefully he found that a panel in the door was scratched. He called Jake's attention to it.

"It wasn't scratched when I first brought the car to Mr. Gutman," said Jake. "It was all fresh painted."

"You just tell Mr. Gutman about it," said Izzy. "Ask him to have it fixed up. I ain't going to pay for his damages."

THE gasoline problem worried Izzy as much as it had Solly.

"I betcha," he said, "that machine keeps using gasoline even when it stands in the garage."

On the afternoon of the fourth day Izzy asked Jake how much gasoline was left in the tank.

"About a gallon," said the chauffeur.

"All right," said Izzy. "You drive me around Central Park until it's used up. Save just enough to take me home and to take the car back to the garage."

It was rather a delicate mathematical computation and Jake miscalculated. As a consequence, just as the car emerged from the Park, the gasoline gave out. Izzy sent Jake to the nearest garage to buy a quart.

"Tell them it's to take spots out of pants," he suggested.

When, the following morning, the car was brought to Solly, the first thing he did was to inquire how much gasoline was left.

"Maybe a tablespoonful," said Jake, grinning. "Maybe only a teaspoonful."

"That's what you get when you do business with a gonif," cried Solly. "I left him six gallons but you betcha I won't do it again."

"He said you ought to pay for that scratch on the door," said Jake.

"He did, did he? Well, you tell him to go — never mind. I'll tell him myself."

That day one of the tires blew out. It was not a pinhole such as could readily be patched up but, rather, an orifice which, to Solly's eyes, seemed large enough to drive a team through.

"How much costs it?" asked he.

"Fifty-six dollars!" replied Jake. Solly turned pale.

"Fifty-six dollars?"

"Yes," said Jake. "Fifty-six dollars."

Solly examined the hole in the tire carefully. The longer he looked at it the larger it seemed to grow.

Finally: "You can go back to the garage," he said. "We'll take a street car."

He did not use the car for the next three days. In his dreams each night he purchased thousands and thousands of tires at fifty-six dollars each and always awoke in a perspiration. During the day he cursed Uncle Israel and his friend Mirzoff. On the fourth day Izzy called him on the telephone.

"Say," cried Izzy. "What's the idea about that tire?"

"What tire?" asked Solly.

"Oh, you know what I mean. The one what got blowed out. Jake told me you was in the car when it happened. D'ye expect me to pay for your blow-outs?"

"D'ye expect me," retorted Solly, "to buy a new tire for you to wear out? Not on your life. I'm willing to go halves."

"Halves nothing," said Izzy. "I'll pay for my blow-outs and you got to pay for yours."

"All right," exclaimed Solly, testily. "When I get the car again I'll buy a new tire." And he hung up the receiver.

There was nothing for Izzy to do but to buy a new tire in order to use the car. At the end of his fourth day, however, he ordered Jake to take the tire off.

"If Mr. Gutman wants to use the car to-morrow," he said, "tell him to get a new tire for himself or use the old one." Jake grinned. He was enjoying his job.

"The front tire is getting kind of wobbly, too," Jake said to Izzy. "I don't think it'll last much longer."

Solly bought a new back tire and gave Jake instructions to take it off the car while Izzy was using it.

"If he's going to be stingy with his tires," he explained, "I can do the same."

While he was out riding, Jake told him about the front tire. Solly insisted upon stopping the car immediately and got out to examine it. It was worn through almost to the cloth in several places.

"How long d'ye think it'll last?" he asked, with an anxious expression.

"It depends on how fast we go," explained Jake.

"Then we go slow," said Solly, getting into the car. "And keep away from the rough places."

All that day and the next Solly rode with his heart in his mouth. Every time the car jolted over a rough spot some sensitive nerve in his body ached in sympathy with the weakened tire. He made Jake drive very slowly. Several times he asked him to stop the car and examine the tire. Jake was always cheerful about it.

"It don't look any better," he would say, "but it ain't getting worse."

On the third day it suddenly occurred to Solly that if he could drive the car himself he might nurse the tires more economically than Jake appeared to be doing. Jake promptly began to give him lessons.

IT is the easiest thing in the world to learn to drive an automobile. As a matter of fact, the machine does most of the driving itself.

The difficulty lies in stopping it. Solly became entranced with the new sensation. But there were so many levers to think of and so many injunctions from Jake that he had to keep in mind, that he could not pay the proper attention to the road. He saw the stone directly in front of the car. He saw that it came to a point as fine as a needle's. And he knew that it lay directly in the path of the wobbly front tire.

But there came that moment of paralysis which all budding automobilists have experienced, when all his muscles stiffened and, to save his life, he could not have swerved the car from its path. And, *bang!* went the wobbly tire. Jake, with his mouth wide open, gazed at the sky. Solly turned red and then white and stopped the car. He examined the flat tire with great care.

"Couldn't it be patched?" he asked.

"It could," said Jake, "but it wouldn't last more than a day or two."

"That's long enough," said Solly. "It's Izzy's turn to have a blow-out."

Jake patched the tire and Solly walked to the nearest trolley line. He had had enough of automobiling for the day. The next day he telephoned to Jake that he would not use the car. "Did you patch it up good?" he asked.

"I did the best I could," said Jake, "but I don't think it will last long."

"Don't say anything to Mr. Kalish about it," said Solly, "and next time I see you I give you a good cigar."

That old doggerel, "When she will, she will, you may depend on't," applies to automobile tires even more forcibly than to women. When a brand new tire explodes, without rhyme or reason, the day after you have bought it and a patched tire that has no excuse for remaining in existence, lasts for months, the conviction is borne in upon the automobilist's mind that the ways of tires are beyond human comprehension.

The patched tire lasted through Izzy's four days. When Solly learned this his heart bounded with hope. It might last indefinitely. But when it comes to tires, the heart should never bound with hope. That is invariably fatal. Solly had not gone two blocks when the tire exploded.

"Fifty-six dollars more!" said Jake, cheerfully.

Ah, well! There are human emotions over which the veil of charitable secrecy should be drawn. Besides which, profanity does not look well in print. However, there was nothing for Solly to do but purchase a new tire which, he insisted,

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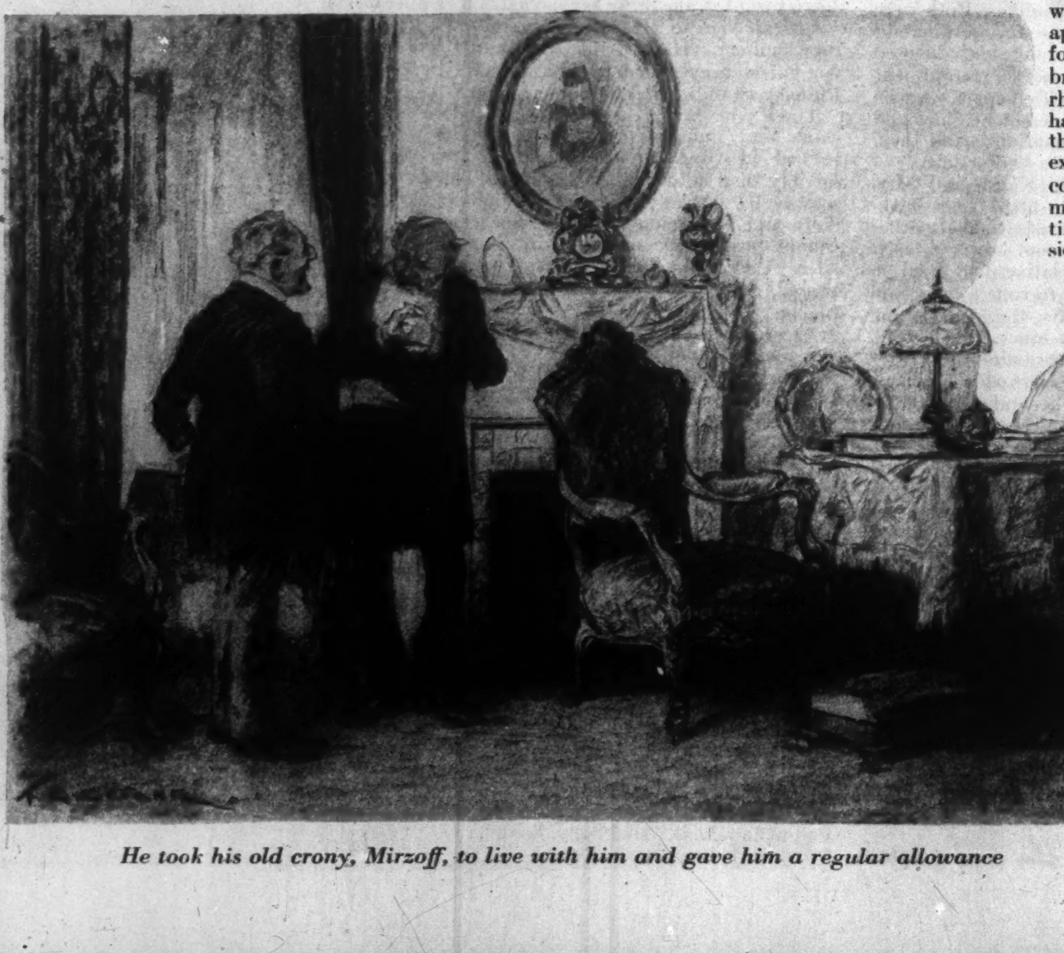


He took his old crony, Mirzoff, to live with him and gave him a regular allowance

LONDON IN DARKNESS

by

Charles Hanson Towne

Heading by C. B. Falls

LONDON was in darkness when I saw it; yet never was London so light — spiritually.

One of my first recollections of the theatre is a melodrama called "The Lights o' London." I smiled as I thought of that title, the first time I went out into the streets in war-time. And a haunting little song of LeGallienne's came to me as I stepped into Piccadilly:

> "O London, London, our delight,
> Great flower that blossoms but at night!"

Alas! that flower was shut now, as a morning-glory closes when evening comes, and only in the daylight was the town its old bright self.

London was amply protected against the deadly Zeppelin. I saw many of the anti-aircraft depots, but I cannot tell of them. I can tell, however, a little joke on myself while I was investigating a certain enormous gun just outside the city. They had been showing us how swiftly they could make ready for a raid, and we were deeply impressed with the efficiency and speed of the men.

"When did you have your last attack?" I asked one agreeable soldier, who had been particularly kind in explaining things to me.

He thought a moment. "Let me see, sir; it was at Whitsuntide, sir."

But I never could let him know that I was still as ignorant as when I asked my question. So, apparently very wise, I answered: "Really? I thought it was at Michaelmas."

As I walked through Regent Street, suddenly the black velvet of heaven was etched with two sharp, gray shafts of light. Then a third, a fourth, a fifth appeared, apparently from nowhere. You could not possibly trace the source of these beams, though, of course, you knew they came from the earth. They mingled and met, like geometrical diagrams, finally focussing in one tiny spot high above me. The hostile aircraft that could get away with these ghostly beacons literally combing the sky for them would have been lucky indeed. They seemed to penetrate to the very gates of heaven, like giant magic-lanterns. It would have driven the Hun to distraction in war-time to see how indifferent the English people were to air-raids. They were scarcely spoken of all the time I was in London; and a certain officer told me, only because I asked him, that even during a raid itself, every one sat calmly at dinner, or in the theatres, as if nothing at all were occurring. I know that is true, though I did not experience an air attack myself, for just as the French said, concerning anything unpleasant, "*C'est la guerre*," the English used to say, when the Zeps flew above their heads, "It's the Huns," and went on talking of happier things.

On my second night in London I happened to dine at one of the better known restaurants with a young English officer who, slightly wounded, but now entirely recovered, was about to go back to the Front.

We had given up our meat coupons, and the waiter was bringing our chicken, when I noticed five young British officers approaching the next table. They were as fine a looking lot of fellows as you would care to see, with profiles like those on Roman medallions. One of them was much shorter than the others; and it was only when the party broke about the table that I saw why. He was in a wheel chair, and both his legs were gone. Yet the smile on his lips — I shall never forget it; and he was telling a funny story as he pushed his chair to his place, and making his friends roar with laughter.

I turned away, sick at heart for him; and I am not ashamed to say that my eyes were moist. For all his future days would be spent in that chair — and he was so magnificently young and handsome. For a full minute my friend did not speak to me. Then he said (and remember that he himself was going back to the Front in a few days): "Look here, old man, if you're going to feel that way about the first wounded fellow you see, your visit to London will be a sorry one. For you'll see them by the thousands — you're bound to. And besides," he added, as he lifted his glass, "it's all in the game."

And my friend may lose *his* legs, or an arm, or an eye. "It's all in the game!" Did the Hun count on that spirit when he began this atrocious war, I wonder?

There is another chap in London without legs, who lunches every day in a certain hotel. He has a pal who fought with him in Flanders, but who was never even scratched. Promptly at one o'clock this pal carries the wounded man on his back through the crowded restaurant, and calmly and gently — as gently as a nurse would do it — dumps him into a chair. Then they laugh, and begin their meal; and there isn't a happier pair in all the great city.

These men never refer to their misfortunes. Indeed, they rather smile at them. I met one boy who had a glass eye, and he wore a monocle over it so that it would look humorous. He would have been the last person in the world to want your pity. He'd had hard luck. Well, he'd make a jest of it. What did it matter, after all? He had his other eye.

NEVER did I see a wounded lad coming toward me in the streets of London but I had a pang in my heart — such sturdy, clean-looking boys they were, and oh, so young to be hurt! But they would have told you they were glad to be alive, no matter what their wounds were like. If an arm were gone, I always rejoiced when I perceived that, fortunately, it was the *left* arm.

I saw a boy scarcely nineteen, badly shot up, laughing his bandaged head off at a farce one afternoon; and I wished I had been Avery Hopwood, the author of that play, that I might make a soldier, even for so brief a time, forget his wounds and scars.

One misty day I was riding on top of a bus, and when the conductorette came to get my fare, she leaned over the seat in front of mine, and kissed the wounded soldier who was sitting there. I was the only other passenger; and, feeling that I would not understand, she said: "I hope you won't mind, sir. He's my husband, and I'm havin' him ride up and down with me on his Blighty. We want to see as much of each other as we can."

And she smiled, as the English always smile at their own nobilities. You cannot beat a people like that. They simply will not be downed.

They are the same people who go without sugar and butter and milk gladly; and in the theatres, at the revues, there are always jokes about rations; and the soldiers home on leave laugh as heartily as the civilians at any reference to a food shortage.

In Trafalgar Square you could see war bonds being sold; but how much more quietly than in America! The stolid British refusal to advertise themselves — even to themselves — obtains here. Some enterprising person suggested the firing of guns every day at a given hour so that a crowd could be collected; but the plan never went through. "No," they said. "If we can't raise money except through such spectacular means, we won't raise it at all."

So the loan takes place almost in silence, right in the heart of the biggest city in the world; and it goes well. British conventions are maintained, but the shillings and pounds pour into the Government's coffers with no shouting to make them flow. Isn't it the better way, when all is said and done?

On my third morning in London I received a note from an old friend who had left America for the Front early in 1916. He was an Englishman who had lived so long with us that he had almost forgotten that he had been born in England; but when the War came, the call of the old blood was too strong to resist. He is a writer; and in the old days he and I used to sit in my room and talk books by the hour. Little did we dream that a conflict like this would come upon the world. I recognized his handwriting at once, and wondered why he was in England. Could it be that — But this is what I read:

"I see that you are in town. I am wounded for the second time — in the head now — and I'm in the Prince of Wales Hospital. I'm lonesome. Could you, would you, come in and see me if you have a moment?"

Could I, *would* I? A taxi brought me to the door in ten minutes, and I took my place in the long line that was waiting to be shown up to those quiet rooms — rooms that had held so much agony already, and had witnessed so many heart-breaking partings. Yet they had seen goodness and mercy, too, in the quiet service of those wonderful women who devote their lives to nursing the sick. Perhaps my friend was not badly hurt. After all, he had been able to write me a letter. That was a good sign. And the other time he had almost lost his right arm. I remembered hearing about it; how he had told the doctors they couldn't cut it off, since he was an author, and never could dictate, anyhow, and simply couldn't learn to scribble with his left hand. And so he had his way, and the arm was saved. He might be quite as lucky now.

He was on a narrow bed by the window — a forlorn enough place — and his head was wrapped up with a turban effect. He was puffing a cigarette when I opened the door, and pretending to read a book while the other occupant of the small room — a leg case — was whispering to his best girl who had been there for hours.

How glad he was to see me! He, too, had a visitor — even though it wasn't his best girl. The score in that pleasant, harmless little rivalry between patients was not evened up by my call; but, after all, there was a credit on my friend's side, and his face beamed. He glanced at his companion as though to say, "I'm not so friendless as you imagine. I, also, know some one in London."

We had to whisper, too; and he spoke of how strange it was to meet here, of all places, after four years of separation. What were the new books, and how did the Brevoort look? Were the girls on Fifth Avenue just as pretty, and how did I like my new rooms, and the garden — oh, yes, he had heard of them through another friend, 'way off in the trenches. Were the latest plays any good, and was America feeling the War? How he would like to

[*Continued on page 52*]

They Always Marry The Girl

By Dana Gatlin

Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes

THIS story is about three generations, but, of course, Marcus Boyer is the hero, because he is young — *now.*

Years before young Marcus fell in love and contemplated the possible disasters of matrimony, there was another young man in love and contemplating the possible disasters of matrimony. His name was Bill McNally. Bill had fallen in love before — he was always falling in love in those days. His friends were worried about young Bill, anyway; he drank more than was good for him, and found the atmosphere of what then stood for our cabarets much more congenial than the atmosphere of his clinics.

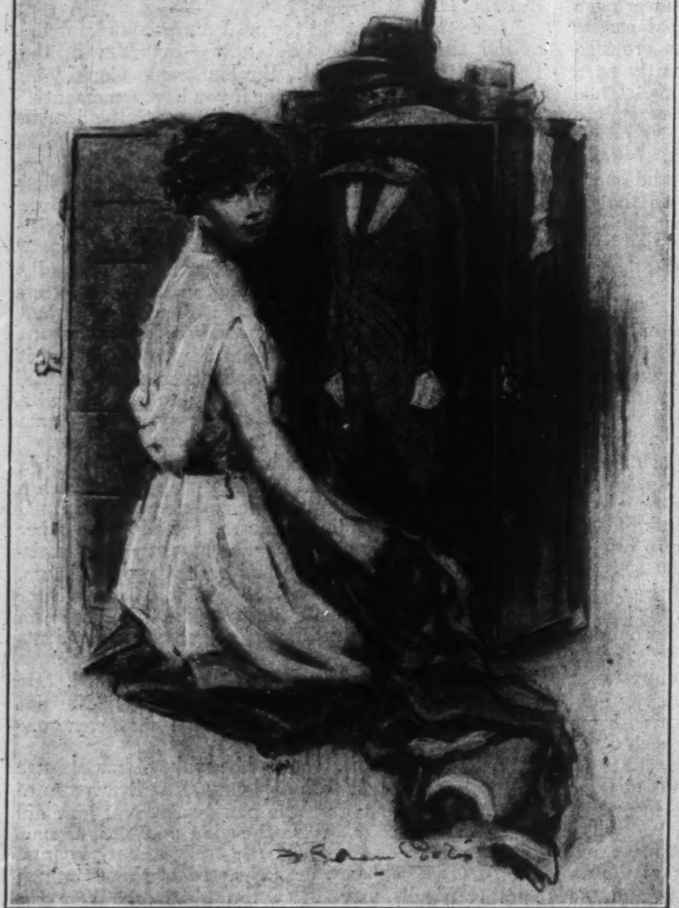
But when young Bill wanted to marry an actress, his friends shook their heads and said he was going to the bow-wows. An actress! But Bill idealized his actress up to the skies: Phoebe was the one pure-spirited, bright-winged angel gleaming out of the tarnished firmament of the stage. The stage part of it was accidental, he reasoned, and his imagination was stirred by picturing what Phoebe would be when translated — by him — to a higher sphere.

Needless to say, his Phoebe was an awfully pretty girl. Any idiot could see that. Even his friends couldn't deny it. But to them she was just an actress, anyhow — nothing more nor less; and all actresses were alike. It did no good for Bill to point out that she was good-hearted though impulsive, affectionate though fond of admiration and a good time, kind though beautiful. They stood pat against her. They said she was vain and light-minded and extravagant and spoiled and a flirt, and that these qualities don't make for peace when the purse is light and the butcher's collector is at the door. Still Bill was crazy to marry her. Not that their arguments didn't have a certain effect on him, either. But he was sure he loved Phoebe, and he derived a curious satisfaction from picturing himself rescuing her from that den of stage lions.

So he finally decided to lay his case before an older friend. He chose Harry Pomeroy, because Pomeroy seemed the most sane and seasoned man of his acquaintance, and, also, because he had been married long enough to know something about the inside workings of the game. Just about once in a thousand years there lives a man who can take profit from another man's experience — two thousand, perhaps, when it's a matter of the heart — but Bill was not then of the age to think along this vein. So he went to Harry Pomeroy for counsel. Though Pomeroy was old enough to be his father, he had made a pal of the boy and had done him several good turns.

Pomeroy was a very rich man of inherited wealth and tradition. Neither his means nor his traditions compelled him to work, but he had a fine mind of scientific bent, and loved to potter around in a laboratory he had fixed up in his house.

It was after an elaborate dinner in Pomeroy's elaborate house that young Bill tried to screw up his courage to broach his important subject. They were sitting in the library. The library was a room which would greatly interfere with many men's comfort: a rug you'd be in constant dread of spoiling with ashes, nicknacks standing around ready to be toppled over, any one of them worth an honest man's salary for a year, furniture descended from princes, that royal worms had expensively embellished, and expensively faded tapestries on the walls — all that sort of thing. But it was in good taste; Harry Pomeroy's wife knew how to spend money with taste. And she *could* spend money!



Tibbie packed her trunks and went back to her own home

She was a living illustration of that fact when she came in to the two men in the library. She must have been over forty, but she was as inexhaustibly and changelessly and agelessly exquisite as a wonderful china doll. And, as with a doll, there was something set and fixed about her beauty, something too finished and perfect. Young Bill felt it as he watched her gracefully sweep in, even while he gasped at the glittering picture she made. Glittering was the literal word: her hair shone in undulations like pure gold, her dress, a gold-colored marvel, caught the light and gleamed, and even her movements suggested the clinking sound of gold. But she was one woman who could carry the look of expensiveness as if she had a right to it; not the kind of woman one would ever call a "peach" — she looked too much as princesses should look and seldom do.

She wanted Pomeroy to go to some place or other with her that evening.

"Aren't you going with me, Harry?" she asked, and her voice, too, seemed softly to clink with gold. "Or—" and her glance included Bill with an effect of coerced graciousness — "would you rather meet me there later?"

Pomeroy frowned.

"Let me off this time, Amelie," he said.

Mrs. Pomeroy drew a scarf thing gracefully round her shoulders; one couldn't imagine in her any action so ungraceful as to suggest impatience.

"I particularly promised them you'd come to-night," she insisted. "You begged off last time."

"I know. If I had my way, I'd never go again. I'm sick of them and their menagerie."

"They're going to have distinguished people there to-night."

"Stupid, shallow, self-satisfied people, you mean," he said crossly. "I'm sick of 'em! Why don't you go on alone, Amelie? — you like that sort of thing."

Mrs. Pomeroy shrugged her shoulders, but even that hardly seemed an impatient gesture when she did it.

"Very well," she said. Then she turned to Bill, smiling. "I might as well be a widow. Take my advice, Mr. McNally, and don't be too ready to part with your bachelor independence."

Then, still smiling graciously, she swept her golden self out of the room.

BILL looked after her, rather startled. When he turned again to Pomeroy, the older man was regarding him with a grim, saturnine smile.

"That's right, Bill," he said, "never get married."

"But—" Bill stammered, "that's just what I came to talk to you about; I wanted your advice."

"I guessed as much," Pomeroy replied. "I've seen it coming. I know the signs. Well, you've got my advice!"

Bill was nonplussed. He didn't know much about Pomeroy's domestic life; in such a glorified worldly atmosphere as that surrounding this couple, an outsider — especially a youngster — doesn't have much chance to estimate the real situation. For the first time Bill began to suspect there might be something askew, that the magnificent Amelie hadn't made Harry happy; and, with about as much tact as a goat might show in a laundry, he began dilating upon the merits of *his* girl.

Pomeroy heard him through with his grim, cynical smile. But when the young man had spilled out his say, he sobered up, scowled, and began walking up and down the floor. Presently he stopped in front of his visitor, still scowling, his feet wide apart and his hands in his pockets.

"I hate like the mischief to do this job, Bill," he began, "but you're a young fool and I've got to make you see it!"

Bill's heart dropped to his boots. All of a sudden he didn't want Pomeroy's advice — dreaded to hear what he was going to say; but he didn't have the spunk to wriggle out. And Pomeroy went on:

"Yes, you're a fool, but don't mind that — we've all been fools in our time. I was once — a damned young fool. And that's what I'm going to tell you about now."

He took a few more strides, while Bill's heart sagged.

"The trouble is that men are sentimental — much more sentimental than women. No, don't look that way, Bill — I mean it. Men won't admit it, but it's the truth. And their sentimentality is at its danger-height when they're young. They're full of dreams then — fine, chimerical affairs that can topple all the more disastrously because they are so vague. That's the time a man's in peril as at no other time in his life, because if the dreams go smash he can never replace them, and the best part of him goes smash with them."

Young Bill was gazing at his friend with a look so mutely imploring that it should have evoked sympathy, but the older man didn't even glance at him as, striding up and down, he went on:

"Well, I was young once, and I had my dreams. I was going to do big things in the world. Oh, yes, the

Wise old Experience declared marriage a gamble, but he forgot to reckon with the moon, the smell of honeysuckle and the high confidence of youth

world was going to hear from Henry Pomeroy! And in my nebulous dreams of glory there was included, of course, a girl. I met a lot of girls I liked, but I merely liked them; my ideal remained a hazy, ethereal angel till, all of a sudden, she materialized.

"I saw her first at a fashionable entertainment for charity — theatricals — raw, amateurish — you know the kind of thing. So that my angel, when she appeared, had all the benefit of contrast. She appeared in some kind of *tableau vivant* — I don't remember what it was supposed to represent; I only remember the girl. She was standing before a stained-glass window, all in white, her arms stretched out and the draperies falling away like wings, and a shaft of light let down on her as if it were let loose from heaven. Of course it wasn't from heaven. It was a spotlight. But that's the way with most of the lights that make us see women as angels. They're artificial — false.

"Well, I married my angel from heaven, and it was considered a "good match" — oh, an "ideal match!" My sister was the only one who didn't approve. She had gone to school with Amelie, and she said Amelie cared for nothing in the world but wealth and position, that she'd always vowed she would marry advantageously. My sister more than hinted that my fiancée found my money quite as alluring as my own self — sisters don't mind one's feelings. But she was only my sister; and I had seen my sweetheart before a stained-glass window, bathed in golden light. *Voila!*

"Perhaps you think I oughtn't to tell you all this. But don't misunderstand me. In a way I'm fond of Amelie, and I'm convinced she's fond of me — in a way. She's technically fulfilled her marriage contract as far as it's in any woman to fulfil it in such circumstances. Women see these things differently from men — though commonly supposed to be more sentimental than men, they're really less sentimental, as I said before. My wife took my name and bank-account and, in return, set about establishing me a proper home and scheme of life. According to her lights she's been the best wife in the world. The house, the *ménage*, the guests, the places we're invited, have all been of the highest order Amelie could contrive — and that's saying the superlative. And the side-issue that, in thus perfectly performing her duty, she has made me miserable, is not, I suppose, her fault. It's simply that the things which interest me are utterly unintelligible to her; that she has always considered my dreams of achievement folderol. Even my dilettantish laboratory, in there, is a mere amusing whim. Whim!"

POMEROY paused in his story, but not in his restless pacing. And young Bill, hunched there in his chair, watched him, unable to say anything even if he had known what to say. Presently Pomeroy resumed:

"Well, I soon found out we had two different goals. And that there were two paths for me to choose from — my happiness or my wife's. She's a materialist — that's the long and short of it. Look at her. Isn't it stamped all over her? Isn't it plastered all over this house? That's all there is here! But you have to marry women to know 'em; and then, of course, it's too late."

Pomeroy halted before his chair, and sat down. Young Bill seemed to have a trouble in his throat that made it hard for him to get words out.

"But," he succeeded finally, "Phoebe's not *that* kind of girl!"

"Oh, no, of course not," said Pomeroy drily. "The other fellow's Dulcinea never is! *Mine* wasn't — until later. Oh, no. But yours, of course, is different. She's the exception. Eh? She's just a dear, sweet, pathetic little actress."

"She *is* dear and sweet!" Bill burst out indignantly.

"Yes, and an actress, too." And then, more bitterly than Bill had ever heard Pomeroy speak, he added: "All women are actresses, more or less. Only some don't happen to be on the stage."

"What do you mean?" Bill demanded, though he knew well enough what Pomeroy meant. Pomeroy didn't even take the trouble to answer his question.

"I don't half expect you to listen to me," he said. "Young men in love never listen. That's part of their sentimental folly. It's only after they've gone through the fire, and got the softness burned out of them, that they can look back and see what sublime asses they were; swashing around in a sea of iridescent romanticism. Oh, yes. I know! But let me tell you this: no matter what the girl *is*, to the young idiot in love she's just what his idealism pictures her. It's curious that most love-stories stress the physical side, when the truth is that mere passion can never leave such a mark on a man as this other thing — his illusions and the smashing of them."

Young Bill sat listening, almost too blasted by such cynicism to try to refute it.

"But," he objected weakly, "isn't it possible for a man to love a woman who'll make him instead of break him?"

Pomeroy gave a mocking laugh.

"There speaks eternally hopeful youth! Of course it's possible — about once in a thousand times. But it's the special privilege of every young fool in love to think that *his* will be the shining, exceptional case."

Bill looked so downhearted, then, that Pomeroy got up and moved over and put his hand on the young fellow's shoulder.

"There, my boy!" he said. "Now buck up. I've talked to you as man to man because you asked my advice and I'm too fond of you not to give it. But, now you've heard it, you can go ahead and do as you'd do, anyhow. You've lost your head — over an actress — and you'll have to muddle through till you find it again — too late."

"It's not fair for you to talk that way when you don't know her!" Bill protested. "If you only knew her as I know her!"

"As *you* know her!" jeered Pomeroy.

Then, with a show of resignation, he went on:

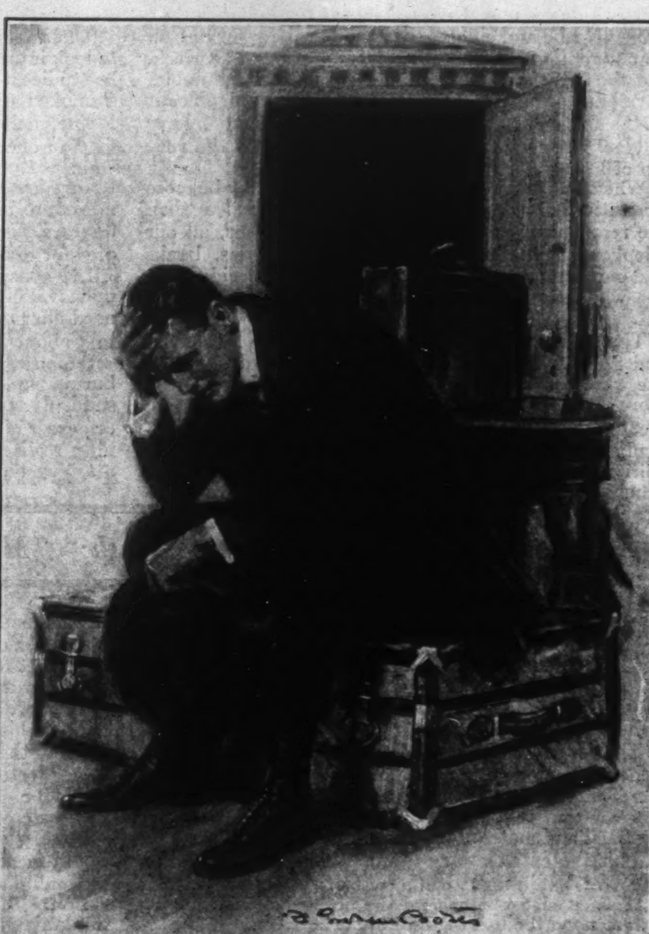
"Well, then, go ahead and marry your paragon! That's what you already had your mind made up to do — though you may not have known it yourself. It always shows the malady's fatal when a young fellow begins asking advice. Yet, advice or no advice, they always marry the girl."

But young Bill's despairful attitude indicated that, in this case, the advice born out of experience was sinking deeply, indeed. That hour of facing grim realities was bitter to a young idealist; so bitter that, after he had outgrown his youth and romantic illusions by twenty years and had become a staid, safely domesticated M.D., he could still recall it and sympathize with Marcus Boyer, when that young man came to consult him upon an important matter — an extremely important matter.

Marcus was in love and wished to get married, and there were difficulties.

Marcus was very young, and he was poor, and his career, at the best, wasn't lying before him as a path of roses. His short life hadn't been without struggles. His father had died when he was a shaver; and, even in the simple environment of Cherryvale, a small inland town, his widowed mother hadn't had too easy a time manipulating her slender income — even before there arose the necessity of sending her son to college. This was a necessity to her because she was convinced that her boy was absolutely the most gifted youth in the world; so, somehow, and as only a loving mother could contrive, she contrived for him four years in the most famed educational institution in the land. And there, it must be admitted, the boy reasonably justified his mother's beliefs: though he climbed to no particularly lofty and chilly peak of pedantry, he won a large reputation for erratic brilliance, wrote bright quips that got into print, and finally scintillated on the editorial page of the college's most celebrated sheet.

[*Continued on page 36*]



While Marcus packed his and went to the job in New York

The American Revolution of 1919

What are we going to do about this great and vital national problem? The United States is facing, in these wonderful days, a new era

Reconstruction is the big thing now. The Great Peace brings a Great Question, and we are all trying to answer it, intelligently, and with no hysteria

A Forecast

by The Editors

TO-DAY princesses are selling papers in the streets of Petrograd and Moscow to get enough to eat. The most autocratic and aristocratic government in the world is in the hands of ex-serfs and day laborers. Throughout Russia tens of thousands are being officially executed merely because they are educated.

In Belgium, Serbia, France, in Austria and Germany, the effect of the War has been obviously that of a cyclone, an earthquake, a volcano—revolutionizing the life of the whole nation from ruler to peasant.

America at present is taking one lump of sugar in its coffee or none at all, where we formerly demanded two. Our grocers' bills are higher. We are becoming accustomed to women street-car conductors. Perhaps we are wearing last winter's coat in order to buy an extra Liberty Bond.

Compared with the chaos the War brought to Russia, the devastation it wrought in Belgium and Serbia, the sacrifices it piled on France and Great Britain, America seems hardly touched. Yet it is quite possible that not even Russia will come out of the War more revolutionized or more fundamentally changed than our own country.

A Prince Demikritzky of Russia suddenly reduced to picking rags sounds more sensational and revolutionary than the fact that John McGuiness of West Nyack, U. S. A., who used to run a derrick at three dollars a day is now driving rivets at ten dollars a day, while his wife and eighteen-year-old son are working on a nut-tapping machine at twenty-four dollars a week. But the fact that some thousands of princes and nobles have been reduced to poverty is not half as significant as the fact that millions of McGuiness families have suddenly jumped from mere subsistence into the very lap of luxury.

When a czar is pulled from his throne it may be more dramatic, but the event really means much less than the reorganization of all our railroad systems, all our telephones and telegraph lines, our factories, banks and mines under one man, with power to decide what the whole nation shall make and wear and spend and eat.

The breaking up of a great people into Bolsheviki and Soviets, Red Guards and White Guards, turning the whole country into a giant Donnybrook Fair, gets more easily into newspaper headlines, but it has no such meaning as the fact that the world's melting pot is suddenly and whole-heartedly united in an unparalleled spirit of idealism and patriotism. A revolution that is plunging a hundred million people from enforced poverty to self-inflicted starvation may be more awful but it is not more important than the revolution that is holding out to another hundred millions the greatest prosperity the world has yet seen.

The sudden fall of a nation that was one of a number of great powers is really less to be considered than the sudden rise of a new power into supreme moral and industrial leadership.

This is the kind of revolution the War has wrought in America—a revolution that instead of rending us apart has incomparably drawn us together and built us up—a revolution that has thrust us upon a new plane of spiritual and material power.

It is the extreme opposite of the kind of revolution the War has brought to the rest of the world, yet it is just as epoch-making; and the problems it is bringing us are none the less big and important.

The War itself is the most staggering event in history. From a thousand angles it is continually bombarding our consciousness. A host of skilful writers, orators, artists, picturing its dramatic human stories of want, suffering, heroism, constantly command our attention. The sweep of its action and reaction, repeatedly pointed out and analyzed for us, obsesses our imagination. The dramatic catastrophes with which it has affected other nations monopolizes our sympathy. All of them so throw the searchlight on the terrible abyss into which the War has plunged other peoples that, so far, most of us have not considered the corresponding height to which the war has taken our own country.

This is natural and perhaps right. But how much longer it will be right—how much longer it will be possible—is another question.

Lloyd George to-day places the problem of what is coming after the War on an equally important footing with the problem of winning the War. He has called all England to take stock of where she stands in relation to the future.

Thousands of people are asking the same question concerning America and events themselves may demand an answer sooner than we think. Where does America stand? What is America's position as to the future?

The astronomer who studies sun-spots does not try to look into the sun itself with his naked eye. Instead, he studies a miniature reproduction of the sun through a smoked spectroscope.

The modern general, conducting a battle along a fifty- or one hundred-mile front, does not stand on some eminence overlooking the actual field. Great battles to-day are watched and studied and directed over a miniature map in some distant room, with telegraphs for ears, airplane wireless for eyes, and multi-colored pins for divisions and army corps.

In considering the gigantic and kaleidoscopic upheaval of a whole nation, therefore, the average man need offer no apology if he finds it easier to think and talk about it in terms of comparison and in miniature.

Suppose, in a farming community where drought was burning up the crops and threatening ruin, there should suddenly spout forth on one man's land a great spring or geyser of water. An outsider might from the beginning realize that this sudden supply of water would mean systematic irrigation and a radical change in the farming methods of the whole community and wealth to the owner of the water supply. But the first thought and effort of the community itself would be to get the water, by any improvised ditches or pipe-lines possible, to their withering crops.

With this work well under way it would undoubtedly occur to the man who owned the water that he was in a rather fortunate position; that this new water supply would be sure to make his farming more profitable, and that by selling the water to his neighbors he might become prosperous. He would realize, too, that this would mean many new problems to be solved — that he would have to learn something of the science of irrigation. But he might consider himself too busy to think about all this yet.

If he had ordinary foresight he would know that sooner or later the crops would have all the water they needed and the fields would become saturated. Then this water would have to have some other outlet or it would back up its source, wash out the banks of the spring, perhaps cave them in, and destroy his whole prospect of prosperity. Some way of controlling the water and some other outlet for the water, would be immediately imperative.

Now that the problem was really before him he could also see that any permanent plan of irrigation was all tied up with this problem of controlling the water supply, and making the new outlet. He would see, too, how the kind of permanent system needed would depend on the kind of crops he and his neighbors should plant. It would be obvious that the more all such problems were planned now in advance, the more money and effort would be saved later. All these should be planned now. Two things had to be done now—keep the water flowing on the crops and have a new outlet all ready and waiting when the water had to be turned off the crops.

Enlarge our miniature tens of thousands of times. Think of America instead of the farmer, and for the water supply substitute seventy-five billions of dollars' worth of manufacture and commerce — over two and a half times as much as we ever had before — over four times as much as any other nation ever had. Multiply the problems and complications accordingly and we visualize America's revolution and America's after-the-war problems.

The mountain peak to which the War has thrust America is a mountain peak of idealism — yes; of national unity, of heroism — yes. But primarily it is a mountain peak of production, and our geyser is primarily a geyser of manufactured goods. At present this production is largely going into the War. If America can find new outlets for this production after the War, she can keep the chief benefits of her remarkable revolution, including her new idealism and unity. If we do not find new outlets for this production, the very heights to which the War has thrust us will only make our fall the greater.

The War took John McGuiness away from a derrick, where he earned three dollars a day and is giving him ten dollars a day for driving rivets. Because of the War Mrs. McGuiness and eighteen-year-old Bob are adding over forty dollars more every week to what the family has to spend.

True, the price of shoes and overcoats has gone up, and food and coal cost more now; and rents are higher. But all such necessities have only increased about 60% since 1914, while John's wages have gone up 333%, and the family income 500%. Of course there are new expenses now. They are sending the laundry out. The whole family, including two younger McGuinesses, eat their dinner in a restaurant. Then there are the monthly installments on the new self-playing piano, and a set of books and a near mahogany set of parlor furniture and the Liberty Bonds. Bob has a motor-cycle which he rides to work . . . and he now wears silk shirts on Sunday. Mrs. McGuiness's best blouses and stockings are silk. Their shoes are of the kind they used to look at only through the shop windows — and they eat porterhouse steak three or four times a week.

Revolution? The War has been like Aladdin's lamp to the McGuiness family. And the McGuiness family is not an isolated nor exceptional case.

In our ship-yards alone are hundreds of thousands of men whose weekly pay envelopes are three to five times as big as they ever were before. All through our industrial plants there are millions of men whose earnings are two and three times what they were before.

The War has brought

[*Continued on page 52*]

Next Month: "Make Re-Construction Real-Construction."

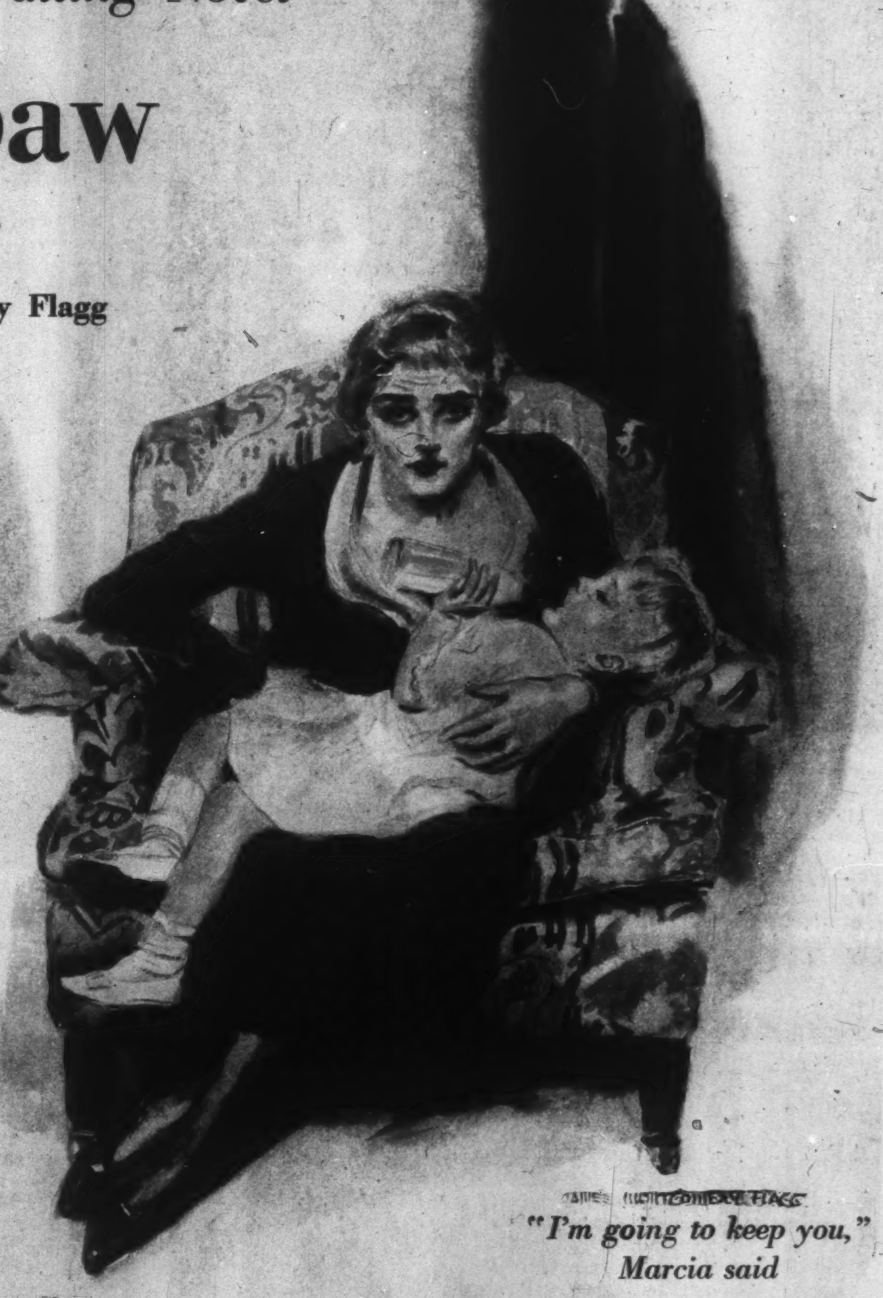
The Third Part of this Enthralling Novel

The See-Saw

By Sophie Kerr

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

HARLETH CROSSEY is the kind of young husband who does many things thoughtlessly and in bad taste and bordering on the unforgivable. He does these nonchalantly and then blames his wife because she does not prevent him from "making a fool of himself." He is nothing new in husbands; and Marcia, his wife, knows it. Therefore, she has almost unlimited patience with him. Leila Templeton plays the part of the young temptress in the story. And Curtis Jennings, the devoted friend of Marcia, fills up many chinks in her cold and lonely life.



"I'm going to keep you," Marcia said

Chapter V

MARCIA CROSSEY had thrown open her door as recklessly as Harleth himself might have done, and with a coolness and disregard of danger that was really not courage at all, but an instinct of desperation. At the moment, she honestly felt that life was not worth living, and if the frenzied creature outside had greeted her with a fusillade she would not have flinched.

She had turned on all the hall lights as she opened the door and she walked boldly out into their glare. Wasson was lying twisted on his side, right at the head of the stairs.

"Wasson!" said Marcia, sharply — but he did not move. She hurried over to him — she could now see a dark stain on the floor by his head.

"Good heavens! he's shot himself," she thought, and drew back with an instinctive recoil. Then, mastering herself, she went closer to him. In one tightly clenched hand he held a small glass bottle, the other hand was outflung, empty. Marcia peered fearfully at the dark stain on the floor, but it was not blood. She dropped on her knees and touched gingerly that outstretched open hand. It was still warm, but he did not move at her touch. She leaned over and loosened the little vial from his other hand, and as she lifted it, the sickish, unmistakable odor of laudanum rose to her nostrils. At the same moment she became aware of faltering steps approaching from the lower hall at the back, and then a trembling voice accosted her:

"Missa Crossa — Missa Crossa — you there?"

It was Sako, returning warily. Marcia stood up and let the vial fall.

"We are all here but that Imogen," said Sako, advancing, a group of fluttering females behind him.

"Come up here," commanded Marcia. "You and Cook and Martha must lift Wasson and carry him down-stairs to the servants' sitting-room and put him on the couch there. He's not dead, but he's taken poison and he's in a stupor. I'm going to telephone to the doctor."

With the news that Wasson was in a stupor the trembling band became bolder and prepared to carry out her directions. Marcia watched them start downstairs with the inert body of the chauffeur and then flew back into her room to telephone. Dr. Bardman's office was only a block away and she called him — he would be there at once, he said. While she was waiting for him, she went in to Nurse and Imogen, told them what had happened, sent Imogen to bed, and, leaving the baby safe with Nurse, hurried down-stairs. The doctor arrived just as she reached the hall, a business-like, curt young man. She told him briefly what had happened while leading him to his patient. Doctor Bardman listened to her with admiration.

"You're perfectly fine, Mrs. Crossey," he exclaimed. "Most ladies would have sent for the police and then fainted away. Too bad Mr. Crossey happened to be out of town, though, and let this all fall to you."

Marcia did not reply to this, but led him into the servants' sitting-room, where Wasson had been placed on the couch. Sako and the others stood about, plainly enjoying the excitement of it all, now that their scare was over. The doctor looked them over appraisingly. "You stay — and you," he said, picking out Sako, and Cook, who was middle-aged and stolid. "The rest of you clear out. You'd better go, too, Mrs. Crossey. This will be all the help I'll need. I think — I think I can bring him round all right."

Marcia compressed her lips. "I'll stay and help," she said. "I feel responsible, you know."

THE doctor gave her a quick glance and did not protest. He turned his attention to Wasson, stripping off the man's coat and shirt.

"He's farther gone than I thought," he said. "Quick — I want wet towels and some hot, strong coffee, as soon as possible. You," turning to Sako, "catch hold of his other arm. He's got to be roused out of this stupor."

They sprang to obey him. It was a long, unpleasant fight, full of disgusting details that Marcia ever after hated to remember.

At last they triumphed. A very weak and miserable Wasson was carried out to his quarters over the garage and put to bed by the doctor and Sako; but he was alive and with every chance of staying alive indefinitely.

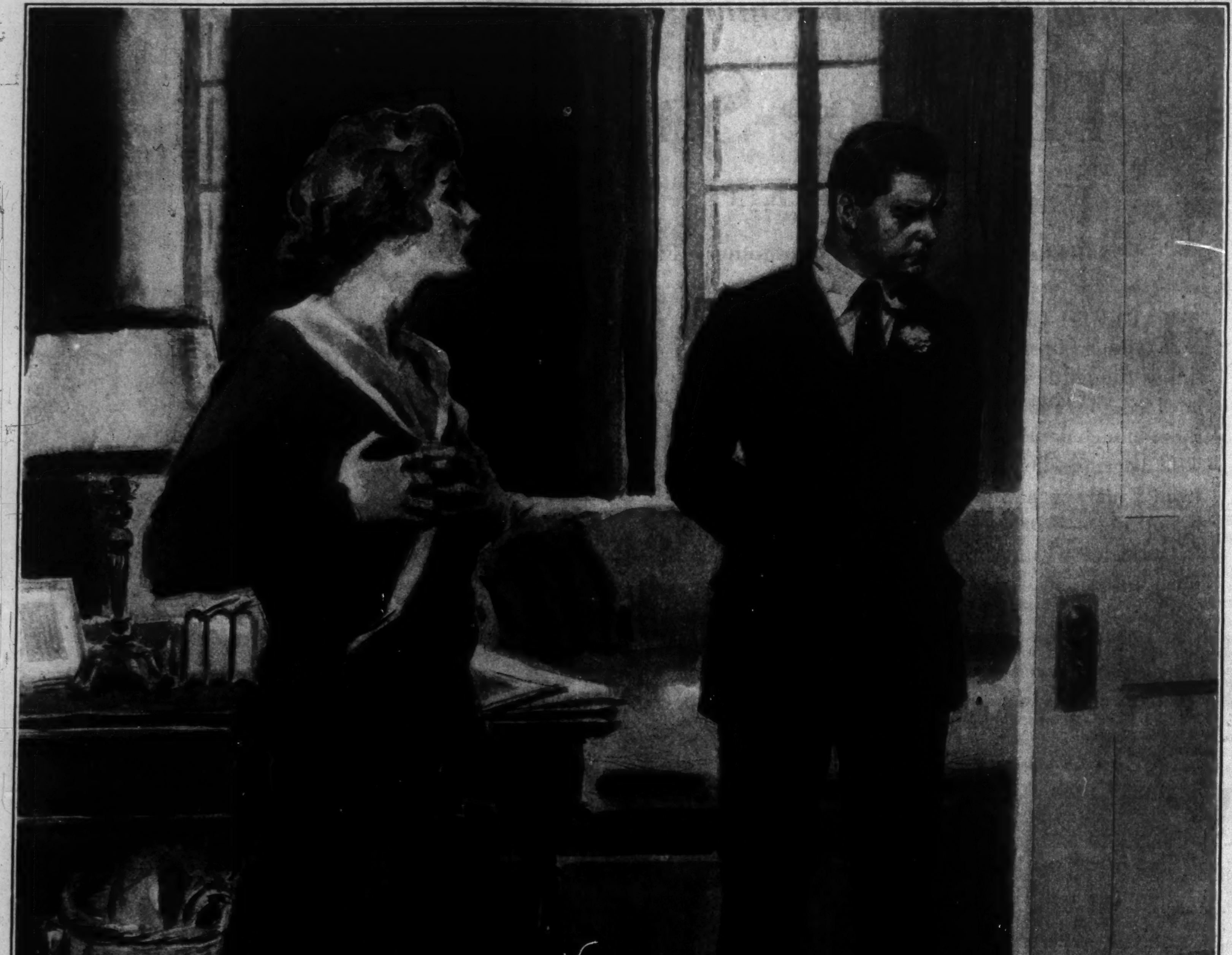
Marcia Crossey, ascending the stairs, worn and disheveled, was suddenly conscious that the electric lights were burning dimly and that the windows were turning palely gray in spite of the illumination inside. It was the dawn — and Harleth had not come. In the stress of the last few hours she had not noted how fast the time was passing. She had expected him every minute of that time, with a stubborn, forlorn faith in him that the message from the St. Quentin had not shaken. But the cold, clear light of day, creeping on so inevitably, was stronger than her faith.

"He didn't even bother to try to hide it — he didn't even take the trouble to make some excuse for staying away," she thought.

Well, that was honest at least. Better, perhaps, that he should do that than to have surrounded her with a maze of lies and pretense to cover up his — unfaithfulness. She hesitated over even thinking the word and then, in spite of her utter fatigue, her mind cleared and rose detached from her pain.

She went on into her own room, flung herself down across the bed and lay there still, with her eyes closed. But her thoughts went on, clearly and definitely. It was, after all, they told her, not such a shocking thing, nor such an outrage to her that he should take the final step of unfaithfulness, since he was no longer hers in thought and inclination and affection. There was no use agonizing over it — no use in pitying herself or making the situation any worse than it was by trying to "revenge herself" on him and on Leila. She must think it out — what would be best to do for everyone — for Harleth most of all . . . for Harleth most of all.

Her breathing grew slower and her tense muscles



"A marriage where there isn't love on both sides is no marriage at all, and the sooner it's broken up, the better," cried Marcia

relaxed a little. Sleep, stronger even than pain, came mercifully to her at last, and a little later, Nurse and the repentant Imogen found her lying there in a slumber so deep that she did not so much as move an eyelid while they gently undressed her and put her properly to bed. Over their task they exchanged cautious whispers.

"'E never come 'ome at all," contributed Imogen, with upraised brows and shoulders.

And Nurse, the experienced and sympathetic, replied: "There's a sad change come to this family, I tell you." And they both wagged their heads knowingly and bent pitying looks on Marcia. With a tragic forefinger, Imogen indicated the circles under her eyes and her wasted wrists. They covered her gently, drew the curtains and went out.

HARLETH CROSSEY had left the St. Quentin with a sense of danger escaped. He made no bones of it to himself that he was getting in deeper with Leila than was quite comfortable. Some day he was going to lose control of himself and there would be the devil to pay. He had not intended to have this affair with Leila go so fast — but it had never occurred to him, up till now, to doubt that he had it well in hand, or to think that she was playing a great deal sharper, deeper game than he. To-night, for instance: he had not intended to stay in town without telephoning, but Leila had been so amusing — and so, well, hang it, she drove it out of his head — that was all there was to it. And now it was too late — he couldn't ring up the house in the middle of the night. He had told the taxi driver to go direct to the station, but as they passed under a street lamp he pulled out his watch and held it into the light and saw that he had missed the last good train — the one-thirty — and there was nothing for it but to wait an hour and take a hideous little accommodation at half-past two. A great deal better if he went to his club and slept there. He tapped sharply at the glass front of the taxi and redirected the driver. But there it was again — too late to telephone. Oh, Lord — what a mess he was in! He shrugged his shoulders defiantly. Let them think what they liked — he *wasn't* going to telephone, and he *was* going to stay in town. In all probability no one but the servants would notice it anyway, he and Marcia had been keeping so carefully out of each other's way. He was annoyed and ruffled. Life seemed of late to have taken on a great many complications — but that he was responsible for them never entered his mind.

He was still more annoyed when the telephone boy at the club told him that Mrs. Crossey had telephoned there trying to find him an hour or so before. His thoughts leaped to one unworthy conclusion.

"Spying on me — trying to find out where I am and who I'm with," he said to himself, angrily. "Marcia is so confoundedly old-fashioned,— I suppose there'll be the very deuce to pay because I didn't let her know I wasn't coming home."

And because there would be the very deuce to pay, he was further determined in not telephoning. It was absurd — unmodern! Even a married man was entitled not to be followed and spied on. He made out his case on assumptions which were intended to put his conscience at ease, and did it so successfully that he went to bed feeling himself a righteous man, much abused. He woke in the morning with this feeling intensified by the coppery taste in his mouth that the liquor of the night before had left with him. In fact, he felt so generally peevish at the world at large, and his own world in particular, that he did not bother to call up his house even after he had arrived at his office. What was the use? Only give Marcia a chance to put him through a cross-examination, as if he were accountable to her for every moment of his time! He supposed, of course, that he'd have to face the music when he got home that night — and that would be plenty soon enough. . . .

It was mid-afternoon before Marcia Crossey woke from the sleep of fatigue which had come to her after her stressed and unhappy night. The summer sun was thrusting long, inquisitive yellow fingers about the edges of the drawn curtains, and an adventurous spray of woodbine was tapping at the window-sill. That was the first thing that struck Marcia's waking eyes and her first thought was, "There — the woodbine did reach the second story after all, this year. I must tell Harleth, for he laughed at me when I said it would." Then memory returned, with a throb of actual physical pain. She would never tell Harleth that, nor anything more that had to do with the little friendly details of their home and their life . . . not ever again. She put her hands up over her face and tried to think. She must do something decisive and do it quickly. . . . But what could she do? . . . Where could she go? . . . There was Aunt Janey . . . or Mother Crossey . . . or Belle . . .

The door opened very gently and Imogen looked in. "O-oh, Mrs. Crossey — I beg pardon for not knocking, mem — I thought you might still be asleep. Will you want to get up now?"

"What time is it?" asked Marcia, dully.

"'Arf pawst three or quarter to four," said Imogen. "Are you rested, mem? I'm that sawrry," she went on, hesitatingly, "I'm that sawrry f'r making such a kick-up lawst night, mem. But I was *that* fraightened —— "

"How is Wasson by this time?" asked Marcia. "Has the doctor been here again?"

It appeared that the doctor had been called again and found Wasson much improved. He had given him some medicine and forbidden him to leave his bed until the next day. He had asked for Mrs. Crossey and when he had learned that she was sleeping, had said that she was not to be disturbed. And then Imogen, looking very shy and very eager, burst out with: "An' I've been out to the garrige to see Wasson, mem, Cook an' me went, an' — an' I think as 'ow I'll merry 'im before long, now. 'E looked so w'ite an' sick, pore fella — it went to me 'eart, it did. I 'adn't raightly felt 'ow desprit 'e was." Her face shone with pity — a little cockney Undine who had found her soul through another's suffering.

"I'm glad," said Marcia. "It wasn't quite fair of you to drive Wasson into such a state, was it?"

"No, mem," said Imogen, meekly. "Only I never once thought 'e'd be so silly as to think I meant it all. Tryin' to poison 'isself! Fawncy that, now."

Marcia tried to smile, as she slowly got up, but Imogen and her fancies seemed very remote. She must bathe and dress and, in the meantime, think — *think*. The necessity for some sort of decision was pressing hard on her sick heart. She could not go on — no, not another day, with things as they were. Already she had let herself drift too far. She must make up her mind to do *something* to take her out of her present torment, and bring her confused and chaotic life into some sort of order and integrity. The rôle of a complacent, neglected wife was intolerable. She could not, would not, be that. Since Harleth had discarded the ties that bound them to each other, she, too, must discard them, but not in anger nor in haste. At last, from her mental travail, a decision was made. It was that, first of all, she would see Harleth. On what he said would rest her future action. Farther than that she could not go.

AFTER she was dressed she must find something to fill in the time before Harleth would come home, so, first of all, she smoothed the disorganized forces of her household again into order. Not that there was much to be done, for Cook and Nurse and Sako had united their forces to keep things running as usual. Cleaning had been done, orders given and routine largely reestablished.

The household inspection over, Marcia went to the nursery. It would be a blessed comfort to her to hold Baby's rosy chubbiness against her and to hear his inarticulate babble of love as he put his arms around her neck. She sent Nurse down-stairs and played with him a while. He had an engaging trick, if she kissed him on the cheek, of rubbing the kissed place very hard and saying, lovingly, "Wub it in." And then, for a joke, after many "wub it ins," he would suddenly cry, "Wub it *off*," with his hands like little fluttering fat stars and his laughter ringing through the big nursery. She sat down and rocked him and sang to him, and he listened drowsily. Once he gave a little start as her arms tightened suddenly around him. "I'm going to keep you," Marcia was thinking, "no matter what else goes."

It did not make Harleth Crossey's mood any happier to find no car and no Wasson waiting for him when he stepped off his usual train. He waited, with growing impatience, for ten minutes, and was just about to telephone when Dr. Bardman came by in his little runabout, and noted the fuming figure.

"I'll take you up to your house," said the doctor. "Your man's under orders not to stir out of bed until to-morrow, and I think he'd better not try to drive a car for another day anyway."

"For the Lord's sake, what's the matter with him?" asked Crossey, getting in beside the doctor.

"Oh, that's a fact — you've been out of town — I didn't think," said the doctor. "Why, Wasson ran amuck with a gun last night, and then got a despondent fit and tried to kill himself with laudanum shortly after midnight. Mrs. Crossey rang me up and we brought him round all right. Frightful mess, though. Mrs. Crossey was as calm and cool — never turned a hair — wonderful! By Jove, you don't see many women like her nowadays among the idle rich." He cocked a humorous eye at Crossey. He had heard the rumors of domestic infelicity at the Crosseys and mentally dubbed Harleth a "queer, sulky devil," as he sat there glowering. He determined to rub it in a little.

"Mrs. Crossey locked the baby and nurse in the nursery and went out to face Wasson, though she knew he had a gun and all the servants had taken to their heels. Bravest thing I ever heard of! She said she hadn't called the police because they're so stupid. And then, when she found that he'd taken poison, she had him carried down-stairs —— "

"Good God — did he get up-stairs?" asked Harleth, appalled at the vision thus presented.

"In your upper hall," said the doctor, pleased with the sensation he was making, "you'll see the laudanum stain on the floor, at the head of the stairs. As I was saying, Mrs. Crossey ordered the other servants back, had the man carried down-stairs and then got me there without wasting a motion. Cool and plucky — kept her head every minute. Ah — here we are. I'll be in to-morrow for a final look-in at the patient. *Good* evening."

Harleth Crossey entered his home with the sense of one entering a strange place. This was the sort of thing that went on, was it, when he was away — chauffeur running amuck, Marcia taking foolhardy risks, the whole neighborhood talking, doubtless about what had happened and about his absence. Why had that ridiculous doctor pretended to think that he was off on a trip — half a dozen men in Wellridge knew that that wasn't true. The Reuben Joneses had been at the same restaurant for supper that he had gone to with Leila. A damn pretty mess, this! How did it happen that everything conspired to put him in wrong? Well — he'd fire Wasson and Imogen, both of them, this very night, and tell Marcia to get servants who knew how to behave themselves. He came in like a thunder-cloud.

"Where's Mrs. Crossey?" he snapped at Sako.

"Up-stair, I think," said the little Japanese.

Up-stairs, accordingly, Harleth went and a moment later was bursting into Marcia's little sitting-room. He made an effort at calmness, but it was futile.

"Well, Marcia," he began, "what is all this excitement, anyway? I came up with Doctor Bardman and he tells me you've had a regular five-reel movie here last night — guns, poison, servants running for their lives — all that sort of thing. I hope you've gotten rid of Imogen and Wasson both by this time."

"I hadn't thought of doing that," said Marcia, making a great effort at calmness also, and succeeding better than her husband. "Wasson is in bed and Imogen's highly repentant. Besides, they've patched up their affair and decided to get married. Absurd, isn't it?"

"Decidedly too absurd," said Harleth. "They've got to go, the two of them. If they get married it's no guarantee that this sort of thing won't happen again. I can't have my family running the risk of being shot up inadvertently in a servants' quarrel whenever I'm away —— "

Marcia had risen to her feet. "Why were you away?" she asked. The question brought him up short.

"Why — why — " he stammered, discomposed for a moment.

"I'll tell you," said Marcia, slowly. She could feel the blood dropping away from her heart with every word, but she must speak now and have it out. She rallied her courage and steadied herself with her hands on her great desk. "I don't know where you were the first part of the evening, but I can guess what you were doing. You took Leila Templeton to dinner and then you went to the theatre and then you went on to Delmonico's for supper. That I know, for while Wasson was walking up and down in the hall outside my room, I was trying to reach you by telephone. I

JULIAN STREET has written his finest short story for the February McClure's. "The Silk Hat" is an amazing piece of work — a masterly blending of satire and tragedy. Do not fail to read it. Arthur William Brown is the illustrator. Also coming: brilliant articles by Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson and Harrison Rhodes; and fiction by Richard Washburn Child, Dana Gatlin, Bruno Lessing, Anna Steese Richardson, and Andrew Soutar.

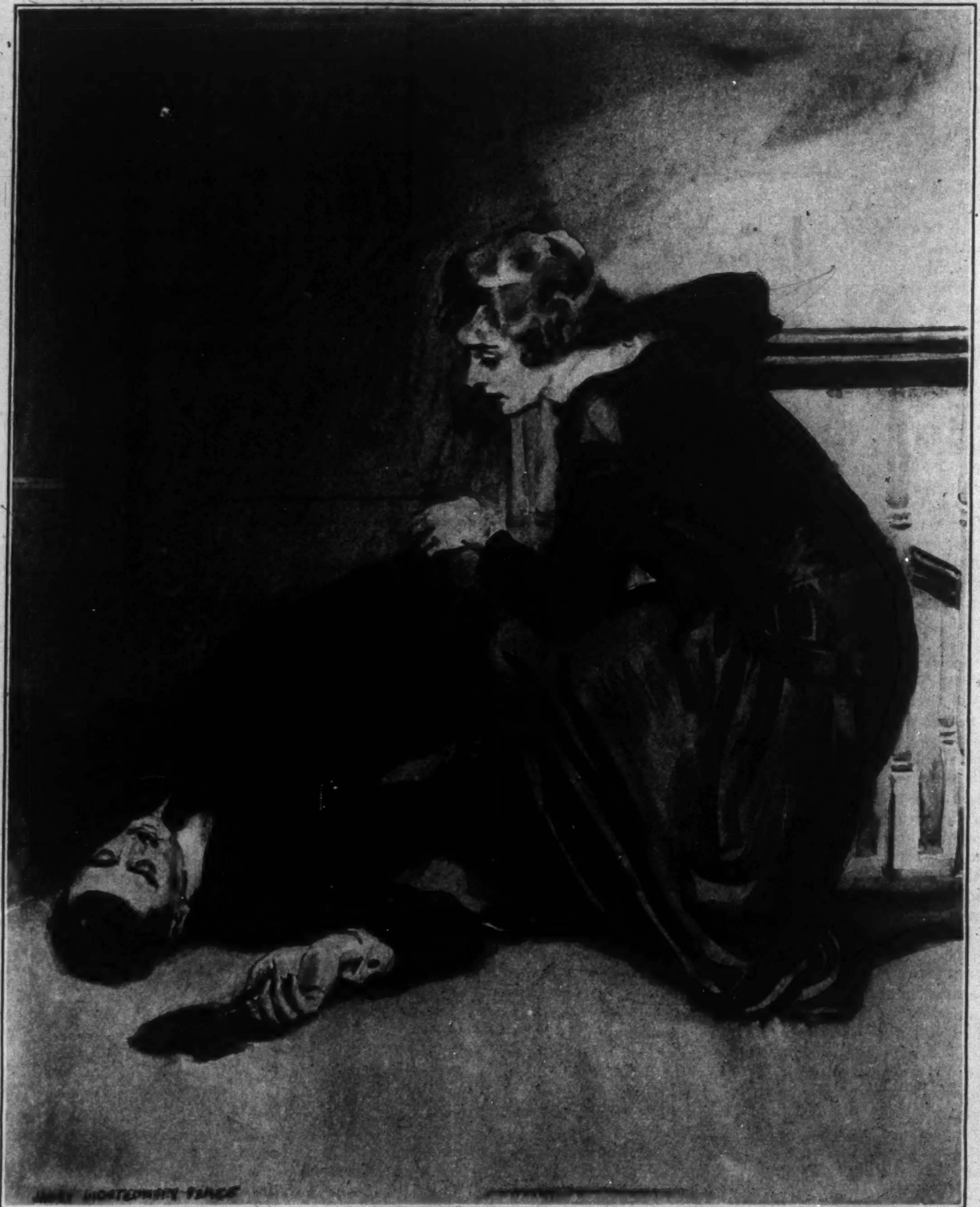
telephoned to every place I could think of — to the club, to your office, to some of the hotels, and finally I got Eugene at Delmonico's and he said that you and Leila had just gone. Then I telephoned to the St. Quentin and the boy told me there — that — that — you and she — had gone to her apartment — and — and — he had orders — not to — " she stopped and looked at him.

"Go on," he said. "He had orders not to —— "

"Not to — disturb — you," she finished it with a convulsive jerk.

His face had gone as white as hers and set itself in hard lines. "Well," he said, at last, "do you believe it?"

"Harleth," said Marcia, steadily now, "if you will tell me that it is not true — I'll believe you."



Marcia, mastering herself, went closer and peered fearfully at the dark stain on the floor — but it was not blood

There was a silence between them in which you might have slowly counted twenty, but the eyes of neither of them wavered. Only Harleth Crossey's face changed and glowered. Where he had been angry before, now he was in a madness of rage. Like a child who throws down his block castle to spite a playmate when it is really himself he injures, so Harleth Crossey tore down the fair edifice of his life and destroyed it without compassion. His faun's eyes were like the eyes of a fighting wild creature.

"Do you think," he said, with deliberate provocation in every word, "do you think that I'm going to submit to being cross-examined and heckled and called to account for every minute of my time because I've been away from home for twenty-four hours? Do I have to give assurances as to the correctness of my behavior? Does marriage mean that a man is not permitted to see or talk to another woman without his wife's putting the vilest sort of construction on it? The fact that we are married does not necessarily deprive me of my personal liberty, does it?"

There was another tense silence.

"Not at all," said Marcia, slowly. "Nor does it mean that I'm deprived of mine. So I am going to use mine, just as you have chosen to use yours. I've thought it out and made up my mind. I'm not going to live with you any longer. I'm going to leave you."

"What!" blinked Harleth. His furious bombast dropped away from him. He was not prepared for this.

"Yes," said Marcia. "You've decided me. I want to be reasonable and I'm willing to be reasonable, but it's not reasonable nor self-respecting to let a situation like this go on. For nearly five months you've done nothing but run after Leila Templeton. You've hardly been home at all. You've been seen everywhere with her, you've given her presents — money, too, perhaps, though that I don't know — and you've made it impossible for me to think that you care anything for me. You haven't spared my feelings in any way. You haven't even tried to keep up any pretense of appearances. But I'm glad of that — for it makes everything a lot quicker and easier. I've stood by and said and done nothing, for a good many reasons. The big reason is, of course, that I — care for you."

"Oh, Lord! Don't try to put a sentimental finish on your ravings!" he broke in, fiercely. "You say you care anything for me when you accuse me of things like this!"

"It isn't what I think of you that makes it odd," said Marcia. "It's the things you've done. Well, I won't insist that I love you. The thing that matters is that you have stopped loving me. I know it. I've known it for weeks. And it's because of that that I'm going to leave you. A marriage where there isn't love on both sides is no marriage at all, and the sooner it's broken up the better. If you'd have given me a straight out-and-out answer — oh, Harleth — *Harleth* — tell me it isn't true — *tell me* —— "

She waited, but he did not try to answer; he only stood, looking angry and sullen. "We've never told lies to each other, even little ones," she said. "If you'd only say it wasn't true — " Tears choked her voice, but she went on, stormily: "I'm a fool, I know, but I can't bear that, somehow. I try to think that it's no worse than all the rest of it — that it really doesn't signify — but — after all — you're my husband — and it hurts me horribly — horribly. Every bit of my body and soul protests against it — " She had put her hands on her bosom and pressed them into her flesh, but now she dropped them on the desk again.

"It all comes to this, Harleth," she went on more quietly. "I don't choose to be one corner of a triangle, with you and Leila for the other two corners. I've been trying to make up my mind to this for a month, when I saw how little chance there was for things to work out right. Last night has decided me — and that message from the St. Quentin. Even if you're not guilty, the mere fact that such a message about you should have been given by a servant, freely, without any suggestion, shows the relation between you two as it appears to people of that sort. How do you suppose it appears to people of more intelligence — to your friends — to mine?"

"I congratulate you upon your oratorial powers, my dear," Harleth broke in. "Now that you've catalogued my faults and failings, and depicted our happy domesticity so accurately, and fully convinced yourself of my unfaithfulness and general unworthiness — and generally bowled me out — just what do you propose to do?"

Through her tears and agitation Marcia could see that he was as racked as she, but that there was no softening, no belated compunction in it. And she could bear to see and hear him no longer. She turned and ran past him, out of the door to her own room, crying out desperately — not knowing what she said: "Oh — go away, Harleth — I can't bear it. *I can't!*"

Chapter VI

IT is disheartening and astounding, too, when one thinks of it, the determination, the obstinacy with which human beings persist in doing what they know is the wrong thing and bad for them, and contrary to all the laws of propriety and common sense — which last are not always the same. "We have done those things which we ought not to have done" — indeed we have, prayer-book — not only once, but many times — and while all the world begged us to stay our action. There is an enormous, unacknowledged egotism in our mistakes. Other people may have to pay penalties, but we feel that we are exempt. It cannot be that Life is about to make us come an awful cropper, which will take years and tears and bitter endeavor to retrieve — and sometimes years and tears and bitter endeavor have no effect whatever. At thirty-five we ask how in the name of all that is obvious could we have made such double-distilled fools of ourselves at twenty-five. But at twenty-five — remember — we defied, metaphorically speaking, the laws of equilibrium. We wanted to swing far out — and we did — but we had no notion that we must as relentlessly swing as far back again. It was with just such boldness, such egotism that Harleth Crossey took his far swing into the realm of those things which we ought not to have done.

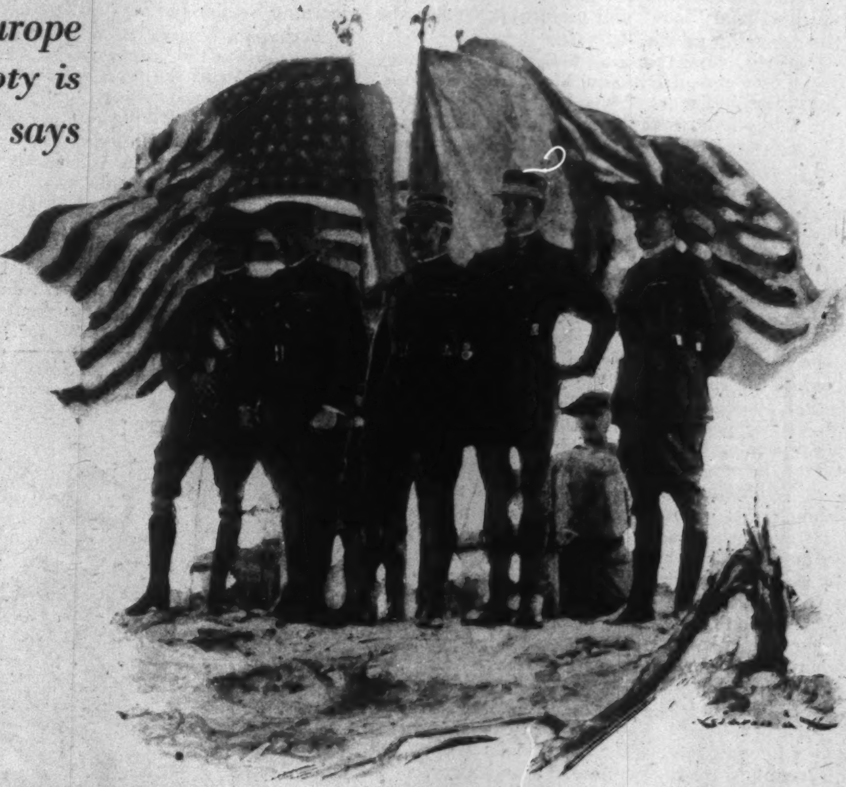
He had been treated to a scene — he hated scenes. He had been questioned — he resented questions. He had been called to account — he could never endure being called to account. Lastly, he had been asked — no, commanded — to reply to an accusation which, because it was not true, he would not grant might very well seem true, all evidence being against him. He would not reply to *any* accusation — it was beneath his dignity. Therefore, he was a very much ill-used and badly treated man.

It is always awkward to remain in a house where an altercation of this kind has taken place, so he did not wait for dinner — he went straight back into town, and directly to the Templeton apartment.

"Something has happened to you," said Leila, after one alarmed glance at him. "Why, Harleth — you're ill! You look ghastly!"

The solicitude in her voice [*Continued on page 31*]

"Those who return are the land's future and its blessing. Our army has looted Europe only of experience and wisdom. Its booty is bright hopes for a newer, better world," says



Harrison Rhodes

In This Splendid Article

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

THE future is the soldier's. This does not mean that we expect officers will kick civilians off the American sidewalks or that armed bands of brawling boys will disturb the American peace. We all know that our gallant, cheerful, clear-eyed army will for the most part melt away and flow in a thousand channels back into the industrious civilian life from which they came. Yet the future is theirs. Theirs because the doughboy is the flower of the country, the youngest, livest, modernest of the citizens of our democracy. He has saved the land to the good uses of Liberty and in some sense it is his land when he shall come marching home.

But will the same boy come back to us to whom we said good-bye in the village street or by the factory gate? He has crossed seas since he left us. He has seen wide horizons. He has been billeted in the fair land of France, and it is probable that, as soldiers will, he has "sworn terribly in Flanders." Beauty and tragedy over there must have wrought in his soul changes that we at home as yet scarcely apprehend.

But there is much else that has worked upon him, agencies more concrete and definable, agencies authorized by the Government, and supported by that wonderful flood of gold which has streamed from a generous nation's hand. The scope of these activities is perhaps not yet widely understood. We know that the boy over there gets his doughnuts and his occasional copy of the popular magazines, and that once in a while a vaudeville sketch team brings the bright spirit of Broadway almost to the front trenches. But most of us do not know how all sorts of pleasant civilizing influences play about him — often more than they did at home — nor how many of the gentler arts of peace woo his attention in his leisure hours and beckon him to various careers in his civilian future. In short, we do not realize the amazing efficiency of the war service of the American Library Association, or how, through it, education threatens our armies and books surround them.

No author should feel embarrassment in boldly attributing to the written word magic and power. Yet it is most surely the first time in the world's history that books have been thought of in connection with actual fighting men. Indeed, the traditional type of soldier or sailor is not, as we think of him, bookish. There is an agreeable story of the great Duke of Wellington who, after the wars were over, was elected in London a member of the Royal Society, a famous scientific and literary organization. The bluff Tory gentleman was flattered and went so far as to attend a *soirée* of the society, and even to allege that he enjoyed it, in spite of the unfortunate fact that, while there, he was, to use his own phrase, "very much exposed to authors!"

Nowadays the merest private in our army is very much and very constantly exposed, not exactly to authors, but to their books. And really, to the astonishment of even the most optimistic librarian, books have been found to be contagious in a huge number of the cases in which exposure to them has occurred.

At the beginning of the War most people thought very little about the boys as readers. Indeed, we pictured them drilling, dancing, eating, sleeping, flirting, laughing their leisure time away. There was, at Newport, an apocryphal story of a lady of fashion in charge of a little library at the naval station who, it was alleged, on the last day she was to be there, pathetically begged some boys she knew to draw out at least one book, so that she might say she had not sat there all summer in vain!

THE truth, soon discovered, was that even the hardest drilling troops had time on their hands which could not all be occupied writing letters home or harmonizing vocally upon the barracks steps. They had more genuine leisure than they had ever had at home. They wanted to read. They are not an army of bookworms, of course — heaven forfend. But they are fresh, vigorous young things, with an intellectual curiosity suddenly stimulated by this plunge into the great current of the world's events. They want to know things about things. They find they *like* to read.

The most delightful anecdote in proof of this mixes comedy with the tragedy of war in inimitable fashion. It is the story of the sinking of the *President Lincoln*, when a sailor boy was rescued, sitting cheerfully on a raft reading a thriller! Parenthetically one must for the sake of the author of that book protest against its title being withheld from its justly won publicity.

The books have been sent. They are still being sent, even though the fighting is over; for our soldiers will remain abroad for many months. Up to November 1st last the American Library Association alone has shipped overseas 1,250,000 books, as well as many tons of magazines and newspapers. Fifty ship's-tons space a month was assigned the Association in the army supplies transport, but this was not enough and the Red Cross lent part of its allotted space. These books are distributed in Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, and Salvation Army huts through France and Italy. They go to the hospitals and the convalescent homes. They are put on the American battleships and destroyers and are shipped to the bases to which the sailors return from time to time. Every station for hydro-airplanes, every aviation camp, every mine sweeping base, every proving ground is cared for. The quartermaster's department is not forgotten, nor the stevedore corps. The books have gone even to the unhappy, lonely boys in German prisons. They are available at every Y. W. C. A. hostess house and nurses' club. There are books for the marines, you bet. There are at all the bases, posts and headquarters, technical libraries for officers. And to cap it all, in France, there is a central library service in Paris, which sends out by franked free post any book which individual members of the A. E. F. or the A. N. F. ask for. And as this was written the requests were coming in at the rate of over a thousand a day.

Of course it is possible sometimes to stump the Paris librarian, but not often, even when a soldier asks for the Pre-Incan History of Peru, the Legends of Atlantis, or a handbook to the ancient Basque Language! The books go out at this incredible rate, which is probably more incredible by now. There is in existence for our men who are still in France the most gigantic circulating library the world has ever seen, something like the New York Public Library combined with one of the big "mail order houses." The French people and the French Government have been vastly impressed. The French circulating library is usually only a few shabby books let for a couple of sous a day by the snuffy old lady who keeps the stationer's shop in front. Anything like our big free libraries is unknown. But the French Government has already planned that hereafter there shall be public circulating libraries in France. American tourists have always claimed the credit of having introduced bathrooms into French hotels. American soldiers can probably claim the more considerable credit of introducing free books into French homes.

What do the boys read? What don't they read? At first it was only thought that they might possibly be induced to try a little fiction of the strictly popular variety. The American people generously disgorged the rubbish of their libraries along with sets of the standard authors. And since the boys are omnivorous they read both the rubbish and the standard authors and cry out for more of both kinds. They begin by reading boys' books headed by the valiant Henty; — so many of them are only boys still. And then they go on to novels with love in them. Though even here there are recalcitrant lads, from the Great Southwest especially, who scorn the "mushy," want it "hot" and "live," and picturesquely describe what they are after as the "bad stuff."

The Library Association guardedly says "few very young soldiers will read Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, or George Eliot, but some of the older ones will be glad to." (But this is no occasion for literary pessimism. Shakespeare's works are called for; one soldier naively specified "plays preferred.") The Association is for cheerfulness in fiction; more in sorrow than in anger it says that "Conrad sometimes indulges in a tragic ending and Jack London occasionally ends badly — for soldiers." The case for robustious fiction was never more strongly presented.

In peace times librarians are accustomed to judge the efficiency for good of their institutions by the low proportion of fiction asked for by their patrons. (This is a little hard on writers of novels, but they must accept the gaff.) Now the soldiers' and sailors' fiction average has been below the ordinary only about fifty per cent, or a little less.

It is astonishing to find how high the poets stand in military favor; what indeed would the great Duke of Wellington think? Yet perhaps not so astonishing. An outburst of poetry and interest in it has everywhere accompanied the War. It is equally amazing that letter-writing, which we had all supposed had been rendered a dead and forgotten art by the telegraph and telephone, has revived, and that such a flood of picturesque, lively, even beautifully-phrased epistles streams to and fro across the Atlantic, even now that hostilities have ceased, as would have been five years ago quite unbelievable. Perhaps this is the renaissance of literature?

The lack of leisure is the well-worn excuse most of us give for not reading the good books we have always meant to read. In the army and navy, so it turns out, they have leisure. And it must be that there is something in the excuse after all. For there are boys who have sent for Boswell's "Life of Johnson" and want to attack Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." And as for even Plato, Petrarch, Dante, there are dashing lads ready to eat them up. There is something very delightful in the freshness of their interest — theirs is no effete and weary search for culture. They may have hated to get up in the morning, but the reveille has called them and they have found all the fair fields of literature glittering with the dew. There was one young man in the army who wrote for a work on ancient history and then charmingly added,

"I would prefer an ancient history of Greece, though the chronicle of events in other nations would also be news to me."

How dulness flies away before his phrase! If all learning be merely news, no one will try to avoid it.

Perhaps a renaissance of education has come. The eager spirit of the younger days of America, of the district school and the boys who chopped wood to work their way through college, seems to come back, khaki-clad. The most striking early instances of this characteristic American impulse were, characteristically enough, in foreign-born Americans. An Italian asking for some book that would help him to teach English to a Syrian is indeed a typical American citizen. Not that the foreign-language citizen has been neglected. Books in Yiddish, Polish, Spanish, French, Swedish, Norwegian, Russian, Chinese, Lettish, and a dozen others, even including technical volumes in German, are procurable. One young man wanted "The Thousand and One Nights" in the original Arabic, and *got it.* Reading made so easy would be hard to avoid. The soldier waves the magician's wand and the book is by his side, though all the college professors within a hundred miles have to scramble to get it for him.

All the boys wanted to know more about war. They wanted books on France, on England, on Italy and on Germany. They wanted to understand about international politics and to know more about Pan-Germanism, now safely "panned." Of all the guide-books of Herr Baedeker they preferred the one that shows the best routes to Berlin. They wanted to know about war, especially how to wage it better. They called for books on tactics, on artillery, on tanks, on submarines, and all the various sciences which are the servants of modern warfare. And these books must be absolutely up-to-date — even the Kitchen Police, so they say, insisted on the very modernest book on potato peeling. This explains why old books that people were willing to give were not enough. It makes clear the need of millions to buy the necessary equipment. The army and navy had to have "the book they need when they want it," not the book you don't need when you no longer want it. They had to have the newest, the best and often the most expensive. They read from sheer intellectual curiosity and for promotion, to pass their examinations. Among part of the troops reading became epidemic.

Of course in the millions of them there exists every extreme. There were absolutely illiterate boys from the mountains and the States where there are no compulsory education laws. They didn't always know their age nor any other names for themselves than "Sonny" or "Buddy." But a good many of them wanted to learn to read and to cipher. Jumping to the other extreme you find men wanting to go on with advanced research work they had earlier begun. Boys less far on were troubled about their college degree and determined to go on with their studies. Does it sound too good to be true? There was one boy lately in a hospital in New York who had lost both legs and one arm, yet sent in a requisition for books needed for his college examinations.

One man writes, "Could I buy or borrow one of Blackstone's books on law? I have been reading novels ever since I have been in France and they are, to say the least, monotonous, and I would like again to get on familiar ground."

Some of them like familiar, others prefer new ground. A great number — isn't this just the Americanism of them — never mean to go back to just the old job. They are preparing to improve the old or find a newer, better one. [*Continued on page 44*]

* * *

A Personal Matter

by Oliver Eastwood

Who Went to France with the Canadians Early in the War

ON a morning late in April of the year 1915, I found myself midway between the enemies' lines and our own, on the Ypres-Polecappelle Road. My duties were to discover and report any activities of the Germans. Parties of this kind are called "Listening Patrols," and are usually composed of two or more soldiers, but as we expected a heavy attack we could not spare the men. Consequently, I was sent alone out into that scarred, shell-torn stretch of ground, known as "No Man's Land," the contest of which had already cost thousands of lives, and was soon to cost thousands more.

In this sector the trenches were not two hundred yards apart, at extreme points, and as the sun rose over the Keerselaere Wood, I could discern dim grey figures, hurrying this way and that, doubtless preparing for the attack that we had so long expected.

Creeping nearer so as to gain a point of vantage, I approached the far side of the road. The country roads in this part of Belgium are poplar-lined like those of France. Miles and miles of these stately poplars have witnessed the advance and retreat of the Prussian horde, and many of them bear their own marks of war. My object was to reach the road and seek the shelter of a friendly tree. After much tedious crawling, in which we had become fairly proficient, and countless tie-ups in barbed wire, I selected a poplar and took up my position. As every soldier knows, his best friends in action are his cigarettes and lighter, and so, in the comparative safety of my new position, I pulled out my case, selected a fag, and struck a light. Zzzip!

Then it happened.

Before I had time to think, came a flash and a report, but even before these, I felt a vicious biting in the muscles of my right arm. Then, as I realized what had happened, a flame which had not existed before broke out in my being. The War at that moment became a personal matter, and I had received a personal wound which altered my whole viewpoint. What before had been a strong disapproval of German methods was now a hatred, which nothing but revenge could assuage. I had been hit by an enemy, probably acting in the same capacity as I was. I had been careless and had not protected myself on all sides. Fearing a second shot, automatically I dropped down on the cobbles. The light was still very uncertain, and I knew that my only chance of escape was by giving the Hun the same medicine he had injected into me and in a larger dose. My arm ached terribly, and was gradually growing stiff, but my pride suffered a greater wound. To think that I should be fool enough to strike a light while in this precarious position!

I waited. Then, just what I expected happened. Fritz, growing impatient, moved, and in doing so, showed me his position. Lying in a pile of stones, in the grey uniform of the Prussian Guard (kaiserism's best bet), there was nothing to identify him from them but his red epaulettes. Now the game would be a fight to the finish. I knew his position and he knew mine.

Still I waited.

I was taught as a youngster, among other rudiments of deer hunting, that if I disturbed a deer and then remained perfectly still, he would become reassured. In this respect man is very like his furry quarry.

The German crawled toward the small out-house of a nearby farm, with the obvious intention of gaining the shelter of the wall, and then making me take a Billy Sunday trail. Immediately he was hidden from view, I, knowing his intention, gritted my teeth to bear the pain in my arm, and changed my position by three trees. Then I watched for him to round the corner of the out-house. He, being a squarehead, did not take into consideration that I might change my position, and when he came into view, he straightway sighted his rifle on the spot where he calculated I should have been. This was my chance. Before he had time to think, my gun spoke—and thirty feet is such close range.

If Germans are made to swear, as we are, that they will give their lives for their country if need be, then this man did his duty to a worthless nation. I searched him for papers that might be of military value, then with much pain and difficulty, I regained our own lines, and made my report, just as there commenced the opening bombardment of the Second Battle of Ypres—that engagement in which Canada earned her D. S. O. and breathless Allied prayers, and in which we learned that Germany could crucify a fallen enemy.

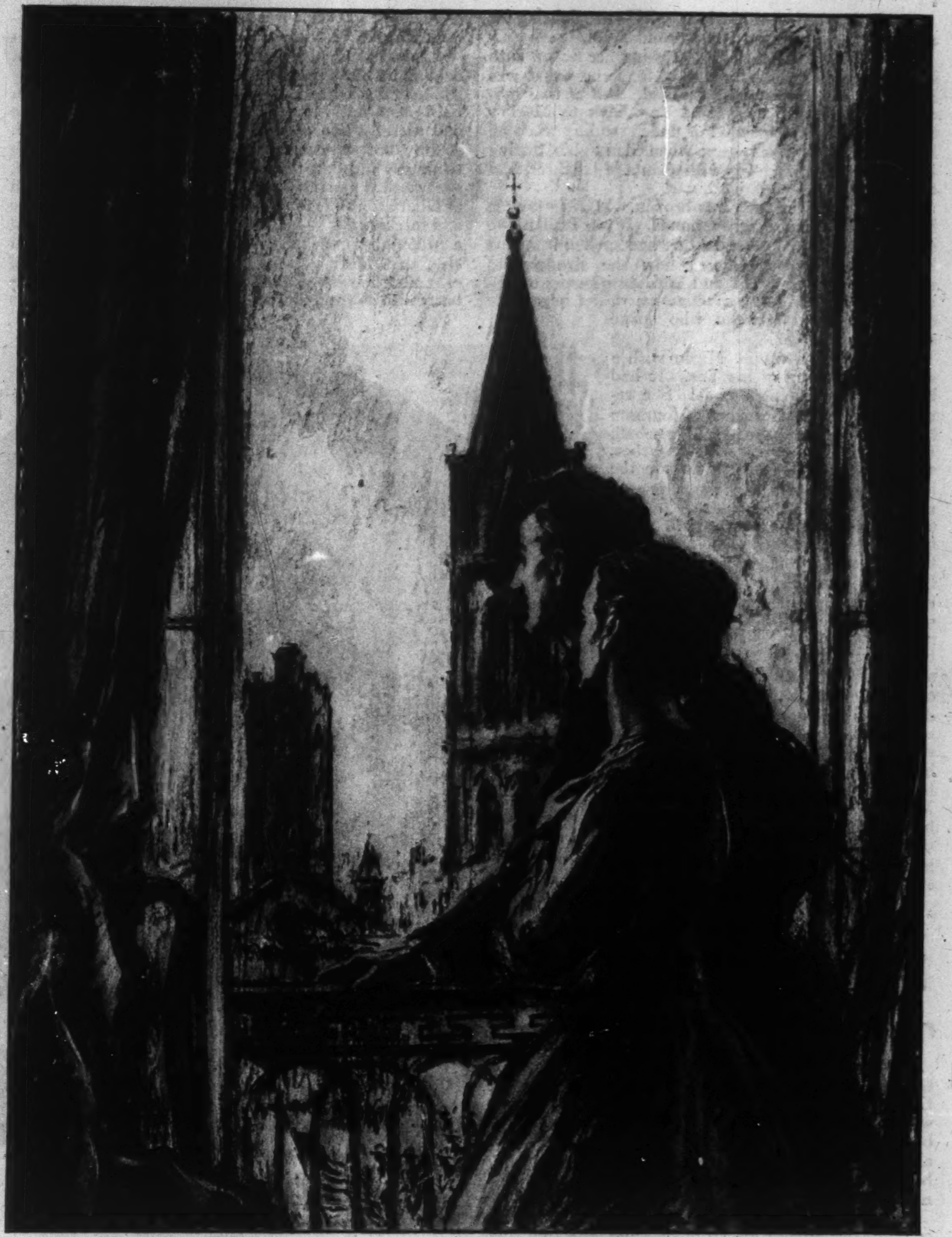
Mamma Americana

Who Comes Into Her Own When "Dixie" Sounds Under Italian Skies

by

Mildred Cram

Illustration by
F. Walter Taylor



"Mother!" he cried in English. "They are Americans! I am going to fight with them!" Suddenly, she felt that she was the sword in Mario's hand

SIGNORA BIANCOLI did not quite understand the pain in her heart. It frightened her. It was a secret she dared not divulge, even to herself. Yet as she sat on the balcony of her dignified old house in the Via Biancoli, she felt that she would at last have to face the truth. She did not know her son.

That was it — he was a stranger to her, and always had been; some one glimpsed across a garden wall, a youth, brilliant, gay, beautiful and desirable, to whom she could never speak. She could see him so clearly — the blue lights in his smooth black hair, his flashing eyes that were both arrogant and melting, the decisive modeling of his lean cheeks, his delicate hands. Oh, yes, he was her son, familiar as the tireless beating of her own heart, mysterious as her dreams.

She leaned forward, resting her arm on the stone railing, and stared down into the street at the strolling, gossiping crowds that moved back and forth in the cool shadow of the narrow Via Biancoli like a restless shuttle. She wanted, if she could, to forget the certitude of her failure with Mario. Just now, the day of his going to the Front, it seemed so hideous.

"*Mamma!*"

He spoke behind her from the doorway. She heard the silvery clink of his spurs and his hand fell on her shoulder. But she did not look up.

"Yes, Mario."

"I have just written to father. Do you want to read the letter?"

"No, Mario. It would break my heart. Besides, I feel that what you write your father is for him alone. . . . What you write to-day."

His hand moved down her arm and closed over her passive fingers. Suddenly he went down on his knees beside her and she turned her head slowly to look into his ardent face, her own and yet so strange, so beyond her reach.

"You don't understand," he cried. "I want to go! Babbo has gone. He is a soldier. All of the Biancoli have been. There aren't better fighters in the history of Italy — you know that! You think I haven't any heart, because I am so happy to go. Heart! Listen —"

He put his head against her arm and spoke breathlessly, as if he feared that she would interrupt him. "I want to be sent at once to the Front. Father is a military man; he will understand that I want to fight where all my friends have fought and died. For Italy — don't you see? They have given so generously, *mamma americana!* I haven't thought of these things seriously until to-day. It has been such fun, the training, the enthusiasm — a game of war, safe down here behind the lines. Whenever Babbo came home he was so calm, so splendid, so sure of himself, of Italy and — yes, sure of me! To-day, when my call came, I knew that I was going to help him, to fight with him, perhaps not in the same company but on the same battlefield. The Piave!"

His voice, strung high with feeling, stirred her to the heart, yet she tried not to listen. His father had always dominated Mario's imagination — he was an Italian of the Italians, a flexible, brilliant, volatile Latin, swift in hate and in love, superlatively modern, yet restricted by a racial pride that shut out all the world save Italy, Italy's beauty, her gift of poetry, her strength, her magnificent present and her glorious future. Signora Biancoli felt with poignant bitterness that she, the American mother, had had no great part in the making of her son's soul. His body perhaps was hers, his height and width of shoulder, the clear blue of his eyes that were like her own.

Twining her fingers in his thick hair, hair that had about it the vigor, the luster of his youth, she looked away from him down the shadowy street toward San Sulpice, glowing in the late sun like a mound of fiery opals. While he told her in swift, staccato Tuscan speech, that was in itself alien to her heart, of his wish to return glorious and glorified for his father's sake, for Italy's sake, her mind flew back over the years. She tried, almost timidly, as if for the first time she were facing her dilemma squarely, to understand the tissue of her son's soul and to find, if she could, some pattern of her own weaving, an American thread in that glittering fabric which dazzled and dismayed her.

He was so fiery, like a flag flung against a blazing sky! She heard him say, in a steady loud voice, "*Orgoglioso di aver dato il mio sangue, la mia vita per la Patria . . . Rispondo con gioia all' appello dell' Italia — con gioia, con entusiasmo che mai verrà meno — capisci, mamma americana?*"

Mamma americana . . . that was it, the gulf between them! He fancied, had always fancied, that she could not understand because she was not an Italian. She remembered, with a leap of her heart, his father's impetuous wooing. A big, blond man, ironical, secretly tender, who had loved her beyond understanding and had carried her away from her astonished parents, literally sweeping her into his arms and into his life. She remembered how palpitant she had been, her pride, her exaltation in the gift he had given her. She brought him her Americanism with faith in the beauty of her heritage. And Gian Fabio had admired her independence, that practical strength which did not shrink from duty, all of her American pluck and steadfastness. In return he had poured into her heart the romance of his race — its high traditions, its literature, its art and science, its jealous and proud unity.

Suddenly, she heard Mario say, "We are fighting for something you perhaps cannot understand."

She shook her head slowly, pressing her fingers into his hair with a sudden impulse of tenderness that was like pain. "I understand," she said. But at that moment she did not. Her mind flew back to Mario's babyhood, that brief period of understanding when he had seemed to be wholly hers; when Gian Fabio, tossing his son in his strong arms with shouts of laughter, had been only the sharer of her dream.

With speech, the spell was broken. Mario's tongue had refused to make English sounds. It was Italian, the clear Tuscan of his father that he had spoken from the beginning. She remembered, how she struggled to make him say "mother," and Mario's grimaces of distaste and revolt. With *mamma americana* began her exile — *mamma americana* who spoke such funny Italian!

She glanced down at Mario with a sudden tightening of her lips. It had been cruel — cruel, all of it! She remembered her wonder when at fourteen he politely rebuffed the idea of baseball. He had preferred to ride with his father, a slim, elegant boy sitting astride the big English chestnut that was supposed to be her own horse until father and son took to riding always together. Mario had gone to a military school. At fourteen he was already in uniform — a black uniform with magenta collar and cuffs and a big cape for cool days. Her son! And she had dreamed of his playing football, dirty, bruised, furious and triumphant, an American boy with a passion for manly games — hockey, tennis, basket-ball, the track — She did not know, poor mother, that her son rode like a demon, that he was a fearless swordsman and that, in those dim days before the War, he had made a name for himself as an Alpine climber. Dent du Midi, Mont Blanc, Dent d'Aiguilles — he had conquered them all when he was still in his teens. But no one had told her. She was the adorable *mamma americana* who had very little knowledge of such things. She was the charming *mamma americana* who heard one's prayers and poured one's tea in the garden and played for one at twilight — Chopin, Schumann and Sgambati . . .

She had tried to have it otherwise, but neither Gian Fabio nor Mario brought that side of life to her. She had secretly hoped that Mario would be a freckled, grubby boy who would come to her with his boyish triumphs and despairs. Bewildered, almost resentful, she watched him grow into another Gian Fabio, with all of Gian Fabio's fastidious bearing, his manner of suave and intelligent self-control masking a quick temper and a profound sensitiveness. She wanted, more than all else, that Mario should have that impersonal gift of camaraderie with girls of his own age which had made her youth so fresh and unguarded. When she spoke to him about it he was furious, sulky, tremendously amused, and she discovered to her dismay that his sophistication matched Gian Fabio's own. She was the silly and adorable *mamma americana* who knew nothing whatever about a man's heart, his knowledge of women and his unutterable disdain of love and romance! At fourteen, Mario had acquired a sentimental technique; he told his mother with great positiveness that he despised women and that he knew all about them!

"But, Mario," she had cried, what of me?"

He had met her eyes with a surprised look. "You are my mother. Mothers are different."

There she had lost him again, in a maze of inherited convictions. His father had laid the foundations of Mario's manhood deeper than she knew. America was across the world, so far away that she dreamed of it as something faintly visioned and dearly loved, a mirage of her inmost spirit. She would lie in her high four-posted Italian bed, while Gian Fabio slept quietly at her side, thinking of her New England, the upland pastures, the blue hills and the gray sea. Shutting out the Italian moonlight that flooded her room, she would strive night after night to recall the scent of elderberries and ripe raspberries, sweet fern and hemlock. She would try to feel the virile earth beneath her and see the rolling up of immaculate summer clouds across a New England sky. And farmhouses, and white picket fences, fields of hay, the crisp Autumn, flaming foliage and rows of mellow pumpkins in the sun! She shivered by Gian Fabio's side, shaken by delicious memories and desires. She longed to hear the whispering clatter of a pebbly beach, to see a sumac tree in bloom, to smell the aromatic fragrance of a birch-bark fire. She would sit straight up in bed at last and stare down at Gian Fabio's quiet face, whispering desperately, "What do you *feel?* What do you *think?* Oh, my dear, I do not understand you!"

She glanced down at her son, and with a start came back to the sound of his voice. He was telling [*Continued on page 35*]

This photograph was taken by Paul Thompson in the Y. M. C. A. Hut in Bryant Park, New York City

The Red Cross

"*Without Fear and Without Reproach*"

by Dr. Frank Crane

THIS is without doubt the greatest New Year's day that ever was. For New Year's day has come to mean change. Then we make resolutions to improve our conduct. Then we make inventories to better our business. Then we take stock of all we possess, all we have done and been, getting as if a glimpse of our moral North Star and seeing whither we are drifting.

Never before has the world been in such a mighty convulsion. We in America believe and hope that these terrific pains are of parturition and that the human race is giving birth to a new order in which the dream of the poet shall come nearer fulfilment, that "man to man shall brothers be the world o'er, and a' that." We refuse to think that these struggles are the pangs of a dying world.

That which gives us most hope is the Red Cross.

The Red Cross is easily the most divine gesture of our civilization.

It is the most magnificent effort of the human race.

These are strong statements, but they are not extravagant. Whoever will look at the facts will feel that my poor adjectives are but cheap artificial flowers compared to the gorgeous, fragrant, overwhelming blooms of reality.

The Red Cross is the best part of humanity, as war is its worst aspect. Mankind has not yet learned how to conduct its governments, adjust its nations and arrange its ambitions without resorting to the hideous ultimate of wholesale murder. We are not yet wholly evolved from the brute. The slime of the river-bed still clings to the climbing animal.

But at least the angel is dawning in the flesh. We have caught some glimpse of the humane purpose of Jesus Christ although we have not come to the full measure of His mind.

The Red Cross at least seeks to bind up the wounds our passionate ignorance has made, to alleviate the defects of our statecraft and in some degree to counteract the lingering poisons of the past.

The Red Cross is the best part of the United States of America. It is well to send our best manhood to fight with the allied democracies against the burglar of the world. But it is better that along with this we have not forgotten them that must fall by the way in our enthusiasm for them that go on to victory.

No triumph that can grace the American arms anywhere in the world can do more to make America's name dear to the ends of the earth than what the Red Cross is doing. Before American troops landed in France, in Archangel or in Vladivostok, American physicians, nurses and distributors of food were not only in France and Russia, but in Italy, in Serbia, in Roumania, in Armenia, in Syria, in Palestine, in Poland, in Belgium, working under the banner of the Red Cross to help the stricken people of whatever race or creed, simply because they were human beings.

The Red Cross is the best advertisement of America because it is not an advertisement at all.

The Red Cross of America will do more to convince the world of the sincerity and purity of our motive than could any protestations.

The great God in Whom we all believe, whether we call Him "Jehovah, Jove or Lord," will certainly bring this human drama to a triumphant conclusion. He not only commands the great procession of victorious destiny, but He cares also for them that faint by the roadside.

While our men in France are doing the will of God in defending from destruction the fruits of civilization, our other heroes, both men and women, the faithful agents of the Red Cross, are doing no less His sovereign will in feeding the hungry, curing the sick and caring for His little ones.

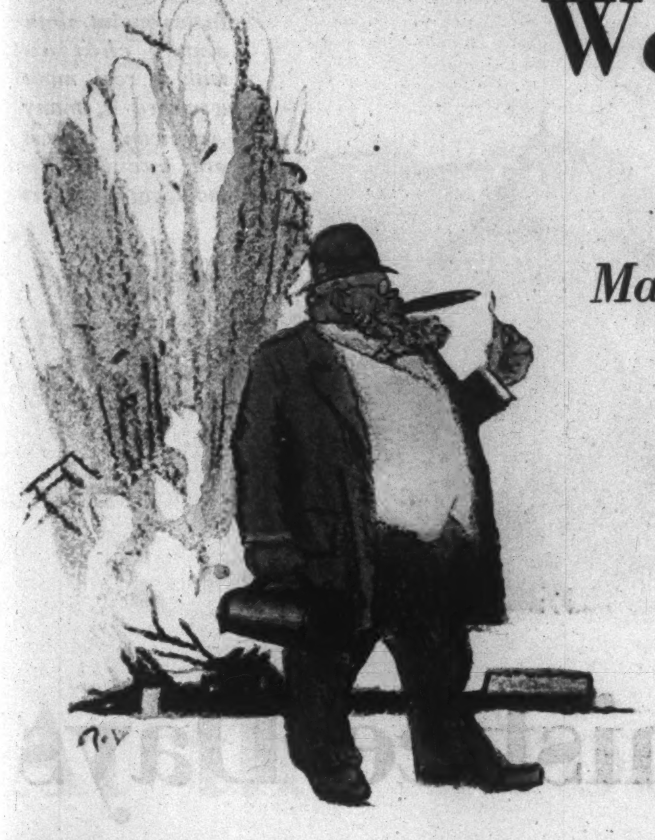
The Red Cross is the one way left for the spirit of the volunteer.

In raising the army and in levying taxes the Government has wisely laid the hand of compulsion upon our people and upon their resources. No man is asked whether he is willing to fight and to pay his tax; it is assumed that every citizen of the Republic is willing.

But in this enterprise of mercy Congress has refrained from saying "Thou shalt!" It has preferred to leave the vast work of the Red Cross to the generosity of the people.

It is a prime test of our spirit. And the result has been gratifying. Millions of dollars have poured in to this treasury of helpfulness. The magnitude of the work of the Red Cross, its splendid equipment, its pronounced efficiency, have been the amazement of the world.

More money is constantly needed. Every dollar invested in the Red Cross helps to make America shine more and more in the eyes of the nations as the tall white Angel of Humanity, the Sir Galahad of Democracy, the unashamed champion of Justice and Mercy, "without fear and without reproach."



We Wonder What He's Thinking Now!

Max von Heligoland on Universal Harmony

by **Wallace Irwin**

Illustrations by Rea Irvin

KONTEMPTIBLE SIR: My roommate in Alien Internment Camp Z-13, where I continue residing despite numerous appeals to your unjust Government made, is Dr. Copernicus Bloomenplatz, a chemist from the University of Jena graduated, who was by your clumsy secret (?) service apprehended merely because of certain scientifik experiments in high explosives which he in a munitions plant carried on. Those responsible for his martyrdom will doubtless in due course properly be punished.

With this noble Dr. Bloomenplatz oft at evening I together sit in conversation, and his important thoughts I greatly cherish because like myself he an unprejudiced neutral attitude continues to hold; like myself maintaining that peace is a holy thing because it is made in Germany. I quote our dialogue because I think all ignorant Amerikans should hear it before it is too late.

"Who should make peace, Germany or the Entente Allies?" last night I asked while eating inferior Amerikan sausages.

"Like all other publik questions I have given this topik the benefit of my superior analysis. I have decided that peace, like all other world-products. in Germany should be made. The German mind is superior to all other minds; the Prussian mind is superior to all other German minds. Ergo, q.e.d."

Herr Doktor pushed aside a plate of blutwurst which because of cheap Amerikan dye substitutes was by him found unfit. At his almost divine logic properly aghast I sat.

"But the Entente Allies, Herr Doktor, have been four years studying German warfare and from this have learned as much as by their dense minds they can assimilate. Might not they also learn from us our methods of German peacefare?"

"Ach himmel und kaiserkeller!" That Herr Doktor Bloomenplatz is not a profane man I here may add. "The so-called leaders of the Entente mere amateurs at making peace should be called. What is to the German scientist more disgusting than the peace of Bulgaria? No diplomatik subtlety, no beauty of language, no knowledge of Welt politik. Merely a rabble of degenerate French soldiery and kontemptible British mercenaries walking unannounced into Bulgaria and with sacrilegious hands removing guns and munitions which had previously been by our Kaiser blessed and consecrated. Great minds in the universities of Jena, Leipsic and Heidelburg will tell you that this no true diplomacy is!"

"What, in your kultivated opinion, Herr Doktor, is a just, lasting and scientifik peace?"

"The Peace of Brest-Litovsk," he without hesitation me informed. "It was manufactured in Germany, therefore it was by-experts-especially-chosen-for-that-purpose made. Such sweetness of approach, such smoothness of etiquette, such intellectual Prussian socialism by which Russia became German for her own good, just as the entire world must become German for its own good."

"To compare the skilful Russian peace with the clumsy Bulgarian peace I should laugh."

"I should laugh also," replied that eminent scientist, "but I have been so fortunate as to escape the sense of humor which has so enfeebled the adversaries of our Vaterland."

"Who in Prussia to make this peace should be chosen?"

"He has already chosen himself," that bright intellect outspoke. "The Most High, Our Emperor!"

After the proper landstrum salute we had executed, this international educator resumed:

"Aside from the holy inspiration which guides him in all things, Our Emperor has had more practise in making peace than any other living diplomat. Who could make a new peace almost daily for two years and not perfect himself in the art? Ja also! Even before war was so unexpectedly forced upon him Our Emperor had prepared his terms of peace, just as he had prepared the poison gas projektors, flamenwerfers, well-poisoning units, grave-digging squads, fruit-tree-sawyer divisions, slave-capturing companies, arson battalions and all other self-protective instruments against the bullies of Belgium so nobly employed. The greatest geographers, astronomers and real estate operators in the Empire; the greatest novelists, playwrights and advertising agents in Germany in this mighty expression of Gott-sent German ambition combined their genius."

Into my seidel I gazed which was filled with Wurtzburger from which the unjust American Government had extracted all the wurtz.

"Gott mit uns!" This to-myself-but-with-intention-to-create-sympathy I murmured. "Kamerad, could you not yet outline terms of peace with which all should be satisfied?"

Herr Doktor Copernicus Bloomenplatz swiftly through the door spied for fear Oberinspektor A. Mitchell von Palmer might outside listening be.

"I will the Emperor's peace terms roughly outline," whispering under his respectable moustache he spoke. "I will six clauses now reveal:

"1—Freedom for all small nations. This freedom to be arranged in Berlin.

"2—Evacuation of all conquered territory with the exception of mineral lands, agricultural lands, rivers and harbors.

"3—A League to Enforce Peace to be formed by an unprejudiced Peace Tribunal.

"4—The unprejudiced Peace Tribunal to be composed of the King of Saxony, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and Leon Trotzky.

"5—The question of indemnity to be left entirely to the higher intelligence of the Peace Tribunal. The question of whether Germany or Belgium should pay the bill is merely a technical matter.

"6—The question of international disarmament. . . ."

This mind, so vastly scientifik-thinking, was here interrupted by outside-annoying circumstances which spoils German life even in internment camps. The Herr Direktor of a distinguished symphony orchestra this hour had chosen to practise "Die Lüstige Witwe" by trombone.

Herr Editor, in closing down this educational treatment, permit me some more lies to discover in your dishonest Amerikan press. Why should they continually to the German Army as "defeated" refer? Instead of defeated (sic) our glorious heroes continue daily to advance. Merely because they are advancing toward the rear does this argue defeat? The answer is no.

The light-minded Amerikan publik, of beautiful German literature of course ignorant, will be enlightened the immortal words of Dr. Karl Lohengrin von der Wart, Second Assistant Imperial Direktor of Patriotik Poetry, to have repeated to them:

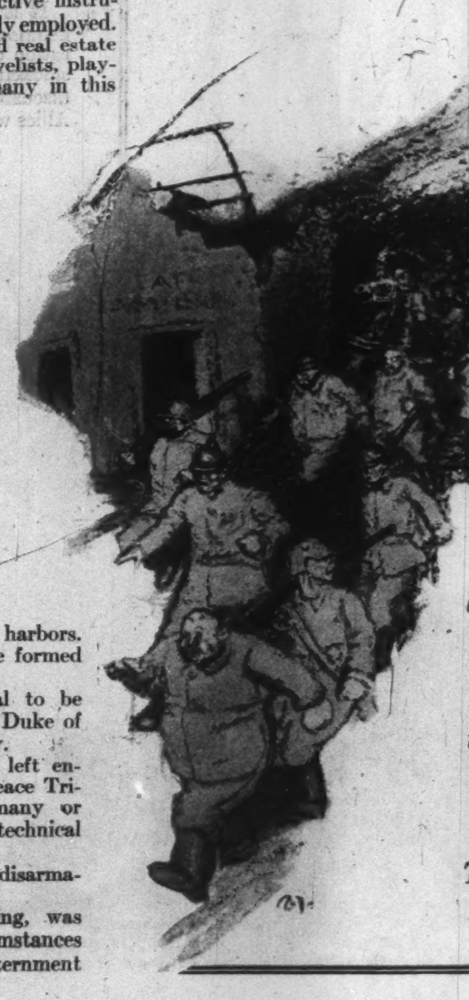
> "While day by day our shining record grows,
> The field grey army forward always goes."

The quotation is white with truth, almost, as though it had come directly from the inspired lips of Our Emperor.

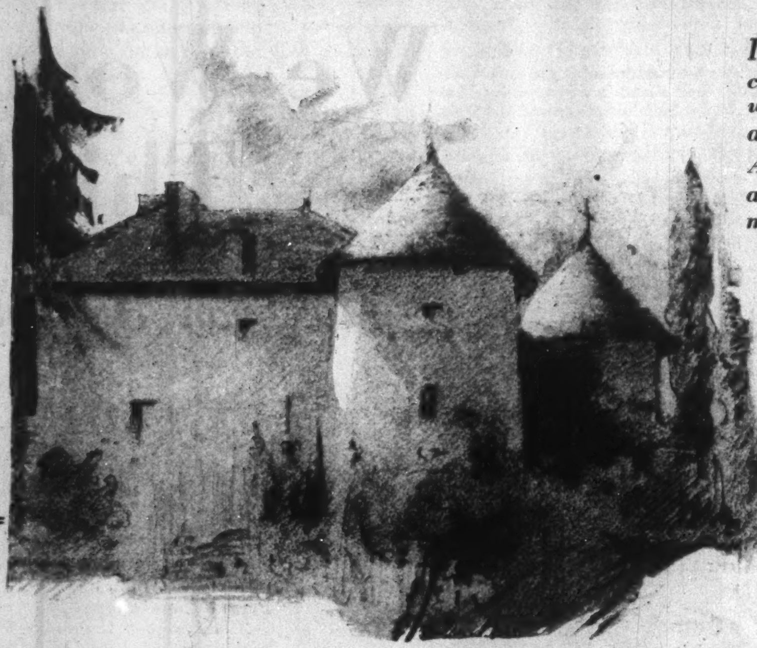
Yours for International Harmonizing,

MAX VON HELIGOLAND

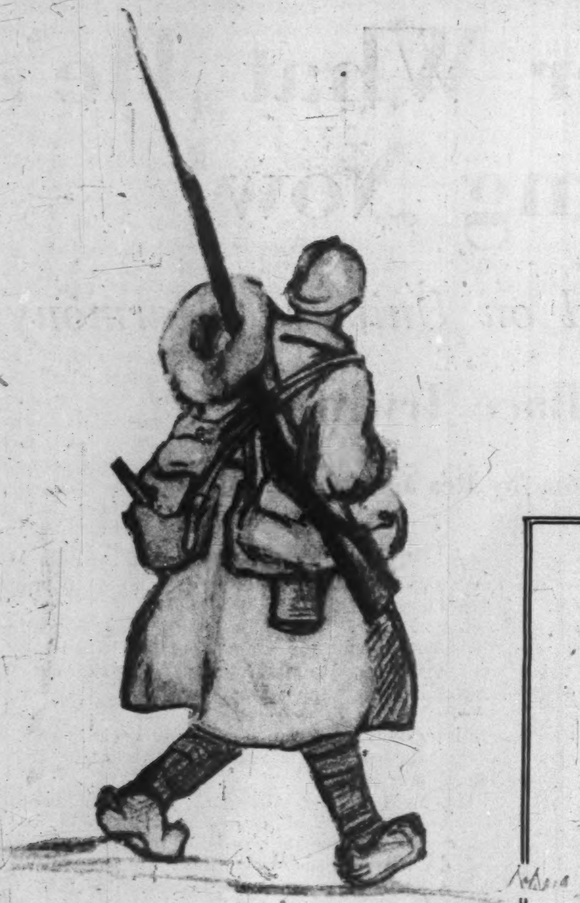
(Kitchen Police Division, Alien Internment Camp Z-13.)



Merely because the German Army is advancing toward the rear does this argue defeat? The answer is no



In this quaint, ninth century château with a real moat around it, many American officers are awaiting demobilization orders



With his bread allowance encircling his gun, and his complete equipment on his back, a poilu steps off briskly — his face turned toward home

Armistice Days

Text by Anna Steese Richardson

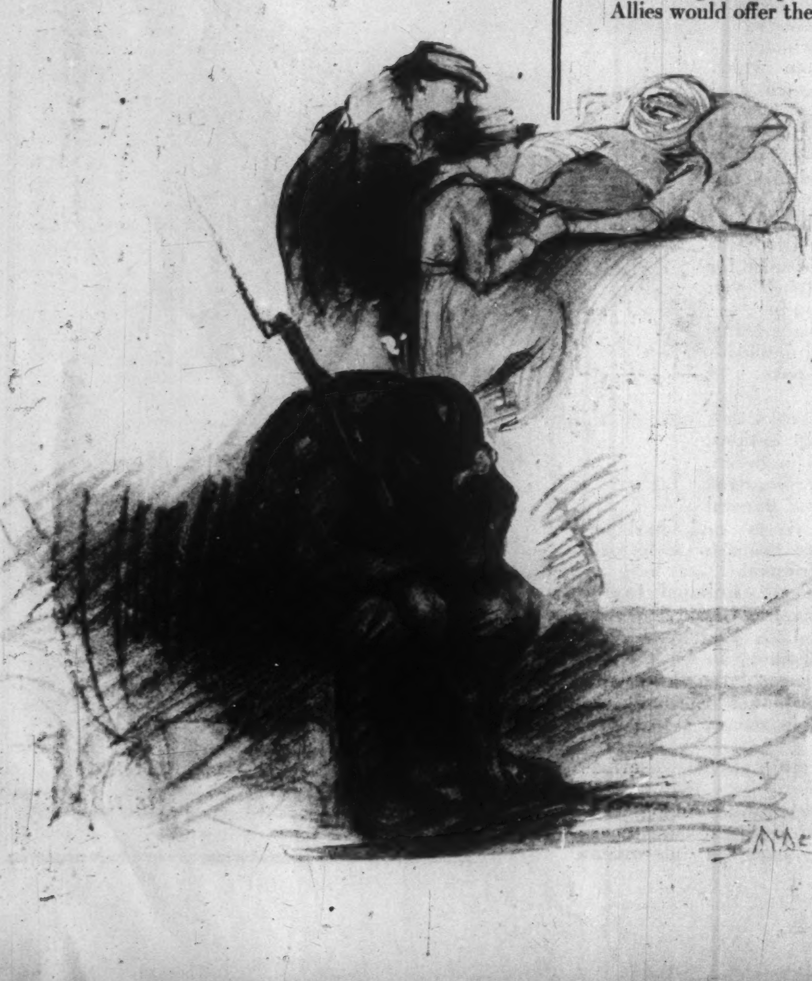
LIKE fighting, an armistice brings national characteristics to the surface. At eleven o'clock on that memorable eleventh day of November, when from end to end of the tortuous, blood-soaked Western Front there settled down the weird, unreal silence of peace, many strange things happened among those human beings who but a few minutes before had been reaching for one another's throats.

It is said by those on the ground that the Englishman was the least demonstrative. With his ration of rum and tobacco, he solemnly drank and smoked to his country and his King, then fell to discussing with equal solemnity the terms which the Allies would offer their vanquished enemy.

The French, always demonstrative, seemed to pass through a remarkable reaction. After the first rush of emotion, during which men embraced and kissed one another, there came the spiritual uplift which has followed every great crisis during the War. Poilu, Blue Devil, high officer, alike, sought roadside shrine, dim chancel, stately cathedral, where they might give thanks to the good God who had wrested victory from a foe superior in all material things. Then, having kissed and prayed, the French soldier thought of but one thing — the return to his home, the restoration of France to its old beauty and contentment.

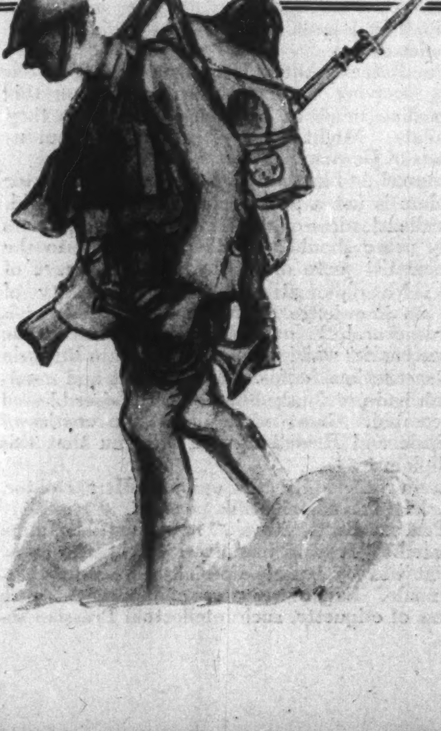
The Belgians walked as a people still wrapped in dreams. Their cities were but shadows through which they strayed, reaching out timid hands to touch things which looked familiar. Italy bloomed into *festas* and all the world shared her rejoicings that her art treasures had escaped the ruthless German hordes.

But to the American doughboy the armistice meant that just as he was making the civilized world sit up and take notice of his fighting abilities, the enemy had waved the white flag. He could not decide at first whether he was glad to escape the horrors of fighting or sorry that he could not follow his inclination of running the Hun back into Berlin!

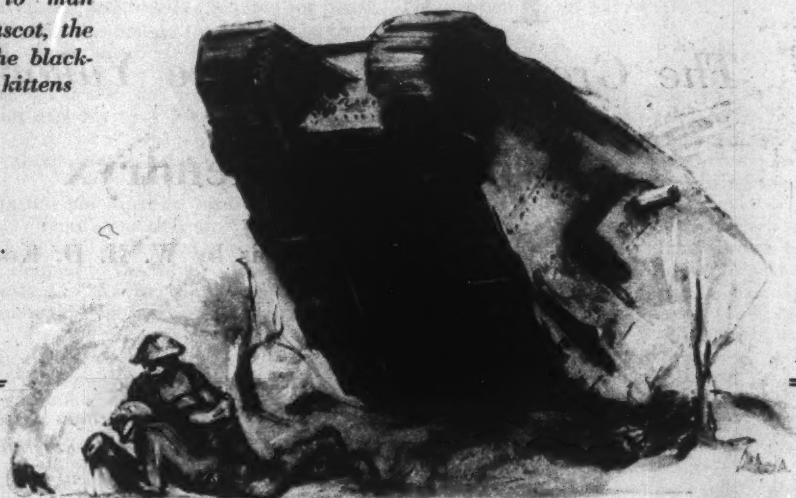


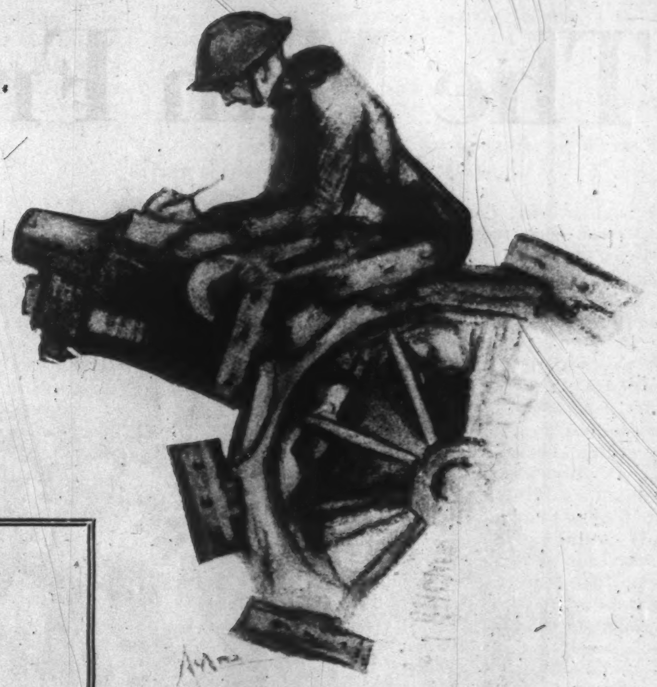
They just held his hands, for he could neither see nor hear them

A man from the Front, after one look at the wrecked village which was once home to him and his



A tank, **en repos**, *offers fine shelter from winter winds, to man and mascot, the latter the blackest of kittens*





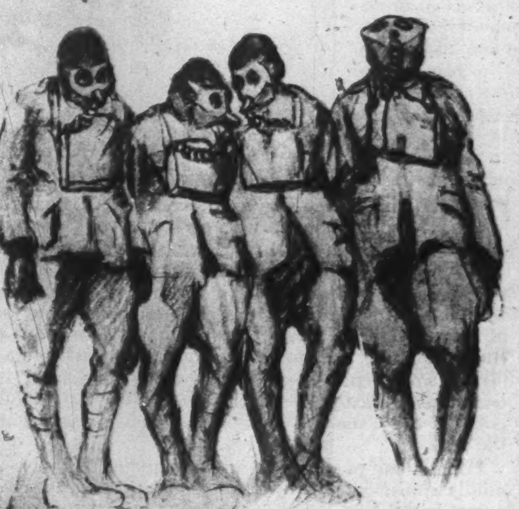
To what peaceful uses a surrendered gun can be put by letter-writing Yanks!

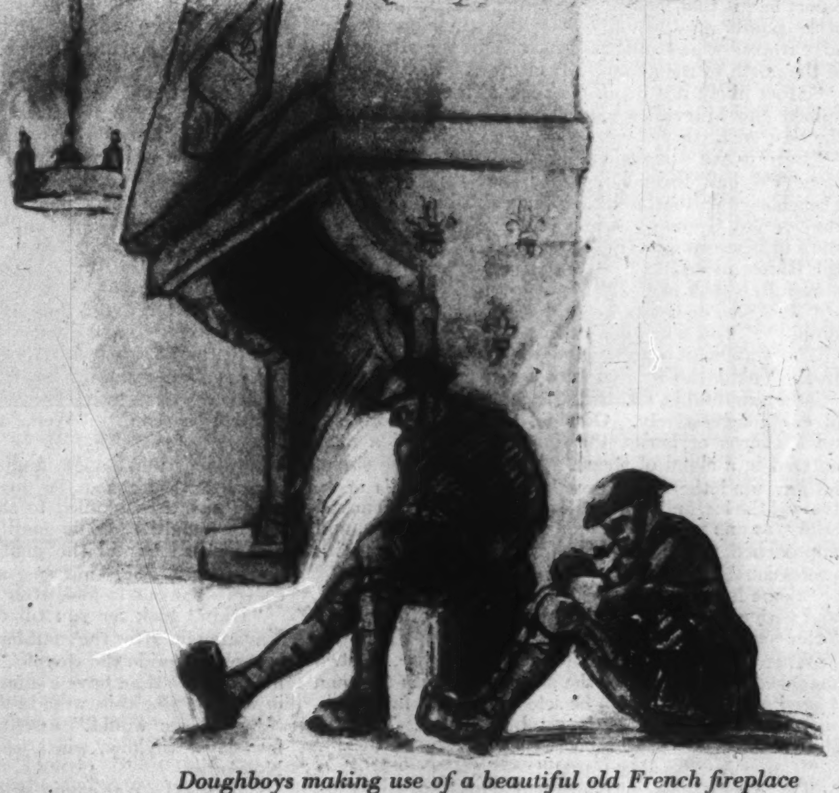
At the Front

Sketches from life by Neysa McMein

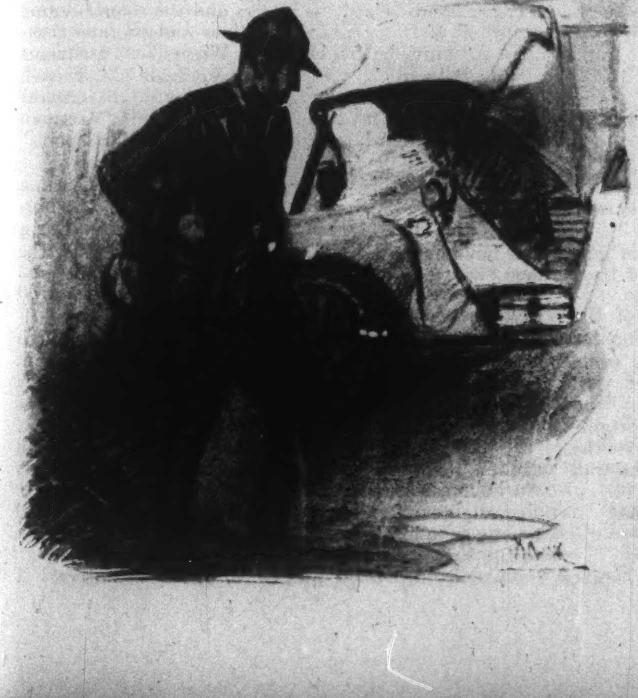
Perhaps curiosity was the feeling uppermost in his being. He wanted to see how the Germans were taking it. He wanted to sneak into the enemy trenches and learn how the Huns were fixed for food and equipment. He wanted to know why the enemy had run up that flag of truce. And, oh, boy, how he did want to accumulate souvenirs from the enemy lines, for his thoughts were traveling homeward. The folks would be glad and he was glad. Hero-stuff was all right — when the big guns were booming and the zero hour was just ahead. But with silence, instead of grey-black smoke and noxious gas hanging over No Man's Land, the sooner the A. E. F. got back in God's country, the better. Consequently there was much betting on the date of embarking for home. There was much talk, too, of the chances of seeing Paris before the return to America, discussion as to which troops would be held to police and rebuild France and which sent home. In fact, the future held so many possibilities that the American army was more rife with rumor than it had been since those pre-sailing days, back in the American cantonments.

But behind the lines of fighting men, in the great hospital bases were the men who did not speculate. They were those who had given their bodies that this supreme hour might come to a praying world. The wounded rejoiced in their own way. From the man who looked from dimming eyes into the sympathetic face of his nurse and whispered hoarsely: "Thank God, I lived to see the day," to the doughboy who grinned feebly at the surgeon and muttered: "Well, Doc, we Yanks put it over — tell 'em that when you go home — we're the boys that turned the trick for the finish." Every American soldier, dying or lying in agony or waking to the realization that he must live the rest of his days maimed, blind, a mere shadow of the gay lad who marched so bravely out of America, felt that the sacrifice has been worth while. After all, it had proved to be America's war — and America had done her part well in the eyes of all men.





Doughboys making use of a beautiful old French fireplace



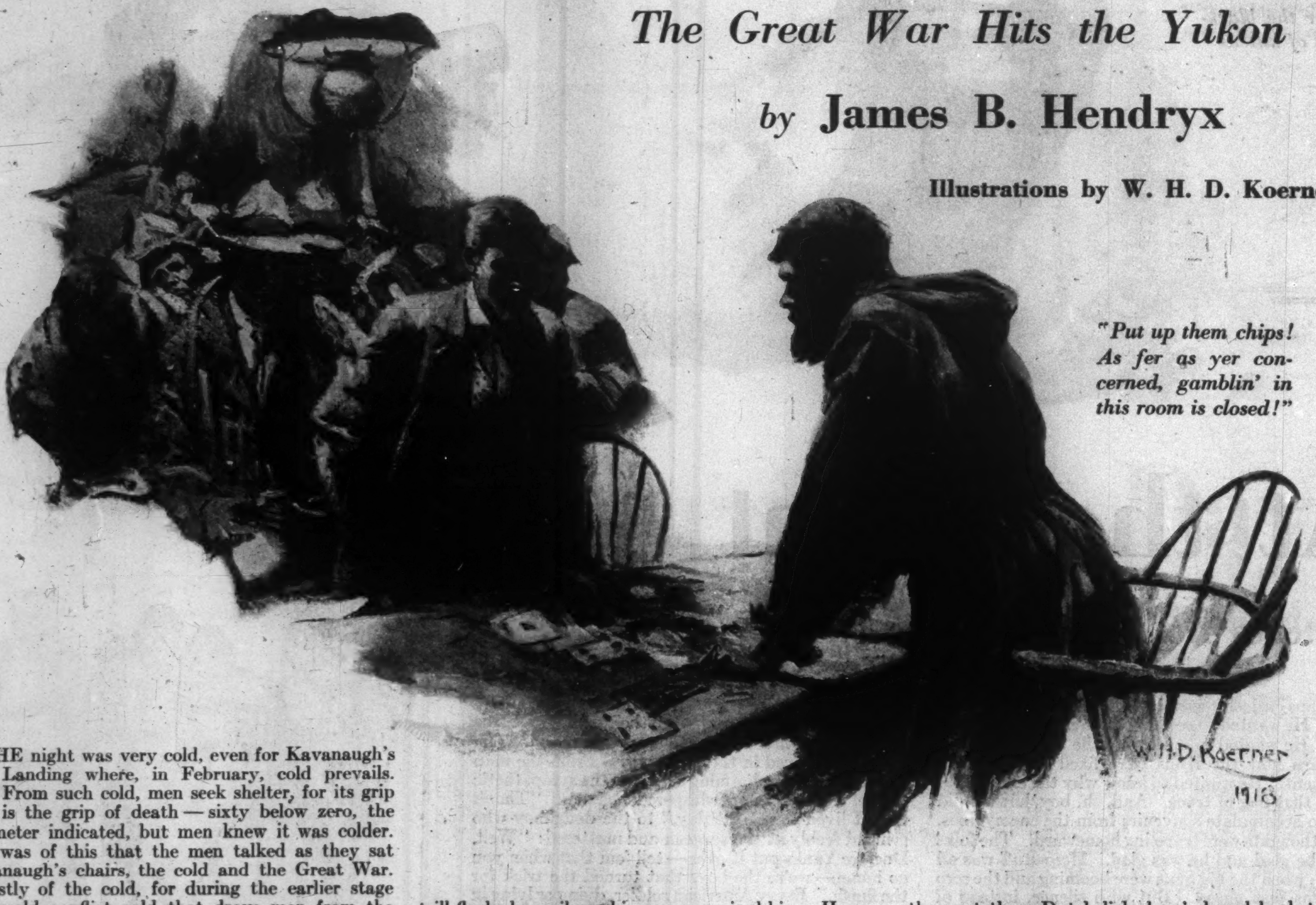
This soldier finds that even an armistice leaves motor transportation problems for him to solve

The Man From Up the Creek

The Great War Hits the Yukon

by **James B. Hendryx**

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner



"Put up them chips! As fer as yer concerned, gamblin' in this room is closed!"

THE night was very cold, even for Kavanaugh's Landing where, in February, cold prevails. From such cold, men seek shelter, for its grip is the grip of death — sixty below zero, the thermometer indicated, but men knew it was colder. And it was of this that the men talked as they sat in Kavanaugh's chairs, the cold and the Great War. But mostly of the cold, for during the earlier stage of the world conflict cold that drove men from the trails was of vastly greater import, among the far outposts of the Canadian Yukon, than was a war beyond the seas.

Canada had pledged her support, and of this the men mildly approved. She would send money and troops — report had it that men were enlisting in Dawson and at other points on the big river. But these men were adventurers who swung naturally from the adventure of the north to the greater adventure of war.

"Most likely it'll be all over again' they git there," opined Jim Marvin, whose claim was conceded to be the best on Little Sabine.

"Sure it will," Kavanaugh agreed. "Great Britain alone c'd lick them Dutchmen, an' what with the Frenchies, an' Rooshie to help, it won't be no time till they've got Germany squashed. She don't lay right, she's in between 'em all. How about it, Schultz, ain't the Kaiser picked up a hot one?"

Schultz shook his head heavily.

"Naw, ven de time iss retty Chermany kin lick effery coundry. You don'd belief dat, but vait und see."

The statement was greeted with roars of laughter. In the Yukon the War was not a serious matter so far.

At a round table, Cantrill, the gambler, riffled a stack of chips suggestively. Outside, the husky dogs set up a chorus of barks, the door opened, and a man entered in a cloud of steam. Advancing to the stove, he unwound the frozen muffler from about his neck, thawed the ice, and wrung the water from it. He moved stiffly, as one who has walked far upon snowshoes, and approached the bar which Kavanaugh mopped with professional, but entirely unnecessary solicitude.

"Some hot water, and a little whiskey," he ordered, and with a jerk of his head in the direction of the dozen "chair-warmers," "Ask 'em up."

When they ranged themselves before the bar, Cantrill managed to edge in next the stranger, and as the man tossed a gold coin, which he selected from a fat pouch, upon the bar, the eyes of the gambler lighted. The men drank and returned to their seats.

"Come far?" asked Cantrill.

The other nodded without turning his head, and Cantrill flushed angrily as his eyes appraised him. He saw a man broad of frame and bearded to the eyes.

"Is there a doctor in camp?" the newcomer was asking, addressing himself to Kavanaugh.

"Yeh, Doc MacRae. He's down to Sand Flat. Bill Smalley bruke a leg, an' he's tendin' him. Ort to be back —— "

"Most likely won't be back till morning, cold as it is," broke in Cantrill, with a wink at Kavanaugh. The latter returned the gambler's wink with a steady stare.

"He'd ort to be back any time, now," Kavanaugh said, quietly. "He most always drops in here when he gits in off the trail. Find you a chair till he comes?"

The man turned from the bar, arranged his muffler upon the drying rack, and seated himself beside the table. He made no effort to join in the conversation which ranged from the War in Europe to the new strike at Big Six, and from the probabilities of the spring clean-up, to the condition of the Dawson trail.

CANTRILL seated himself opposite. "Can't never tell when Doc'll git in. We might pass away the time with a little seven-up, or stud."

The other shook his head.

"Afraid you'll lose a few of them yellow boys, eh?" Cantrill sneered. "Well, they ain't no yellower than —— "

The door burst open, and amid a rush of cold and steam that whitened the floor with a shower of frost spicules, a man muffled to the eyes staggered in.

"The mail!" "The mail!" Half a dozen of the men rushed to aid the mail carrier in removing his frozen muffler, his mittens, and his snowshoes, while others went out to look after the dogs.

"Didn't look fer you till the weather let up," said Kavanaugh, after the man had been made comfortable in a chair beside the stove. "We'd ruther wait fer the mail a while than have a man take chances on the trail in weather like this, wouldn't we, boys?"

"Sure, we would," assented Marvin. "What's a few days, anyhow, when we ain't had no mail since November?"

"How's the War comin' on?" asked Marvin. "Have they got them Dutch licked an' chased back to their own reservation, yet?"

"*Licked!*"

Only the one word, but in its uttering the man conveyed volumes. In tense expectancy the miners crowded about as the mail carrier fumbled at his pouch. Several letters were handed out, but their recipients thrust them unopened into their pockets, their feet shuffling at the delay, as they craned forward at sight of the newspapers, few of which are allowed in the packs of the wilderness mail, where the difference of a few ounces in weight may mean the difference between life and death to the carrier.

"I brought more'n the law allows this trip, 'cause — well, you kin see fer yerself. This is my last trip; I've enlisted. They's a bunch of us goin' out in the spring."

Eager hands seized the papers and the room became a turmoil of fragmentary headlines and profane comment. "Turrible fightin' about Wipers." "Austrians occupy Belgrade." "Germans take Lodz." "French forced back across the Ace-ny River." "Germans defeat British fleet off the coast of Chile." "German cruisers bombard Scarborough and Hartlepool." "Canadians at the front!"

"Listen to this," roared Kavanaugh. "German atrocities bared. Reports of eye-witnesses to the horrors of the Hun's advance through Belgium." For a half hour he read aloud while, with clenched fists, the men listened, their loud breathing, half-muttered curses, and gleaming eyes mirroring the fierce hatred that stirred their souls.

"Huns, the paper calls 'em," concluded Kavanaugh savagely. "Why, damn 'em! I'm a rough talkin' man, an' kin generally find words to fit a case, but fer such as them they ain't no words! They're a hundred times worse than the Injuns ever was."

"Dot iss vor. Chermany vill vin." There was a sudden, loud report, and Schultz crumpled to the floor. An hour earlier those same words had provoked only the laughter of ridicule. Now, Schultz lay dead, and no one gave him a second thought. The War had come to the Yukon.

"Come on," cried Marvin, "who'll volunteer? I don't know where them places is the papers tells about — an' I don't give a damn! But if them murderin', baby-killin' pack o' wolves thinks they kin lick the world, they've got to be showed they can't!"

A chorus of cheers interrupted the speaker as the men vociferously signified their intention of joining the colors. Even the half-breeds clamored for place. The voice of Cantrill was among the loudest, so that Kavanaugh, who knew him best, smiled grimly.

Of all the men in the room, only the stranger was silent. He sat beside the table with his head resting in his hand and his eyes lowered. To him Cantrill turned:

"What about you? I ain't heard you speak out yet."

The man did not raise his head, and Cantrill faced the others. "Here's one that ain't goin'. He thinks so much of his hide he ain't goin' to risk it."

Marvin stepped to the table. "How about it, stranger?" he asked. "Are we goin' to show them Dutch that Kavanaugh's Landin' is one hundred per cent. *man?*"

The man raised his face which had paled so that a V-shaped scar showed faintly upon the forehead. The deep-set eyes looked unfalteringly into the eyes of his questioner.

"I can't go," he said simply. Marvin hesitated as if awaiting further explanation, and turned away.

The silence was broken by the mail carrier. "There'll be a draft for such as him, later," he said, and again Kavanaugh smiled as a startled expression flitted across the gambler's face at the word. But Cantrill recovered himself swiftly and turned upon the stranger.

"You damned coward," he hissed, "you're yellow to yer guts!" and reached for his gun as the man leaped to his feet. But he did not draw it, for the stranger stood leaning with his two hands upon the table, his narrowed eyes fixing with a steady glare the man who had just insulted him. His breath came heavily in the surcharged silence of the room, and upon his forehead the V-shaped scar glowed fiery red. Then he sank back into his chair again. Some one laughed, a raucous, sneering laugh, and the hum of conversation filled the room.

A half hour passed and then Kavanaugh announced casually:

"Doc's home, now. Guess he ain't comin' here to-night. I see a light in his cabin — it's the third one up."

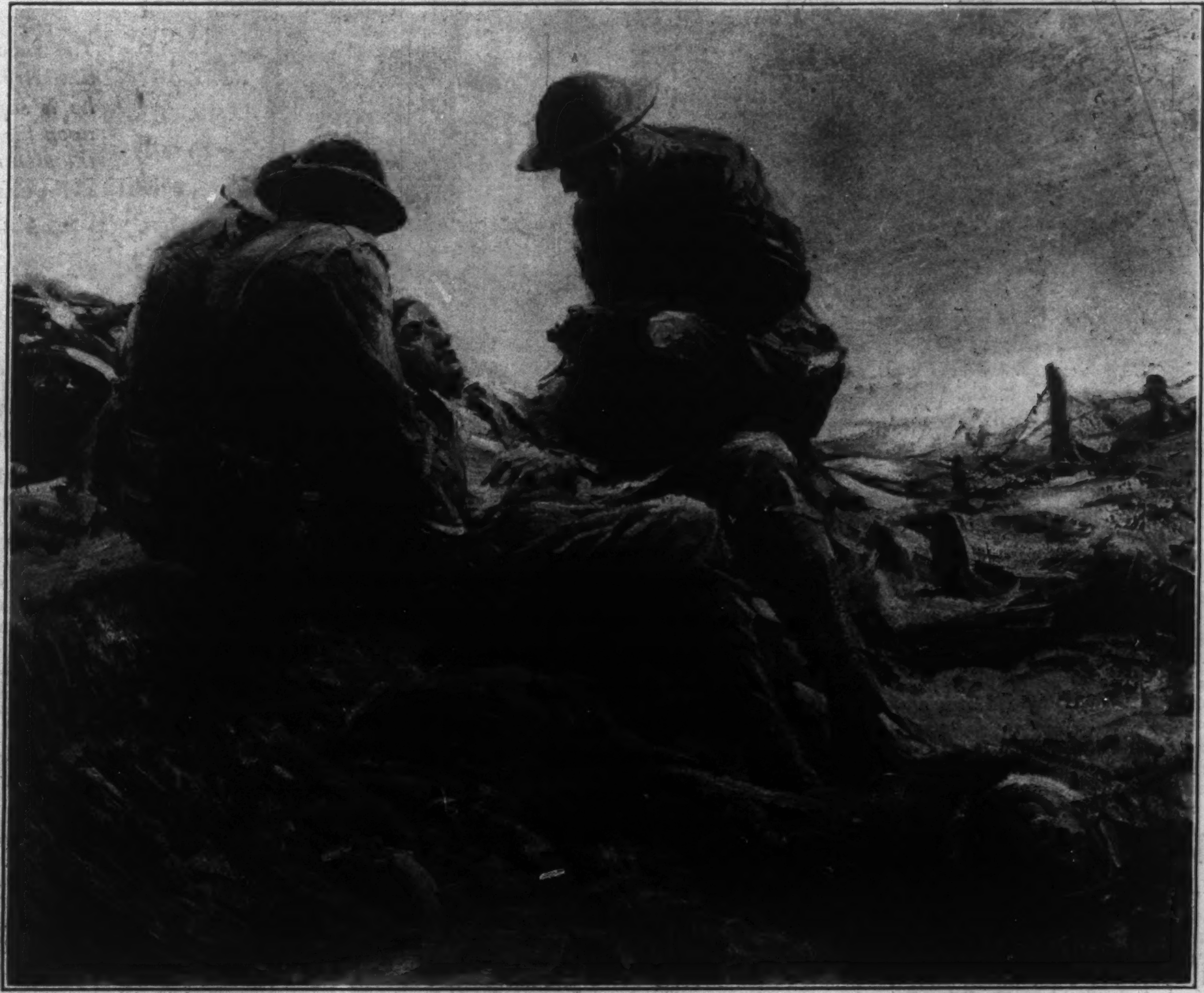
The stranger arose, adjusted his parka hood, wrapped his muffler about his face, and left the room without a word.

"Who is he?" asked Marvin, as the door closed behind him.

"He's the Man from up the Creek," answered a miner. "Got a claim about twenty mile up, where Rat Creek runs into Little Sabine. Guess they don't any one know his name. Some one said he's got his wife up there."

"Well, I thought he was goin' to eat Cantrill up — he looked so fierce. He's sure got a yellow streak that's all wool an' a yard wide."

Kavanaugh shook his head doubtfully. "I don't know. I ain't so sure about that. Of course you boys kin think what you want to, but me, somehow I think mebbe he's got his reasons. I've knocked round quite a bit, long enough to learn you kin size a man up better by his eye than you kin by his mouth. I've know'd plenty o' men that was yellow, all right, but him — he acted too *damn yellow* to be yellow. You kin take it from me it tuk more nerve fer a man to set in this room after hearin' what we heard, an' what he heard, an' say he can't go, than it did fer us to say we was goin', more nerve even than it will take to face them Dutch rifles when we git over there."



"It's — it's the Man from up the Creek!" yelled Marvin. "You fightin' son of a gun!"

II

"WHERE in thunder you be'n?" greeted Kavanaugh, a week later, as Doctor MacRae pushed open the door of the barroom and entered.

"Up the creek," answered the doctor, as he sank heavily into a chair. "Bring me a little brandy, will you, Kavanaugh!"

They had become great friends, these two adventurers whom chance had thrown together in the camp on Little Sabine — the doctor, who healed as much by the hearty good cheer of his absolute optimism, as by the potency of his physic; and the road-house keeper, who was much of a philosopher in his own crude way. They were alone in the room, and as Kavanaugh set the bottle and glass upon the table he noted with concern the other's air of depression.

"You look all in, Doc."

Doctor MacRae poured a drink from the bottle. "I'm all in." He swallowed the brandy and pushed the little glass of water aside.

"Hard trail?"

"No, only twenty miles — it ain't that. I lost a case I'd have given my head to have won."

Kavanaugh laid a hand on the doctor's shoulder.

"Don't take it that way, Doc. You done yer best. Folks is bound to die, you an' me, an' all of us. It's wrote down that way — there'll be that one last time when we don't pull through. And when that time comes there ain't no doctor on earth that's goin' to change it."

The doctor nodded. "I know. But — well, she died, and the gamest man in the Yukon is up there digging her grave — and you know what that means, with the ground iron-hard. And alone."

"A woman! What ailed her?"

"Double pneumonia, and — a baby."

"God!" There was reverence in the half-breathed word. "An', they both —— ?"

"Yes, both. I tell you, Kavanaugh, we fellows up here don't know women — her kind."

"How's he takin' it?"

"Taking it! He's taking it as I hope to God I'll take it if the time ever comes to have my heart torn out by the roots. It was right in the middle of that cold spell — better than sixty below, the night he came for me — and he had to leave her there alone!"

"Yes, he waited here till you came back from Smalley's. What's his name, Doc?"

"Why, I never asked him! The Man from up the Creek is all I know. I sure hated to tackle that trail that night. I'd just made the three miles back from Sand Flat, and you bet, I knew I'd been somewhere. But he'd come twenty through the cold, and never batted an eye over the twenty we had to face. His muffler hadn't dried out, and it froze stiff in a hundred yards. I was fresh, and fixed for it, but the cold was beginning to get to me before we reached there. How he made it I don't know, and helping me on, besides. Then, for five days and nights he hardly slept. She died the second night, and then — God, how we tried to save the baby! For the first time in my life I forgot that I was a doctor. We were just two men there alone trying to do a woman's work — and we failed."

After a long interval Kavanaugh broke the silence. He cleared his throat roughly: "The boys is all goin' to enlist."

"Enlist!"

"Yeh, the mail come in the night you left. Germany is knockin' hell out o' the rest o' the world, an' it's time it was put a stop to. They ain't fightin' like men; they're murderin' helpless folks that ain't soldiers, an' rapin' women, an' nailin' babies to barn doors, an' they've captured enough towns an' things, so's it looks like they couldn't be many left."

"There were rumors of German frightfulness in November — are you sure?"

Kavanaugh stepped behind the bar and returned with his hands full of papers which he tossed to the table. The door opened and Cantrill entered.

"You bet I'll go!" cried the doctor. "When do we start?"

"First boat up to White Horse. It ort to be along in May. That'll give us time to git ready fer a good long stay. They say the War will last anyway two years, mebbe more. I'm goin' to sell out."

"What'll you take fer the outfit?" asked Cantrill.

"What do *you* care, you're goin' along?"

The gambler shifted uneasily: "Sure, I know, but prob'ly they won't take me. I don't think my heart's good."

"I know damn well it ain't," said Kavanaugh, dryly. "An' yer feet's cold, too. But they'll take you when the time comes — if they kin ketch you. An' I s'pose when they come to pick you up off a field of assorted corpses they'll think you was a man."

III

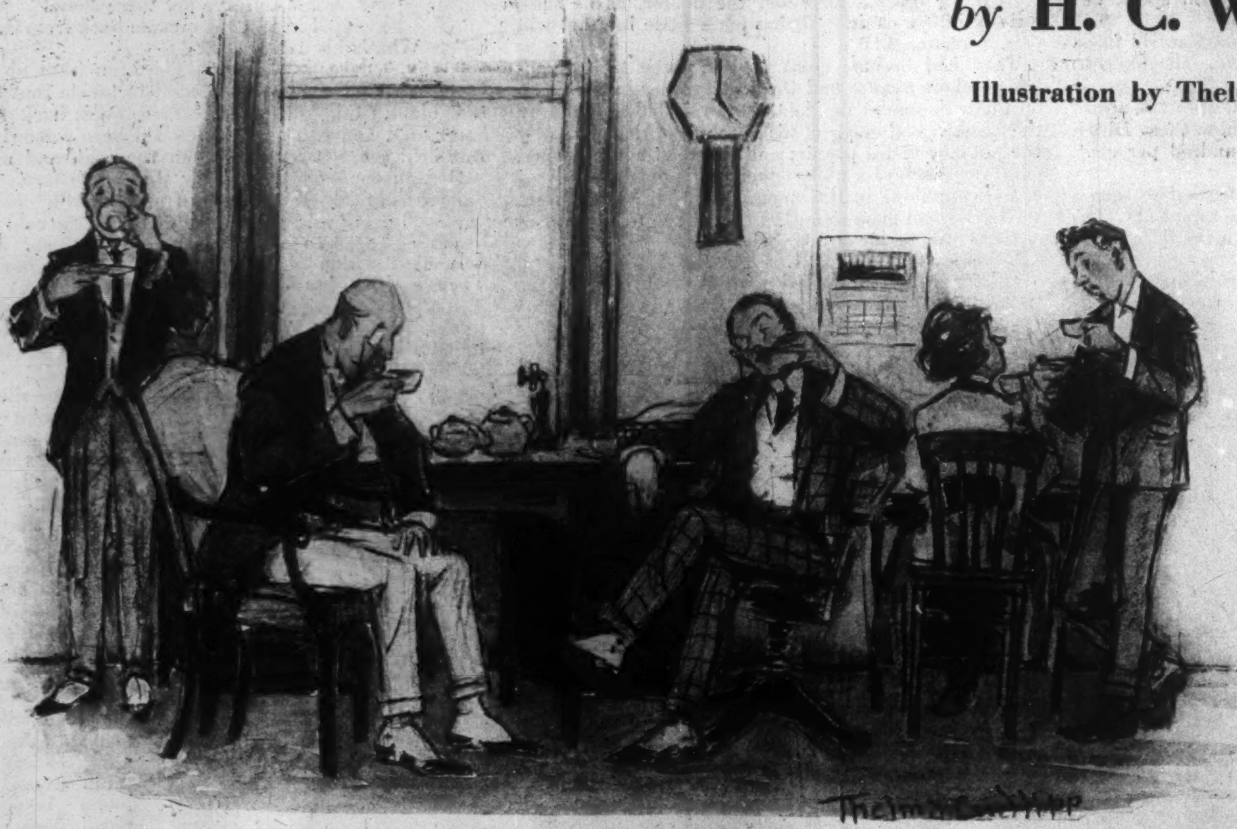
All through March and well into April the strong cold gripped the Yukon. [*Continued on page 46*]

"I Used To Be Anti-British"

But I Was Cured of This Prejudice by the English Themselves

by H. C. Witwer

Illustration by Thelma Cudlipp



The subdued joy and dexterity with which he is supposed to fall upon his tea is part of the picture we all have of the average Britisher

THE pro-German agitator has been dealt with pretty effectively in America of late, both by the highly efficient cold and dispassionate Secret Service and an enraged citizenry, which if short on technique has been long on patriotism. It is no longer prudent or healthful for our friend the "German-American" to overlook the fact that he is now this side of the Statue of Liberty, a work of art that so enthralled his artistic sense that he came thankfully some three thousand miles to live and prosper in its shadow. These and some unhyphenated serpents having failed to tempt or even interest Eve Columbia with their poisoned apples of desperate propaganda, have been gingerly collected and caged in various government reptileries throughout the United States. The collecting will go on from time to time as the hiss and rattle betrays the snake, except perhaps when some too enthusiastic collector recalls that treason merits immediate extinction and acts accordingly.

In France, for instance, they do this admirably, as recent events on the parade-ground of Vincennes have shown.

But we have with us still another species of reptile whose poison is as deadly and insidious as the Germanic. I refer to the individual who forgets that England is an ally of ours at present and whether through ignorance or intent, sprays all and sundry who come within his ken with vitriolic diatribes against all things English. He "will never fight England's battles;" he protests his loathing for Germany, but whispers that England started the War. Pressed for further details of this highly interesting inside information, he argues vaguely that England was commercially jealous of Germany. This he knows is true because — well, because he just knows it. He's heard it somewhere, undoubtedly from the ever busy German propagandist. The fact that Great Britain's unpreparedness for war was at once apparent when the great blow fell is overlooked by your rabid anti-Britisher, who hates with the same stupid, thick-headed Hate that Germany's Lissauer made infamous.

This type of conscious or unconscious ally of Germany would be highly incensed if you told him that by voicing his hatred of England he was aligning himself with the enemies of America. Yet a moment's serious reflection will show him that this is so. America and England are brothers in arms, shedding their mingled blood in a common cause and a blow against one is a blow at the other. Whatever personal prejudice may advise, this is anything but the time to utter disparaging remarks against the country whose men are fighting side by side with our own boys for the safety of the universe. To do so is something graver than bad taste; it approaches outright treachery to America's cause.

A great deal of this anti-British feeling is born of ignorance of the true Britisher — his habits, mannerisms, characteristics and faults. There will be little if any animosity toward the English in this country when our boys come back from living and fighting side by side with them under conditions where a man is placed under a superacid test, not once but hourly. Our visualization of the Englishman as the "silly ass" whose stock of conversation begins and ends with "I say, old deah!" will have gone forever. Our boys will bring back a picture of a grim, two-fisted, hard fighting Tommy, who walked through Hell beside them with a grin and a "Carry on, Yank!"

THE text-books of our earliest school-days have been responsible, too, for a lot of this coolness toward England. I know they reacted that way on me. As children we were always taught, if not literally at least by suggestion, to nourish a profound dislike for Great Britain. The fact that we whipped her soundly in 1776 was impressed upon us as though the event had occurred but a week before. King George III. was a singular tyrant and his "redcoats" oppressors whom we chased out of the country. We grew up with this and other similar if less momentous events graven on our youthful minds, as quite naturally they should be, and the proof of this is that to-day your anti-Britisher will almost immediately hark back to Lexington and Bunker Hill as a clinching argument for all Americans to hate England. It is right beyond a question for us to remember with pride the Revolutionary War, but apart from the psychology of this long nourished hate, good sportsmanship alone should bury it. England, the loser, has borne us no malice through the centuries because of it and it surely seems that we, the victors, could forgive our adversaries in a struggle that was settled to our satisfaction at least a hundred years before our birth.

I made my first visit to England last fall en route to the battlefields of France. As a war correspondent, I had the privilege of coming in contact with almost every type of Briton under every conceivable condition and stress. As a result of that visit, I underwent what is to me a most amazing change of feeling toward the English. The change was as tremendous as it was sincere. I came, saw and was conquered! I came to sneer and remained to cheer! I left an illusion and brought back a memory of warm-hearted, courageous people, with nerves of steel and hearts of gold.

Previous to my visit to England, I had not met Kipling's Briton in the flesh. With the exception of one or two personal friends, Englishmen who had lived in America for ten or fifteen years, the kind known to me was the "Haw Haw-ing" supercilious ass, as depicted by the character man on the stage. This characterization is naturally as offensive to the English as the now obsolete portrayal of an American in some English plays, as an uncouth boor is to us. However, representatives of both these types were responsible for these misconceptions. The wealthy American who went abroad slaughtering his language in cold blood and fastening his napkin to his collar, is as guilty as the Englishman who paraded our clubs and stages here, patronizing when deigning to converse at all and comparing our country to its disadvantage with England. The English renounce this latter type as heartily as we do the former.

So it was with this conception of the Briton in mind that I went to visit him in his lair. I doubt exceedingly if, excluding the Huns, there was anyone who had a more deep-seated and profound dislike for England than myself when I sailed from America. I say this frankly so that the reader will understand the depths of my conversion. It was a case of:

> "I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell;
> But this alone I know full well,
> I do not love thee, Doctor Fell."

In common with the average rabid anti-Britisher, I could not put my finger on the exact reason why I disliked England. The only [*Continued on page 41*]

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Let Us be Frugal with Ourselves and Generous with Those Abroad

by **Mabel Dulon Purdy**

HOW much food do you need, and how much are you really buying? If there is a difference in favor of the buying, if you are buying more than you really need, it is time to turn over a new leaf—not because we are facing a New Year, but because we are still facing the world's greatest feeding problem, a problem that must, in one way or another, stay with us until times are permanently normal again. As this feeding problem now stands, in addition to the 220,000,000 people—which includes the people of the United States, and those of our Allies in the War—to be kept alive and well on food largely produced in this country in the year now closing, the changed world conditions make us definitely responsible, to a generous degree, for some several millions more. To meet its war obligation, earlier in the season, the United States Food Administration promised to ship 17,550,000 tons of food to Europe for the year ending July, 1919, an increase of more than 500,000,000 tons over the year ending July, 1918, and an increase of 12,000,000 tons over our average three year prewar shipments. Just how much more may be needed now, can and will be sent, must depend upon conditions as they unfold. As far as the United States is concerned, however, all food obligations will be met to the highest extent possible. All peoples that need food, and can be reached, will not face famine if we can prevent it. Food has been pledged to Europe by America, and food will go to Europe from America!

But there is only one way to get this promised food. It is largely a question of the pulling power of the individual American will. The great bulk of food now needed for Europe must be drawn from the food each individual American household can do without. That means your home and mine. The pencil and paper solution to the present world-feeding problem, as worked out by the Food Administration, must be worked out on a smaller scale in every home in this country, and applied to our daily marketing. In other words, the food supply of every household should be accurately measured, and as closely purchased as may be consistent with reason. This is true particularly of the great staples—flour, cereals, meat, fats, sugar. These foods, moreover, should, whenever possible, be reduced in amount even below that normally required, if the nutritive value they represent can be supplied by a liberal use of fruits, vegetables, or other perishable foods.

The exact amount of food required daily varies, as we know, according to individual need, depending largely on "age, size, and occupation." As a rule, the larger and more physically active the body, the greater the food requirement. A large man or woman doing muscular work out-of-doors requires much more food than a small man or woman who is sitting still indoors. Men require more food than women. Growth is also a factor. A child, or growing boy or girl, requires more food in proportion to body weight than a fully grown person. As age increases and body activities decrease, less food is needed.

The amount of food required by the average man or woman, slightly or moderately active, measured according to food elements, reads approximately as follows:

Estimated in calories:

Protein	300 calories	2500
Fat	500 calories	
Carbohydrate	1700 calories	

Estimated in grams:

Protein	70 grams	600
Fat	60 grams	
Carbohydrate	470 grams	

Estimated in ounces:

Protein	2.5 ounces	21.7
Fat	2.2 ounces	
Carbohydrate	17 ounces	

Translated into everyday, grocery-store terms, the above estimate for a day's food, as figured by our food authorities, might read somewhat as follows:

Milk	1 pint
Meat or fish	6 ounces (as purchased)
Cereals	4 ounces
Bread	6 ounces
Butter	1 ounce
Other fats	2 ounces
Sugar	1 ounce
Honey or syrup	2 ounces
Eggs	1 or 2
Fruit and vegetables	2 lbs. about (or as desired)

For very active people the quantities would have to be increased about one-fourth, bringing the calories supplied up to 3000 or over per day. Children under twelve would require less, according to age, with the exception of the milk item, which should be increased, if possible, to one quart; in this case, for children under seven or eight years, meat would not be needed.

These foods furnish, approximately, the proper average balance and amounts of the different food elements required by the body for one day, and as expressed above in ounces, grams, or calories. Figuring the quantities by the week or month is more practical, however. For a family of four, for example, the quantity of food for a week, based on the list given, would figure as follows:

Milk	14	quarts
Meat or fish	10½	lbs.
Cereals	7	lbs.
Bread	14	loaves
Butter	2	lbs.
Other fats	4	lbs.
Sugar	2	lbs.
Honey or syrup	4	lbs.
Eggs	3	dozen, about

Fruits and vegetables as desired

Just how much money is spent on this food will depend on the particular foods and qualities chosen. It is calculated at present that it is difficult to supply the nourishment, in the variety desirable, for less than twelve cents per thousand calories, or about thirty cents per day per person—and this is close figuring; if we can keep under a four-dollar weekly limit we are still doing well. The essential point at the moment, however, is to get the food we need without encroaching on more than our legitimate per capita share. Every move we make beyond that means another's deprivation.

All food at the moment is elementally precious—every ounce, gram, calory. Put down on a sheet of paper now, today, to-night, not because it is a new resolution, but because it is a national and international necessity, just how many ounces, grams, or calories your household needs for the day, week, or month, for the new year, and, guided by intelligence and judgment, try not to exceed this amount. The food program imposed by the Food Administration for the winter for all public eating-places is based on reduction and simplification. Adopt a similar program for the home, and some surprising big things can, must, will happen; for, whether for better or for worse, on food still rests the world's great salvation.

In the coming months of readjustments, rebuilding, watching, uncertainties, let us keep pinned on the wall before us the seven saving food virtues—LESS WHEAT, LESS MEAT, LESS FAT, LESS SUGAR, MILK FREELY BUT WITHOUT WASTE, FRUITS AND VEGETABLES IN PLENTY, NO HOARDING OR WASTING—and whatever needs may arise, this help at least will not have been spent in vain. The chances are that it will win for the world that almost forgotten Happy New Year.

"Food and Freedom," by Mabel Dulon Purdy. Harper and Bros., $1.00

The See-Saw

— *Continued from page 18*

touched him — *she* cared for his welfare, at least. Marcia had said nothing about his looking ill.

"I've been home," he burst out violently, "and I've come away. I don't know that I'll ever go back. Marcia—Marcia—" he stopped. How was he going to tell Leila of Marcia's suspicion — and yet he must. He must protect Leila — that elevator boy ——

"I know what you're going to say," said Leila, in a low voice. "You're going to say that Marcia doesn't want you to see me again. I suppose she's right, Harleth. It's been perfect madness, of course. But I — I'm not sorry."

This was pretty good work, even for Leila. And it was exceedingly effective, as she had meant it to be — a balm to the man's wounded *amour-propre*. He sat down beside her and took her hands in his.

"You'll have to be awfully brave, Leila," he said. "I've got something painful to tell you — it's going to hurt you. Last night something happened out at the house — chauffeur got drunk and threatened the other servants, or something like that, and Marcia locked herself up in her room and tried to find me by telephone. She called up everywhere, and finally the captain at Delmonico's, you know, told her that you and I had been there and had just left. And then she called up this house and the boy at the switchboard told her that you and I had come in and gone up to this apartment and that he had been ordered not to — to disturb us —— "

"OH!" she cried. "Oh — how abominable — what a dreadful, horrible lie! I don't believe it, Harleth — I don't believe it. *She made it up — to frighten us!*"

"By God," said Harleth Crossey, thoughtfully, "I wonder if she did?"

"She must have" cried Leila, pursuing her advantage. "She must have! You must know that none of the boys would ever *dare* to say a thing like that of a tenant in the apartment. Why, I wonder you were taken in by it at all! It's the most transparent, outrageous thing I ever heard of! Oh, I can understand that she might be angry with me, Harleth — but that she should suggest such a thing about me —— "

It was the one thing needed to put the final seal on his anger and resentment. "Leila — I — I believe you're right. I — I don't see why I didn't think of it. And yet — it isn't like Marcia. I suppose — I suppose she hasn't been having exactly a good time out of all this."

Now it was Leila who flung out her hands and caught his. "Have *we?*" she asked, with intensity. "Have *we* been having a good time out of all this, Harleth? When we knew — no matter how much we — cared — it — it was all — no use — and wrong — and — oh — for me it's been — *torment.*"

This was plain speaking and it required an adequate answer. But for the life of him, Harleth Crossey could not give it. He went back to the story of Marcia and the elevator boy.

"I can see, now," he said, "what a clumsy fabrication it was. She only said it to draw me out — to make me deny it. I'm glad I didn't."

"You didn't deny it!" cried Leila, consternation succeeding pathos. "But Harleth — Harleth — what sort of a scandal will we be involved in? Oh, now she'll think — what won't she think!"

"People have got to do more than think to make a real scandal," explained Harleth, somewhat acridly. "There's got to be positive proof."

A longish silence followed this information. It was broken at last by Leila.

"But what — what is Marcia going to do?" she asked. She would have liked to ask a much plainer question, but she thought this was far enough to venture at the present moment.

"I don't know," said Harleth, frowning. "She talked a lot of wild stuff about leaving me and then she flew out of the room, crying."

Leila eyed him appraisingly. It was pretty evident that she would not be able to get any accurate account of what had happened from him while he continued in this state of mind. She wished heartily that he would go so that she would have a chance to think things out a bit and lay her plans for the future. Another unpleasant thought was that if by any chance Marcia was having him followed, she did not think he ought to stay too long with her right after this quarrel with his wife. She sighed — it was a real sigh and a feeling one.

"I think you'd better go," she ventured. "I'd rather be alone a while and try to — to get control of my feelings. I'm dreadfully shaken by all this. It seems so cruel — so unnecessary. I don't want to send you away from me, Harleth, but I think that, for the present — we ought to be a little — discreet."

It was not a very fortunate word. Harleth Crossey wanted sympathy, understanding, confirmation that what he had done had been right, a little subtle plaster of devotion and admiration, and now this woman, for whom, as he mentally told himself, he had let himself in for the most disagreeable consequences, told him that she — and he — must be discreet. It was well for Leila that she recognized her mistake as soon as the words had left her lips. She ran to him, and caught his arm.

"Oh, what a selfish, selfish thing I am," she cried, earnestly, convincingly sincere, "even to think of myself when you are in such distress. Poor Harleth — you poor, poor boy! Stay as long as I can be the slightest comfort to you — I know what you must be feeling. I know I'm to blame for it. Oh, if I could only make it up to you."

"You're not to blame, Leila, any more than I am," he said, forgetting his resentment of a moment before and relaxing into a gentle mournfulness. "But it's sweet and characteristic of you to want to take all the blame yourself. But no — I'm not going to stay."

In the end she persuaded him to stay — and even to join her at her delayed dinner. Under the relaxing influence of food and drink and candle-light and her tactful gentleness, Harleth grew more cheerful, less tragic and more like himself. They avoided by tacit consent the subject that was uppermost in their minds and talked of other things. At times, long silences would come upon them. They were not unpleasant — these silences. No—rather companionable and intimate. There was something almost domestic about this tête-à-tête meal, the smart white-aproned maid; the very food was home fare. It all gave a feeling of security, of tranquillity, of established relations, of dignified confidence in themselves — wholly fictitious, but none the less comfortable. But dinner was got through and an hour later, when Harleth finally went, neither of them had mentioned again the name of Marcia, or her possible intentions.

At leaving, Harleth had said, making his voice as casual as possible: "I think I'll stay in town at the club for a few days. You can find me there if you want me."

And Leila had said, playfully: "And I think I shall stay at the St. Quentin for a few days. You can find me there if you want *me!*"

From which simple sentences, certain things were obvious. She knew that he was telling her that the breach between him and Marcia was serious. And she was replying that she understood — and that she would wait.

IT was an integral part of Harleth Crossey's nature to take himself out of touch of anything disagreeable and to shift the necessity of action to the other person most concerned. Hence, the few days at the club. If he absented himself, matters would inevitably adjust themselves. Marcia would see how unreasonable and foolish she was to try to deceive him about that message (he was thoroughly indignant about that — not only because she tried to deceive him but because she temporarily succeeded) and she would do the sensible thing — make the situation possible in some way — he did not try to determine what or how. On one thing he was firm — that he was not going to give up an innocent and gratifying friendship because he happened to be married. He was sure that, in the end, Marcia would be reasonable enough to see that he could not be expected to do that. He refused to look at the facts in the case, save at his own particular angle of convenience and indulgence. He threw the burden of working out the situation on her, and he was determined not to be placated.

Marcia Crossey was more generous and more just. She had flung herself out of her little sitting-room away from that talk with Harleth because she could not endure the pain of it. It reduced her again to chaos of

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thought and paralysis of action, but did not destroy her purpose. That she must leave him, and free him as soon as she could, she was determined — but how to go about it? She must see lawyers, she must write Aunt Janey, she must make some arrangement about going — somewhere — yes, but where? The ugly practicality of the formalities of breaking up her married life and all its environment seemed the last touch of cruelty to be endured. The long months of distress that had preceded the final catastrophe had weakened and unnerved her. She was helpless and alone, shrinking from her ordeal and crushed under the weight of it. It was so that Curtis Jennings found her the day after Harleth had come home and gone.

He had been increasingly uneasy about her and, at the Country Club the night before, Timmy Appleton had remarked, as he came in, that he had just seen Crossey taking the train back to town, looking, as Timmy profanely expressed it, there being only men present, "like active hell and damnation." Whereupon Jason Hooker had said that he hoped Crossey would get exactly what he looked like, as it was his, Hooker's, opinion that he was a rotter. Jennings had said nothing. Twice he had started to telephone that evening, thinking he would call up Marcia, and twice he had gone back, undecided. It was late and she was probably worn and agitated, he reasoned, if Harleth had been home in the mood Timmy described. There was nothing to prevent his dropping in at tea time the next day though. He took an earlier train from town to do it.

THE atmosphere of the house, as he went in, was strangely still and unhappy. Sako, under his Japanese impassiveness, betrayed a distinct relief at seeing "Mista Jenning," but he came down with the message, "Missa Crossa cannot see. Solly."

Curtis sent him back again. "Tell her it's very important," he said. "She must see me." And presently Marcia came down — a white, stricken Marcia. The frail transparency of the hand she held out to him brought a queer sob into Curtis Jennings' throat and for a moment he couldn't speak at all.

"I don't know what to do, Curt," said Marcia. "I just don't know what to do." She began as though he knew everything and would understand what she meant. "I don't know where to start. At first, I thought I couldn't see you and then I thought that you'd — help me."

"I'll help you, Marcia," promised Curt, huskily.

"It isn't as if I didn't care for Harleth, Curt," she went on, thinking aloud. "It's because I care so much for him that I must do everything in a way that won't hurt him — that'll be the best for him. You see that, don't you? But how am I to go about it? You're a lawyer, Curt — you can tell me what I must do first — and where to go."

Curtis Jennings moistened his lips before he spoke. "You — you're going to get a divorce?" he asked hesitatingly.

"Yes," said Marcia, nodding her head wearily, "yes. And, of course, I must leave this house and go somewhere else."

"Marcia," asked Curt, "are you — are you going to sue — in this State? There's only one ground, you know. Have you got any evidence that — that — "

Her tired eyes looked at him comprehendingly, and a little light came into them. "No," she said, "I'm not going to get a divorce in this State. But can't I go and live somewhere — and then, after a while —— "

"Yes, of course," he said, eager to spare her. "There are lots of places you can go and live for a year or two, establish a residence, you know, and — and everything would be very simple."

"Only let it be as soon as you can, Curt," she urged. "The sooner it's over, the better, now."

"Well, you know, Marcia," he said, hesitatingly, "I'm no good at handling that sort of thing. My business is just estates and guardianships and things like that. But I'll take you to a firm who's up in all this business and who can look out for your interests a great deal better than I can. Not that I won't —— "

He paused. Some one was hurrying through the hall. The door was flung open and Harleth's mother entered with outstretched arms. She did not notice Curt — she did not even see him — but she ran to Marcia, and caught her close. Tears were streaming down her fine old face — she was crying as simply, as pitifully as a child.

"I can't believe it," she sobbed. "I can't believe it. I've heard these things all along, and I thought it was just another piece of Harleth's folly and headstrongness. But to-day I went to him at his office —— "

Marcia checked her. "Don't, mother," she begged, "you see, Curt's here."

"Oh, what does it matter who's here?" cried the older woman. "Everyone knows, or will know soon, anyway. Forgive me, Curt — I'm not myself you see — I can't understand — I couldn't believe — oh Marcia, Marcia—tell me — are you going to leave him?"

"I'm just going," said Curt, precipitately. "I'll — I'll come again — or you can send for me. Good-bye." He ducked out in haste.

"What has he done?" asked Harleth's mother. "Can't you forgive him, Marcia? Oh, I know how he is — headstrong, selfish, self-willed. I know you haven't had an easy time with him — his father and I didn't have an easy time with him, either. He'll have his own way, no matter what happens. But he isn't all bad Marcia — he's just foolish and obstinate — " she broke off in tears, but Marcia, though she put her arms about her, did not cry.

"I know," she said. "I know. It isn't that, mother. You don't need to explain Harleth to me. I'm not angry with him, nor trying to punish him. It isn't that I can't forgive him. It's just — it's just that he doesn't care for me any longer, mother — he's stopped loving me. He isn't — mine — any more. Don't you see that the only thing for me to do is to leave him free — just as soon as I can? What sort of a life would we have if I tried to stay with him? Don't cry — don't cry. You've been so dear to me I can't bear to see you suffer like this. But don't you see, I've got to do it?"

"I can't bear to see you suffering, either," cried Mrs. Crossey, passionately. "You've been like my own child to me. You're a real daughter, Marcia, and you don't know how dear you are to me. It's all Harleth's fault — I *know* it — and I'm his mother. When I think of you and Baby here in this great house — oh, come home with me, dear, won't you? Come and stay with me. That will show everyone what father and I think of you — it's the only thing I *can do* for you."

"But, mother," Marcia hesitated. "If I do that — then there won't be any one who really cares for Harleth who'll be easily accessible for him. He wouldn't want to come to you if I were there. And I'm afraid he's going to need you, terribly."

"Oh," cried the other, "you don't need to think of Harleth, Marcia. I know he's my son — but he's wrong in this and I'm not going to say he's right, even though I am his mother."

"I MUST think of Harleth," insisted Marcia. "I *must*. I can't help it. I haven't stopped loving him — it's he who's stopped loving me. He's my husband — he's everything in the world to me."

"Then what are you going to do?" asked Mrs. Crossey. "And what about Baby?"

"Baby's *mine*," said Marcia. "I won't give *him* up even for a second. If Harleth tries — but he wouldn't. He's never been so dreadfully fond of Baby, anyway. I don't think many men know what to do with a very little baby, mother. But I thought when he was older — a real boy — it would be different."

"And your house!" bemoaned Mrs. Crossey. "This beautiful house!"

Marcia looked around it indifferently. "I thought I cared about it, too," she said, "but I don't. Everything here makes me think — you know — " her chin quivered.

"Come home with me for to-night, anyway," said Mrs. Crossey, hopelessly. "You and Baby. I want you to talk with father. You will do that, Marcia, won't you?"

Marcia hesitated. She did not want to go. It was the beginning of the end. She looked at her mother-in-law and noted the deepening of the wrinkles in her handsome old face, the anxiety in the tear-red old eyes that slanted ever so little — like Harleth's. She saw the entreaty and, most of all, she saw the genuine affection and the desire to help and shelter her. Yes, she must go — for this one night. It was useless to sit at home nursing her misery.

"I'll go," she said, at last.

Marcia Crossey put off the inertia of her grief with all the determination of her pride. She made her sacrifice without any appeal for pity or even for sympathy. In those first bewildering days of readjustment, she wrapped herself in an even commonplaceness of manner and of speech. She set herself to the hard business before her with an obvious wish to get it through without dramatics. She would not even give her friends the privilege of being obviously sympathetic. Some of them — those who knew her the least — murmured that she seemed a bit hard.

But there were others who knew that she was merely hiding her heart that daws might not peck at it. The Raymonds and the Harts were more than kind. And Belle Percy came out and stayed with her through the ordeal of closing the house and letting such servants go as she would not require for herself, and receiving Aunt Janey — for Aunt Janey insisted on coming to her to share her exile.

It was Curt Jennings, though, who was her tower of strength. He had brought lawyers to her — Wilder and Clarke. They had decided that New Jersey would be the best State for Marcia to establish residence in. Curt Jennings went himself and reviewed the residence possibilities of some dozen towns and small cities. Having satisfied himself as to the place, he thereupon turned his attention to choosing a proper house for her. He even superintended her moving and installation. Wasson and Imogen, now united in almost ludicrously harmonious marriage, went with Marcia, and so did Nurse and Cook. Aunt Janey's maid, Bocock, was also of the entourage.

The one thing that Curt Jennings did, however, in which he took greatest satisfaction, was his first interview with Harleth Crossey. He went to him to tell him that Marcia had put matters into his hands and, therefore, he would be obliged to ask Harleth for specific information as to his intentions, and the address of his lawyers. It gave him keen pleasure to see Marcia's husband writhe under his blunt questions. Strange — he had always liked Crossey well enough before he began making such a fool of himself, he thought, but now he wanted to smash him in the face. His manner held the suggestion of his contempt and antagonism, not very well concealed, either. And it was from Curt Jennings, Curt, whom he had always liked honestly and freely, that it was first brought home to Harleth Crossey how what he had done appeared to those who knew him.

Up to this time he had been inclosed in his complete self-confidence. His mother's tears and his father's remonstrances he had been used to all his life, hence they were discounted. Marcia had lost her hold over him and her power to bring him to himself under the subtle rule of Leila. The whirl of anger and resentment and imagined injury into which he had been swept by Marcia's arraignment of him and his discovery of her supposed deception, had lasted well under Leila's artful fostering. He had thought of himself as an injured and innocent party. Further, he chose to consider Marcia's departure from their home and her subsequent consultation with lawyers as a wilful effort to coerce him into submission to her wishes. He said as much to Curt.

"IF Marcia thinks," he had said, looking heavily across his great mahogany desk at Curt, who sat stiffly opposite, "if Marcia thinks that I'm to be driven to submit meekly to her whims and humors by going to such lengths, she's very much mistaken."

"So far as I can see," said Curt, bitingly, "no such thought has entered Marcia's mind. She wants to get an absolute divorce from you, in a quiet decent way. She doesn't want any money from you, but she does want to keep your child — though she won't prevent your seeing him at any time you wish — at your mother's house, you understand. You'd better accept the conditions, Crossey, and not make things any more difficult for yourself, or for Marcia, either, than they are."

"Might as well keep your advice to yourself, Curt," said Harleth, huffily. "I dare say my lawyers will have a thing or two to say about it. I should think you'd have tried to make Marcia see what an outrageous business all this is, anyway. She's behaving like an hysterical, flighty —— "

To Harleth Crossey's intense surprise, Curtis Jennings jumped to his feet and pounded the desk between them with his clenched fist. "You shut your damned mouth," he shouted. "You're not fit to mention your wife's name!"

[*To be continued*]

The People's Hour

by Daniel Henderson

IT is the people's hour, and kings
Are strangling in the web they spun!
No more the thirsting bayonet springs;
The last red drop has run.

War flees us with his hideous train
Of woe and pestilence and dearth!
The priest rebuilds the ruined fane —
Christ's peace returns to earth!

We rear the roof and drive the plow
Among the wreckage War has left;
All blighted things will quicken now —
Except the hearts bereft.

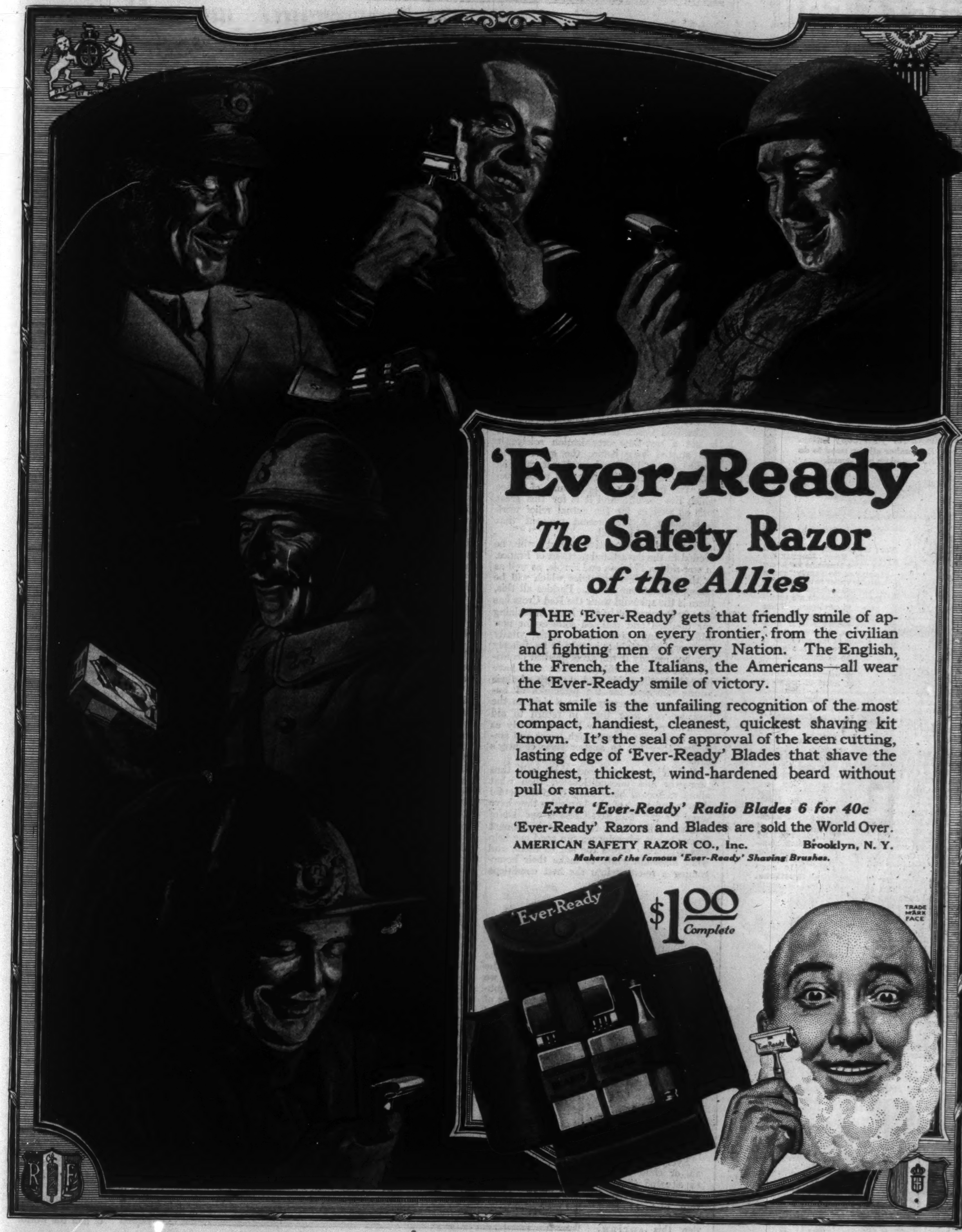
And those staunch hearts that were our shields —
Our dead, yet deathless, warrior throng —
May sleep in peace in Flanders' fields:
We made no truce with Wrong!

It is the people's hour! We leap
To seize the sceptre and the crown!
That freedom won with blood we keep,
And naught shall tread us down!

And yet — the Liberty we gain
May set more than we reckon free!
Lo! strains forever at his chain
Our arch-foe, Anarchy!

It is the people's hour so long
As Justice rules the heart of man!
So long as Brotherhood is strong,
And Law controls the plan!

Not ours the strength to shape, Lord God,
The goal and glory of our race!
We sunder the oppressor's rod —
Keep Thou the Pilot's place!



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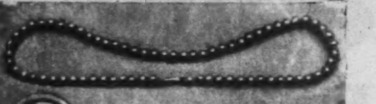

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The Eighty Thousand Members of
The "My America" League

Keep the Home Fires Burning Brightly

A Clarion Call for All Humanity

Will You Answer It?

ON the sixteenth of December the Red Cross will begin what it has named its Christmas Roll Call.

This is a call to every man and woman in the United States to put himself, and herself, on record as standing for the great principles of humanity and mercy, which have found expression in that wonderful organization known as the American Red Cross. And the only way so to put oneself on record is by becoming a member. The present drive will last for one week, and is particularly to secure the one-dollar annual memberships, though there are, of course, other classes if these are desired.

The Red Cross, it must be remembered, is not a war-time organization solely; it was started long before the great world conflict, and will endure long after it, carrying its splendid work of mercy and reconstruction far into that happy time of peace which lies ahead. And it is for this great task as well as for the actual relief work it is doing at the present moment that you are asked to enroll.

Years of constructive effort will be needed in the devastated portions of France, in war-ridden Belgium and Serbia, as well as in the many other countries which will be asking help at our hands. Besides all this, there is the splendid work the Red Cross has already begun right here at home in training our disabled and maimed soldiers for new self-supporting professions. This vitally necessary undertaking is only in its infancy yet, but already it has accomplished beautiful and inspiring things. Men who have offered up the pride and strength of their young manhood for the principles of humanity and democracy have a right to the best we can give them in return to aid them in rebuilding their lives, as nearly as may be, for the careers, high hopes and ambitions they left to answer their country's call.

And if they answered their call thus promptly and unconditionally, then what about us here at home away from the actual danger and most of the hardships they have faced for us? The Red Cross is our line of communication with them, the instrument in our hands whereby we can send our help and sympathy across the sea to them, and work most efficiently to make their homecoming a re-entry into the best conditions and opportunities which were theirs before the War.

The most patriotic and beautiful Christmas gift which an American citizen can make to any one this year is an annual membership in the Red Cross.

Nearly two thousand years ago Three Wise Men came out of the East bringing gifts like those that we, through the Red Cross, offer to-day: gold, with which we build up ruined villages and little broken wasted homes; gold, which feeds the children of our Allies, and buys them clothes to keep them warm through the long cold winter ahead; frankincense, which means the spiritual part of the work we are doing through this same wonderful Red Cross, the hope we are carrying where no hope was, faith in the future, new ideals of mercy, humanity and universal democracy—the brotherhood of men and of nations; and, last of all, the myrrh of comfort and service, which our splendid nurses and doctors of the Red Cross have given to the wounded and the dying.

It is worth while having a share in the giving of such a gift to the world.

I HEARD a very beautiful little story the other day of one of our Red Cross doctors, who had gone to France with a unit from a hospital here in New York City, and which speaks for the spirit of absolute self-forgetfulness in which these men and women are giving their gifts.

This doctor was the only surgeon, for a while, at a small field hospital very near the Front, where the most desperately wounded men were carried first. He was a small, slight man, they told me, and not very strong. The first day he was ordered to this station there was heavy fighting along that part of the sector, and a great number of wounded men were brought to the little field hospital. That doctor went into the operating-room and *worked there without respite for eighteen hours.* Several times the nurses pleaded with him to go out and rest, as such a strain was more than human nature could endure, but each time he refused to leave because it would mean that some of the wounded must lie there without relief until he returned. Finally, at the end of those eighteen hours the orderlies had to half carry, half lead him from the room. His hands and arms were temporarily paralyzed, and he was not able to stand alone. Yet the moment he had recovered his strength sufficiently to work, he was back on duty once more.

Here is another little instance of how the Red Cross can bring comfort and relief—mental relief in this case.

It happened while the "My America" Editor was at the Red Cross headquarters talking over the plans for the new membership drive. A trembling young girl literally burst into the office, her eyes reddened with crying. In her hand she held an illustrated Sunday paper containing a photograph of some of our wounded lads who had just been brought over to a hospital near New York. In this picture the girl believed she had recognized her brother. She had gone at once to the hospital, and had been told there that the man was not her brother, but some other soldier. In spite of this assurance she still believed there was a mistake, and was in a state of miserable suspense, for she had not heard from the absent brother in several weeks.

The Red Cross immediately made inquiries for her and obtained positive information that the soldier was a stranger, and also found out that the brother was safe, and where he was in France. The girl came back to the Red Cross later to thank them, and what a changed, happy little creature she looked! It cast a wonderful glow of happiness over each one of us there, who had seen the miracle wrought.

Probably every one of us would like to be over there in those hospitals, helping, or working with one of the relief commissions among the needy civilian population, but those of us who have not that high privilege can still send our substitute—the Red Cross.

Men and women of the "My America" League, whose work we are so proud of, readers of McClure's, who have encouraged and stood behind our pledge to "do everything we can, in every way we can to help win the war," the Christmas roll of mercy is being called; the great clarion call of humanity that asks for your gift, your steadfast support in this hour—will you answer it? Stand by the Red Cross!

We Must Make Gardens

Plan Yours Now!

IN spite of the fact that peace is here, we must still have gardens throughout the country this year. For remember we have our big army abroad (and it will probably take months to bring those millions of men home), our Allies and ourselves to feed from our own stores. To do this we must all help.

In devastated France, Belgium and Serbia it will be impossible for the people to pass immediately from the ravages of war to their old agricultural pursuits. And in this period of readjustment and reconstruction we must feed them.

Every man, woman, or child who is so situated that he or she has even a tiny plot of land should make a garden this spring.

Teachers should talk the matter over with their classes, and assist the children to decide what should be attempted in the way of planting, and what omitted. The "My America" Editor will be glad to send a helpful little leaflet of gardening instructions to any one filling out the coupon below, and mailing it to the address given, together with a three-cent stamp for postage.

We have been taught by this war that it is virtually treason to waste, and wasted land comes emphatically first in this category. If you have merely a narrow strip of ground in the front yard, or fields comprising many acres, study the conditions with care and then plan. Make each foot of ground produce food to its utmost—and you can do this by planning intelligently now. Let every one of us do our "bit," which in this case must also be our "best," to make the crops of 1919 adequate to the tremendous task imposed upon them—that of feeding not only armies, but the old people, women and little hungry children of half the world.

The "My America" League
Headquarters McClure's Magazine
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Please send me at once the "My America" Garden Bulletin, containing information about seeds, proper gardening implements, correct methods of planting, etc.

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Mamma Americana

[*Continued from page 22*]

her again of that trip to Rome, made three years before with his father, when they had heard the *orazione per la sagra dei mille*, standing only a few feet away from D'Annunzio himself.

"My boyhood was over," Mario said, looking up into her face with earnest eyes. "I was a man. An Italian. I consecrated myself on that day to the service of my country. I remember that Babbo cried like a baby. But I was cold as ice — there was no blood in my veins, only resolve and hatred and exaltation. If you could know what I felt, you would want me to go to-day."

IF she could know! Well, that apparently was not possible. She stroked his head and smiled down at him. He had not suspected her secrets, either. Pumpkins in the sun, New England farmhouses and the smell of ripe raspberries in upland pastures— He was the product of this beautiful country; he had sung its songs, prayed its prayers and loved its skies. In his heart there was the music of fountains playing in marble basins, the silver-gray of olive slopes, the black foliage of old cypresses, the beauty of architecture that was as mysterious and as radiant as light. All these things were behind his eyes. And she could not wholly understand. Never could. Because these things were not hers.

She smiled a little when she remembered her struggle to make Mario say "mother." That had been the homage and the recognition she had craved. Mario had tried, but his trying was so reluctant that she surrendered to *mamma americana* without letting him see how hurt she was. She loved him so! From her tragic and unspoken loneliness she watched him — a desirable youth in a garden where she could not go. In her humility, she fancied her own garden too meager to offer him. He walked in that other with Gian Fabio, between cypress rows that towered against an Italian sky. She watched, seeing their eyes meet, hearing the murmur of their Tuscan voices, glimpsing now and then the sumptuous color of their dreams.

And then war — their war, not hers! Gian Fabio had gone at once, leaving her alone in the big house in the Via Biancoli, for Mario was sent to Rome to finish his training. For three years she had waited there, not caring much about the War itself, as something remote from her understanding, something entirely theirs. Now and then Gian Fabio came back, tired, quivering, and silent. His blond beard was white now and there was a look of fearful questioning in his eyes. He spoke with mad pride of Italy and Italy's fighters — Cadorna, Diaz, the men in the ranks. Gian Fabio had fought in the Carso and had seen the fall of Gorizia. When the Italian armies retreated to the Piave, he was reported lost. But he came back to the Via Biancoli once more, a ghost of a man but still unbeaten, still burning with that pride which had always consumed him. He stayed long enough to make sure of his wife's safety, thanked her for her courage and rushed away to that hair-line of resistance, the Piave. She felt that Gian Fabio held the enemy away with his own body. Even then, it was not her war.

Only once had Gian Fabio mentioned this to her. He wrote to her when America challenged Germany. "If they fight with us, you and I will be so close, my dear. I am glad for you. I am proud."

Proud! She hoped that Mario would hear; she put Gian Fabio's letter next to her heart. She began to read the newspapers again, and went often to Mass, carrying her head proudly as if she wore an invisible crown. When Mario came back she told him what Gian Fabio had written her.

"I know," he said. "They're going to fight. But not here, not for us. In France."

There had been bitterness in his voice, unintentional, the quick bitterness of hurt pride. "They can't understand," he cried. "They don't know what we're fighting for."

"It's so far away," she apologized, feeling the old pain in her heart again, "America. They can't understand."

"Of course not." He stooped over to kiss her, laughing. "Silly *mamma americana*, why on earth should you care? This is our war."

She felt just then that she had lost him forever. When he had gone back to Rome she did what she believed Gian Fabio would want her to do. She opened the house in the Via Biancoli to convalescent wounded, and in caring for them forgot her loneliness. But she destroyed Gian Fabio's letter and stopped reading the papers. Why not? This wasn't her war, they had said. She felt herself in exile from the greatest dream of all . . .

"*Mamma!*"

She opened her eyes. Mario was staring at her with something watchful and intent in his expression. He was listening to something. For a brief instant she fancied he had heard her thoughts. Then she realized what it was. There was music somewhere — Oh, yes, she was quite mad! She could hear, very loud and distinct, a fife playing "Dixie," a drum beating, the thunder of feet — her own heart, of course!

Suddenly letting go of her hands, Mario jumped up, and she got to her feet unsteadily, afraid of the look in his eyes.

"*Mamma!*" he said again in a loud voice. "*Mamma americana*, they're coming!"

"Who are coming?" she asked.

He put his arm around her waist and turned her about so that she faced San Sulpice and the setting sun. The screaming fife filled her with an ecstasy that was the more terrible because she did not believe it to be real. She leaned against Mario's arm; her breath faint, her mind confused, tears dazing her eyes. "Dixie!" Could Mario hear it? Could he hear what went on in her heart? *Could* he hear?

"*Senti!*" she heard him say. "*L'inno americano.*"

SHE felt his arm tighten around her. Suddenly staring through her tears she saw a flash of color at the head of the street. The flag! Her flag flying against the Italian sun! Behind it came a man in khaki, and another. And another. Others and others, tall, laughing men who swung into the Piazza, crossed it and thundered down the Via Biancoli. Americans. She knew, as she watched them, that they were real; they were hers; she felt their blood and their breath rush through her body like fire, transforming her. Yankees. Hers. Her gift to Mario. Her offering. Her war at last!

She turned to Mario with a proud face. He was staring down at those lanky, sunburned, swinging men, looking into each face with a joyous sort of recognition and welcome as if he saw in every man something familiar and essentially his own.

"Mother!" he cried in English. "They are Americans! Do you know it? Do you see them? They're ours. I am going to fight with them. They're fine. Splendid. Fighters, every one of them! Oh, God, won't Babbo be proud for us, you and me?"

Suddenly, with a stiffening of her whole body, she felt that she was the sword in Mario's hand.

"THE SILK HAT," by Julian Street, opens the February McClure's. Watch for this remarkable short story. Bruno Lessing's great series of humorous yarns continues. "Speaking of Levy" is in the next issue. Also "Re-populating the Earth," by Newell Dwight Hillis.

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They Always Marry the Girl

— *Continued from page 13*

It is significant that Marcus's achievements at college won him no unpopularity. Marcus was the kind of boy it is hard to dislike — a good-looking, impulsive, blundering, candid, yet really able child, with boyish shrewdness lurking underneath his clumsy simplicities. These were the qualities that endeared him to professors and college-mates alike; that endeared him to Dr. McNally and his wife when Marcus spent vacations with them — as we shall hear of later; that won for him the promise of a job from a hard-headed editor of a New York paper; and that, finally, climactically, made appeal to the heart of Tibbie Porter.

Tibbie — who was christened Elizabeth, but who was of such a sweetness that it was much more natural to call her Tibbie — was the niece of the leading banker in Cherryvale, and came there to visit the summer following Marcus's graduation and preceding his high enterprise in New York. The very first meeting of the two young people was romantic.

They met at a dance at the house of one of the girls in Marcus's "crowd." It was an informal affair, with dancing in the parlors and Japanese lanterns on the porches to vie with the moon above. Marcus almost didn't go to that dance, because it was a hot night and he was interested in some writing. But fate often achieves her greatest triumphs by the narrowest margins and, at the last minute, for no definable reason, he changed his mind and his clothes, and went to the party.

HE saw the new girl the first minute he arrived; young men generally see a new girl the first minute. And this one, as Marcus at once perceived, was tremendously pretty, with ruffled dusky hair and wonderful dark eyes and a sweet smile. Also she appeared to be a marvelous dancer. Marcus's boredom deserted him, and he tried to get introduced; but fate loves to tease awhile when she is planning her worst, so she interposed annoying trifles to delay the critical moment.

Marcus hadn't yet met the new girl when, after nearly an hour, he strolled off by himself for a smoke. There was a sort of little tower-extension at the back of one of the side-porches, and he happened to go that way. Rambler roses and honeysuckle were growing up the sides of the porch, and through the leaves one could see a big full moon just coming up.

And there, tiptoeing up to smell the honeysuckle, stood the new girl, all alone. Marcus thought he would never forget the way she looked that moment — the moonlight splashing little leafy shadows all over her white dress, and pouring through a big crevice on her tilted-back head. It caught the tendrilends of her hair and looked like a halo. She looked so pretty he almost wished she wouldn't hear him and move — but she did. She turned her head, and looked at him. And Marcus, though he hadn't been introduced and had been trained to be conventional, didn't want to go away. So he summoned his daring, and said:

"I've been trying to meet you all evening; my name's Boyer — won't you please tell me yours?"

And then she smiled at him — a serious kind of little smile Marcus felt he would never forget — and answered:

"Tibbie Porter. But don't names and introductions seem sort of artificial and trivial — with all these scents, and the moon, and everything?"

It wasn't so much what she said as the way she said it. In that moment, with her regarding him in that smiling, serious way, Marcus had a sensation such as he had never had before. He knew, all in a rush, that she was *the* girl. But he didn't know, then, that in all his after-years, probably, he would never smell honeysuckle or hear the "Maytime" waltz — which the talking-machine was grinding out inside — without feeling a faint aftermath of what he felt that minute.

And this was the first chapter. The last chapter, up to the time Marcus brought his quandary to Dr. McNally, occurred some few days before this eventful interview.

During the intermediate chapters the young lovers' story had gone rushing through the halcyon epoch of first love; through the blissful period of discovering that love to each other; through an agonizing pause learning that Tibbie's father, an eminently successful and practical man, looked with disfavor upon a suitor handicapped not only with poverty, but also with such nebulous plans for the future as are embodied in "writing" — to be brutally concise, Mr. Porter stigmatized all writers as "loafers"; through the madly rapturous stage of resolving to defy all opposition and run away together; and then, on the very eve of their elopement, to the *débâcle* of Tibbie's sudden, unlooked-for, and — to Marcus — preposterous decision that, after all, their marriage might be a mistake.

The reason for her reluctance made her, eventually, seem but the sweeter to her lover.

They had met out in the darkness of her uncle's summer-house; no moon now, fortunately, for Marcus had been forbidden to call.

"Marcus," she began, nervously fingering the inexpensive ring which he had given her and which she could wear only in secret, "I've been thinking. Perhaps father — all of them — are right, after all."

Marcus caught the hand with the ring and imprisoned it.

"Tibbie!" he cried reproachfully. "*You!* I know it'll be hard sledding — and that you've got better chances. But I thought—"

"Oh, it's not that, Marcus! It's—" Her voice faltered and broke.

"What is it, then, darling?" he begged huskily. "Tell me what it is!"

"It's not anything to do with *me*, Marcus; it's *you*."

"What's wrong with me?" asked Marcus.

"Oh, nothing's wrong with you — that's just it! You're so talented and you've got such a splendid future ahead of you. You can do so much!"

"Thanks," said Marcus, a little ungraciously. "But these compliments don't seem to me a reason for throwing me over. On the contrary."

"But, Marcus—"

"Oh, there *is* a 'but,' is there?" He let the hand, which she sought to pull away, escape quite easily.

"Don't be offended, Marcus! But I've been thinking. And I'm afraid that maybe I'd spoil your life."

"Spoil my life?" amazedly.

"Yes. You have such wonderful gifts—" Marcus heard this with comparative equanimity — "and if you were burdened with a flighty, extravagant girl like me —"

MARCUS here lost his equanimity and silenced her with a kiss.

"If you're a flighty, extravagant girl, then it's a flighty, extravagant girl I love! I love you just as you are, and I wouldn't have the least fraction of you changed!

"And, anyway," he continued after a moment, with youth's magnificent disregard of contradiction, "after we're married, I *know* you'll pull with me; you won't want to be flighty and extravagant then."

But Tibbie shook her head sadly.

"I know I won't *want* to," she said, "but when a thing's in one's nature, one doesn't know when it might crop out. I'd try — I'd *want* to try — but I'm afraid, maybe —"

"You *are* thinking of the hard times!" interrupted Marcus fiercely, cruel as youth is cruel. "And you don't love me, else you'd never talk that way!"

Tibbie cringed under his dreadful charge, but she bravely held her ground.

"I *do* — that's just it. I love you a million times more than I do myself. I think I'll die without you."

"I'm not asking you to die without me," said young Marcus gloomily, "but to live with me."

She put her hand back in his.

"PLEASE don't talk that way," she begged. "I'm trying so hard to be sensible. It's hard, because I've never been trained to be sensible. And now, when father — and your mother — your mother doesn't approve of me for your wife, Marcus. I know it."

"We're the two that's getting married," said Marcus curtly.

"Yes, but *you'll* be the one to suffer most. That's what I'm afraid of. I don't want to give you up — but — Oh, Marcus!"

In the end it was sweet, flighty little Tibbie who gained the victory over tempestuous, unreasoning Marcus. And, instead of their running away together, Tibbie packed her trunks and went conventionally back to her own home, while Marcus packed his and went to the job in New York. In the interim he had time to lose the last vestige of his resentment against Tibbie; her unselfish renunciation of him took on a more and more noble glow; she had been dazzling enough before but, now, as in the fairy-tale, Cinderella in her splendid raiment showed the Prince how alluring she could be, so, to Marcus, his adored one appeared a veritable angel in her new spiritual garb of concern for him.

Marcus was in this state of mind, a state of mind that made it impossible for him to settle down to his new work, when he resolved to lay his troubles before Dr. McNally.

Now, Dr. McNally was a quite natural choice for a confidant. First, because he had been the friend of young Marcus's father years before he became the friend of young Marcus himself. As boys, Boyer *père* and Bill McNally had been the Damon and Pythias of Cherryvale; but when it came time for Bill to go to college, the McNallys moved back to the east whence they had emigrated and, as often happens, in divergent interests the two friends had all but lost touch with each other before young Marcus's father died.

Marcus's mother had never met McNally, but her husband often talked of this early friend, and she remembered to speak of him when young Marcus adventured into the far-away east. And, on his first trip to New York, Marcus, who needed identification to get a check cashed, had remembered this almost mythical personage and, through means no more miraculous than a telephone directory, had at once located him in the wilderness of the metropolis. And, then, the friendship that was broken off so long ago was resumed through the medium of a son. Marcus respected and admired and liked Dr. McNally more than he had ever respected and admired and liked any man. And Dr. McNally, on his side, developed an affection and interest in the young man as if this were the son he longed for and did not have. Mrs. McNally, too, pampered Marcus as though he were her own. He was invited to spend many of his holidays in the McNally home, and it was the happy domestic life observable there that mainly prompted the youth to unburden his trouble to such a fortunately married man as the doctor.

He didn't open the subject till some time after dinner, for Mrs. McNally sat with them for a time in the library, sewing on some dainty, pink-colored trifle for one of the little McNally girls.

Marcus let his eyes linger on her in moody contemplation, though there was nothing in the appearance of the lady, sitting there in the glow of a rose-shaded lamp, to incite moodiness. Like the softly-tinted fabric in the gentle caress of her hands she gave out an effect of peaceful, beautiful, joyous domesticity; even when she was not talking or laughing, but just sitting there, head bent, stitching swiftly at her work. Though Marcus much liked Mrs. McNally — "Aunt Peggy" to him, now — in her presence he found it difficult to broach the subject which was filling his thoughts. Yet neither could he long keep his tongue off his engrossing theme, so, trying to make his tone very impersonal, he said in an offhand manner:

"Say, Uncle Bill, what do you think of love at first sight? Do you believe in it?"

"Love at first sight?" repeated the doctor.

Mrs. McNally began to fold up her sewing.

"I must go up and see whether Peggy's forgotten her throat spray," she said.

"Oh, she won't forget it," said the father.

She sent a little nod toward their guest, so slight that he did not observe it, but the husband added obediently:

"All right, then. You're the doctor."

On her way out she paused beside her husband's chair to pat the cushion behind his head; he reached up and patted her hand in return. Then she moved on to the door; and to young Marcus, who was something of a poet and who was in a highly sentimental mood, it seemed that the soft swishing of this happy lady was like choir-music heard in a church and, after she was gone, that there was the tranquil hush that follows such a tranquil sound.

"You and Aunt Peggy are awfully congenial, aren't you?" Marcus sighed, though he didn't know it.

Uncle Bill, who was just the kind of man to be called "Uncle Bill," so ruddy and rotund and jovial was he, smiled as he proffered a box of cigars.

"Guess we are. Have one of these?"

"Thanks. But you're always telling me I smoke too much."

"I daresay. But I'm too experienced a doctor to prescribe the less valuable of two remedies. Tobacco is man's best solace against woman."

"What do you mean?" demanded Marcus quickly.

"Nothing you don't know yourself," replied the doctor drily. "And now, that you've confessed so much, tell me more about her."

"Confessed?" repeated Marcus rather stiffly. "What have I confessed?"

"Now, Marcus, I'm forty-eight years old, but I haven't forgotten the ways of the youngsters. What's her name? What's she like?"

Young Marcus cleared his throat.

"As a matter of fact, Uncle Bill, I *did* want to have a talk with you, on a very important subject."

"ALL right. Now for some details," invited Uncle Bill genially. "Doesn't the lady return your fancy?"

"Why should she?" said Marcus gloomily. "A poor dub who can scarcely support himself!"

"A 'poor dub?' — and I've sometimes thought you were cocky! You *are* down, Marcus. But you're squirming out of my questions. Is she an actress?"

"No, she is not an actress!"

"I don't see the reason for being indignant; actresses are often charming people. I once knew one who was. Is she, then, the telephone girl at college? Or, perhaps, your landlady's daughter?"

"I thought — at least I hoped —" said Marcus stiffly, "that you'd take the matter seriously, or I'd never have mentioned it."

Uncle Bill's face showed a certain relief.

"I was afraid you might be wanting to make a fool of yourself," he said.

"Well, maybe I am. But perhaps I'd better tell you all about it, just as it happened."

"A good way," commented the doctor.

"While I was out home last summer, a girl came to town to visit."

"Oh, those visiting girls!"

"She was visiting the Porters. He's the banker out home. She's his niece."

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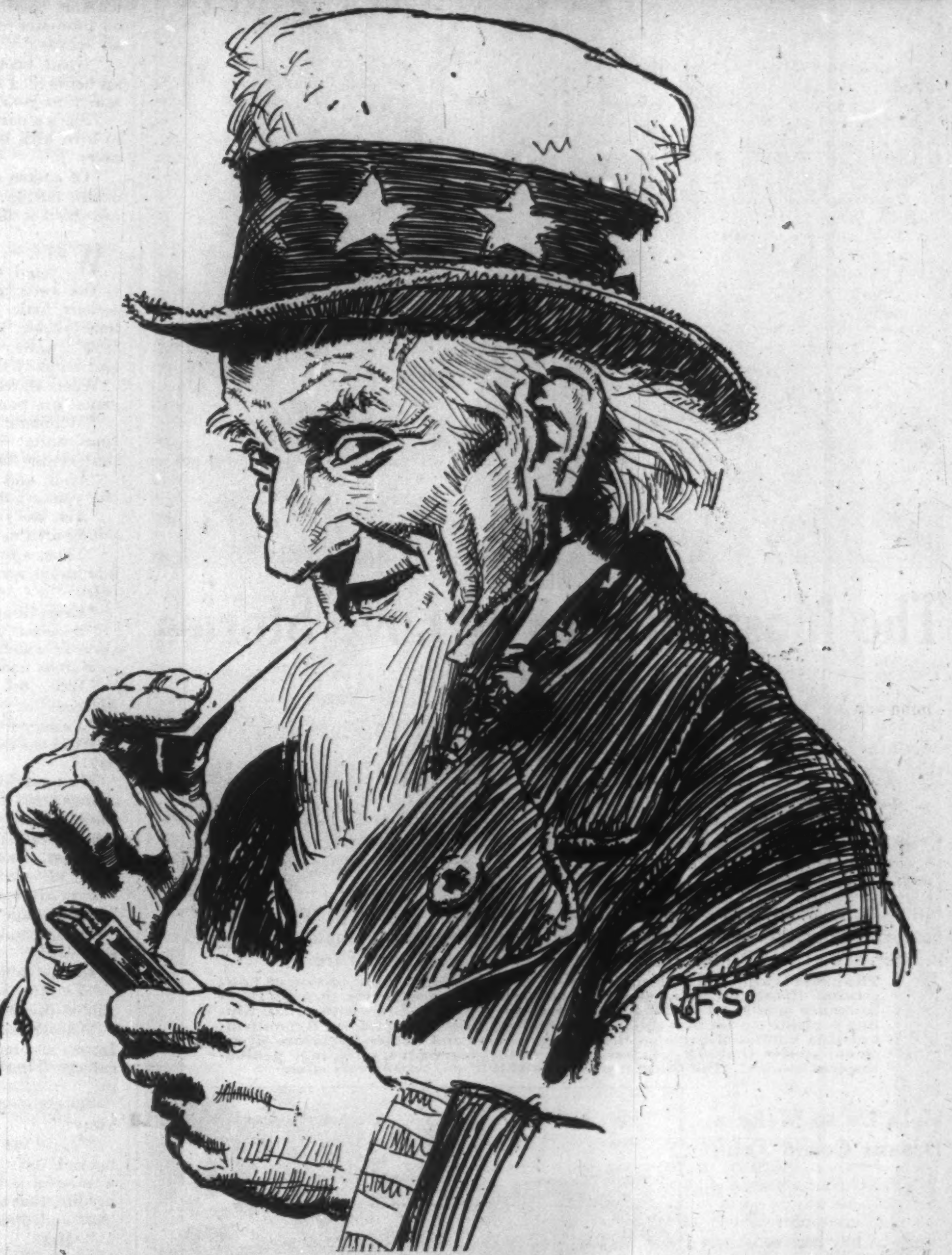

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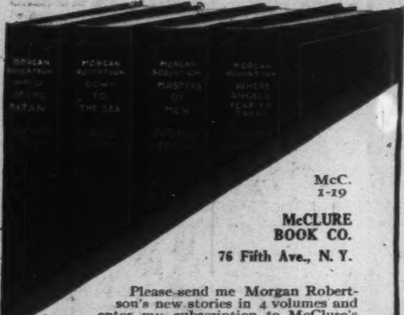

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"Ah," murmured incorrigible Uncle Bill. "The banker's niece — that's not so bad."

"It's worse than that," returned Marcus without trace of humor. "Her father's an oil promoter — made tons of money. She's an heiress."

"Great Scott, you've fallen in love with an heiress! I didn't know you had so much sanity in your idealistic head!"

"She's a darling; no one could help falling in love with her," replied Marcus with dignity.

"Of course not, of course not," agreed the doctor hastily. "But you were going to tell me about it as it happened."

"WELL — " began Marcus, and he narrated that portentous first meeting — the sweet girl in the moonlight with her serious little smile, and the scent of the honeysuckle, and the strains of the "Maytime" waltz — when, all so suddenly, he had realized that this was *the* girl.

When Marcus's voice, strained and vibrant, came to a pause, Uncle Bill shook his head.

"Moonlight and honeysuckle and the 'Maytime' waltz! — this *is* serious!" Then, in a businesslike tone, he asked:

"Well, and what's the trouble? Doesn't the young lady reciprocate?"

"Yes, she's fond of me, too," admitted the young man modestly.

"Then, altogether, it seems to me a most admirable arrangement. What's the difficulty?"

"Everything. Her people object."

"Because you can't support her in the style to which she's been accustomed?"

Marcus nodded.

"Well, just what is the paper giving you, Marcus?"

"Twenty-five dollars a week."

"And the cost of silk lingerie soaring every day!"

Then, as Marcus scowled, the older man changed his tone. "But there are opportunities in newspaper work. Couldn't her father give you a boost on your prospects?"

"That's just the trouble. He thinks every kind of writing is foolishness. Thinks writers are loafers, not workers."

"And your heart's dead set on writing?"

"I care more for it than for anything in the world," replied the youth fervently, "except Tibbie."

"Except Tibbie, of course. And does Tibbie think writing is foolishness?"

"Oh, she's wonderful about it, Uncle Bill. Insists she mustn't stand in the way of my career. That's why she won't run away with me."

"Oh, you've been thinking about running away?"

"Yes — we almost did it once, but she backed out. And for *my* sake! — she's a wonderful girl, Uncle Bill! Said she'd spoil my life, that she was too flighty and extravagant and pleasure-loving, and all that rot!"

"'Rot?'" repeated Uncle Bill reflectively. He was silent a moment, then asked:

"And your mother? — does she consider your Tibbie flighty, too?"

Marcus fidgeted.

"Well, you know how mothers always are, Uncle Bill."

"Ah, she *does* think Tibbie is flighty."

"She thinks Tibbie's been spoiled, and that her view of life isn't very — very steady," conceded the young man. "And that I shouldn't think of marriage for a long time, and then it ought to be some prosy, lumpy kind of girl — 'reliable,' she says — who'd drudge up with me. Some girl I knew through and through."

The doctor nodded. After a considerable pause, he inquired:

"Just how well do you know *this* girl?"

"How well? Well enough to know she's an angel. Well enough to feel that life won't be worth living without her."

"But how many times have you seen her? — under what circumstances?"

Marcus hesitated.

"Let me guess," volunteered the other. "Picnics, tennis, front porches, moonlight, dancing — especially moonlight and dancing. Is that it? And, of course, her step fits yours as an accompaniment fits a song?"

Marcus fidgeted again.

"See here, Uncle Bill! Don't string me! I *told* you Tibbie realizes her life hasn't been as — as serious as some girls'. And that she's afraid we *mightn't* make a go of it together — neither of us wants to make a mess of life — our own or the other's. Tibbie's terribly sincere — you've got to hand it to her for that. But she's fond of me; and I believe, maybe, I could persuade her to run away with me and let everything and everybody else go hang."

"Well, then, since you're so fond of her, too, why *don't* you?" The doctor settled back in his chair. The other stared at him for a moment with mute, miserable eyes; then got up and began to pace up and down the room. Suddenly he wheeled.

"What would *you* do, Uncle Bill?"

"I?"

"Yes. Do you think we'd really make it a go — through hardships? You know me pretty well, and I can assure you she is a sweet thing. We're really awfully congenial, too. I can sit with her without either of us speaking, and be perfectly happy."

There was something pathetic in the appealing attitude of the youth. But the older man didn't reply at once. He carefully chose a fresh cigar, and Marcus continued:

"That's why I came to you — you're so sane and seasoned. I don't know anybody who seems so contented and happy and domesticated. That's why I wanted your advice."

"Would you guarantee to take it?"

Marcus swallowed.

"Well, if — that is, if—"

"If I should advise you to do what you mean to do in any event?"

To that Marcus, again restlessly pacing, didn't reply. The doctor sat chewing his cigar for some seconds before he spoke again.

"All right, boy. I'll talk straight to you. Sit down. Not that I think for a minute you intend to follow my advice; nobody ever intends to — he just goes ahead and does as he damn pleases. But you're a nice boy — too nice to make a mess of your life; and I can't do any better than to pass on the advice I once got from a fellow I went to, just as you've come to me, and under very similar circumstances. Only he'd made a mess of his life."

Marcus had turned pale, but the doctor continued resolutely.

"I don't want to make you unhappy, for I've been in your boots myself — twenty years ago. We've all been there at some time or other. A young man meets a pretty girl; she attracts him, but his friends point out her failings; say it's not her true self but his idealized conception of her, that he's in love with; prophesy disaster when disillusion comes."

"But, Uncle Bill — "

The doctor waved his cigar.

"Wait till you hear me out, Marcus. The identical thing happened to me, as I said, twenty years ago. I fell in love with a girl. You may as well know it was an actress I fell in love with and wanted to marry, too."

"Well, Tibbie's not an actress, anyhow," said Marcus.

"There you're wrong, my boy. All women are actresses, more or less — only some don't happen to be on the stage." The doctor smiled reminiscently. "In fact, that's the very observation that the fellow I just spoke of made to me, when I went to him for advice. My friends were all warning me what would happen if I should persist in my infatuation — I *was* infatuated with Phoebe and I was crazy to marry her. Yet their arguments had a certain effect on me; so finally I decided, just as you have decided, to lay my case before an older and more experienced friend — a married man — Harry Pomeroy."

Then, while Marcus regarded him with fearful, wretched eyes, the doctor told him of that long-ago interview which had ended in such bitterness for young Bill McNally. Nor did he spare this romantic youngster any of that bitterness which Bill McNally had been forced to swallow when he was a romantic youngster.

"YES," he commented, in conclusion. "Harry Pomeroy gave me a good dose of matrimonial philosophy that night. 'You have to marry women to know 'em,' he said, 'and then you find out that they're not the creature you thought you were marrying at all. For, no matter what the girl *is*, to the young idiot in love she's just what his idealism pictures her; and when, finally, his illusions go smash, the best part of him goes smash at the same time.'

"Old Harry gave it to me hard, I can tell you. And I can still remember the cynical way he smiled when he finished me up.

"'I don't half expect you to listen to me,' he said. 'Go ahead and marry your adored one if you want to. That's what you already had your mind made up to do — though you may not have known it yourself. It always shows the malady's fatal when a young fellow begins asking advice. Advice or no advice, they always marry the girl.'"

Dr. McNally paused, stretched out his arms, and yawned in a manner that indicated he had finished his story. Young Marcus Boyer sat white and miserable, looking at him fixedly, as though awaiting a dreaded verdict.

"Well, that was what I got from old Harry," said the doctor in a voice still muffled with yawns. He beamed at his young friend as amiably as though he hadn't just performed a painful operation on the young man's heart-strings. Marcus gazed at him in gloomy silence for a minute, then:

"It must have been awfully tough on you, Uncle Bill," he said, in a sepulchral voice.

"It *was* hard for a while. I remember I spent most of that night wearing holes in my bedroom carpet."

"Did it take long to — get over it?"

"Get over it?" repeated the doctor. "Get over what?"

"Why, the actress — Phoebe."

"OH, Phoebe. I never got over *her*. I got the marriage license next day. If it was all such a gamble, anyway, I decided I'd rather risk a few months' happiness *with* Phoebe before the deluge, than a lifetime of misery without her."

"You *married* her?" gasped Marcus.

"The next day," affirmed the doctor.

"I didn't know you'd been married twice!"

"I haven't."

"But Aunt Peggy! Surely she—"

"Used to dazzle 'em across the footlights as Phoebe O'Day — the pleasure-loving, light-minded, fickle, rollicking harum-scarum that was going to send me to the devil."

Young Marcus, who had been on the edge of his chair, taut as a violin string, had lapsed back spinelessly.

"But I don't understand — you told me —" he began incoherently.

"I told you what Harry Pomeroy said to me," said the doctor cheerfully. "Harry was a cynic. Circumstances made him so. The thunderstorms of an unhappy married life had turned his beliefs sour. But he spoke the truth when he said marriage is a gamble. It is. Old Harry's marriage was heralded as a 'good match' and it went to pot; mine was damned as the sure route to perdition and Peggy's been my salvation. Marriage is a game that two must play — and more than a full half of its outcome depends on the girl. She's raw material, and what she'll make of herself — with the help or hindrance of her husband — no one can tell till she's put her hand to it. It's no less a hazard to the girl — God help her! — than to the man. She doesn't know what she's drawing; but if her lover has been raised in a nice family, with a nice mother, nice sisters, and nice home surroundings, despite what asinine handicaps he may have in himself, it gives her — gives them both — a better chance."

Young Marcus didn't make an immediate answer. The doctor picked up the evening paper as if the subject were closed.

There was a soft, rustling sound in the doorway, and a voice was heard, gently reprimanding:

"Billy, dear, are you reading with your *old* glasses?"

Aunt Peggy's husband looked up guiltily.

"They were in my smoking-jacket pocket," he explained apologetically.

"The others are right here on the table — before your eyes — I put them here purposely!"

Aunt Peggy picked up the spectacle-case, took out the glasses and exhibited them reproachfully.

"How long have you been reading with *those?*" she demanded.

"A whole headline. What shall I do — read it over again — properly?"

They smiled at each other. Young Marcus, who had witnessed many such little domestic comedies in the McNally home, was watching them unseeingly. The doctor glanced across and caught his troubled gaze.

"Guess what Marcus has been unbosoming to me?" he said to his wife.

Aunt Peggy turned her smile toward Marcus.

"A girl?" she hazarded — as though she hadn't known that an hour before!

The doctor nodded. "He's been asking my advice about getting married."

"And what did you advise?"

"I didn't advise. I tried to show both sides of the shield. I told him the story of poor old Harry Pomeroy, on one side, and of — well, of some other folks, on the other."

She turned to Marcus.

"Has he helped you to make up your mind, Marcus?" she asked gently.

Marcus returned her gaze soberly; he still looked white and high-strung.

"I'd hardly say that," he replied. "He's shown me — well, Mr. Harry Pomeroy may not have had *all* the philosophy of matrimony in his head, but in any event I've learned one valuable lesson from him at second-hand."

SOMETHING in the young man's tone and expression caused the doctor to turn on him a startled look.

"Now see here, Marcus," he said, more anxiously than he'd spoken all evening, "*all* marriages are not failures. I was pranking a little — I didn't mean for you to take *too* much stock in that story."

"Well, I've learned my lesson from it, anyway," repeated Marcus doggedly.

Aunt Peggy, too, was looking at him with alarm.

"A lesson you intend to act upon?" she asked.

"Yes."

"What lesson?" demanded the doctor.

Marcus let them wait a moment. And then he smiled.

"'They always marry the girl,'" he quoted.

New York City,
November 15, 1918.

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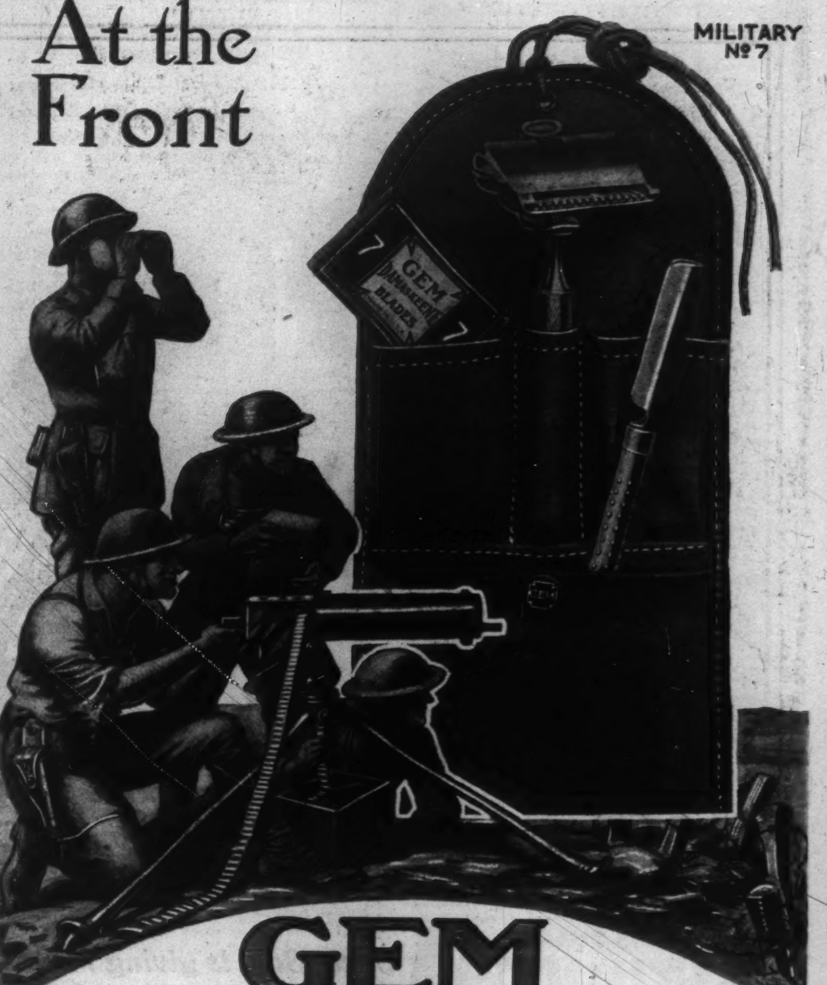

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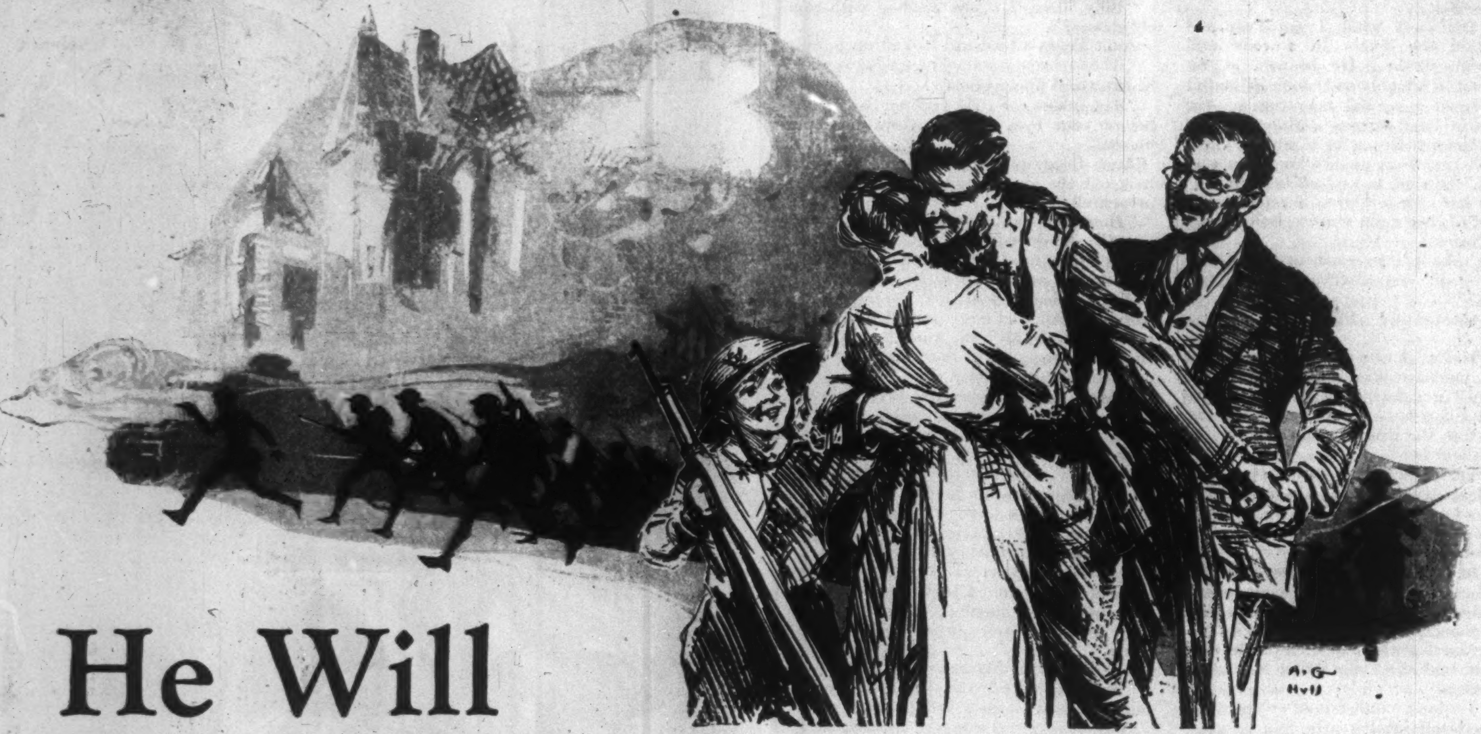

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"I Used To Be Anti-British"

— *Continued from page 28*

thing I was certain of was that I had no love for the tight little isle or its inhabitants. I had letters of introduction to various officials, high and low. Being an American I was prepared to be rebuffed, as some England-hating acquaintances had assured me would be the case. I was also prepared to resent such rebuffs, audibly and violently and to the best of my ability. I would make my stay as brief as possible for the purposes of my visit and heaven help the Englishman who attempted to patronize me or belittle America!

After my first week in London I lost one after another, and with astonishing rapidity, every one of my petty prejudices against the English. I found for one thing that beneath that sometimes irritating poise and imperturbability under all conditions, that apparent lack of interest in anything but himself, the Englishman is actually more warm-hearted and sympathetic than the average. From birth your Englishman of the upper class is taught to suppress any visible sign of emotion, whatever the stress within. Paroxysms of grief or joy, of rage or pain are vulgar and taboo. It "simply isn't done, old chap!" This is mistaken by many for an affected superciliousness, a sort of artificial superiority which grates on the nerves of the more emotional.

It has long been one of our stock amusements to observe how many of our own newly rich attempt to imitate this striking characteristic of the English and how dismally they fail. It is also one of the many things English that appealed to the Kaiser, who for years before the War insisted upon his young officers affecting an Oxford accent and poise. But this is something that is the Briton's very own. It cannot be aped successfully, for being affected, the veil will drop in an unguarded moment and reveal its artificiality and that of the wearer.

Another explanation of the Englishman's aloofness may lie in his extreme sensitiveness. The boisterous hail-fellow-well-met greeting is not part of his make-up. An Englishman does not rush up to a long absent friend, slap him on the back and yell, "Hello, you old son-of-a-gun!" To do so would scandalize all within earshot and probably shock the friend into unconsciousness. They loathe promiscuous familiarity and cover themselves with a film of reserve to discourage it.

For that reason the English did not fall on the necks of our doughboys as did the beloved and more emotional French. Yet their greeting was none the less warm for lack of the emotional pyrotechnics. They were and are to the close observer, pathetically earnest in their desire to make our boys feel at home and at the same time cling to some shreds of their traditional and unconscious reserve. They have tried to master our slang phrases without attempting to force their own somewhat quaint colloquialisms upon us; they have taken up our national game of baseball which is as weird to them as is cricket to us; and the appearance of an American soldier in the music-halls, be he officer or private, is the signal for prolonged applause. On the streets he is greeted with a friendly smile and salutation from absolute strangers, an unheard of thing before his advent. Let him ask to be directed somewhere through the maze of London streets and he will not only be told, but delivered there in person. Wherever he goes about London the American soldier is a figure of more than passing interest and the lowliest cockney taxi driver vies with the King in doing him honor and making him welcome.

A great new series, "Re-populating the Earth," by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, begins next month

The stock cry of the pro-German that we were fighting England's battles is too large a pill now for even the most rabid anti-Britisher to swallow. The monstrous crimes of the Huns against all nations, our own included, have proven that to be a treacherous lie. England has seen more than four million of her youth and brawn march away to face the Germans. Seventy per cent. of the casualties in the united British army, including Canada, India, Scotland and all her colonies, has fallen upon Englishmen.

It seems almost poetic justice that whenever German propagandists on this side of the water let loose a cloudburst of alleged justifications for the murderous madness of the Kaiser, the Huns committed some wanton, nauseating crime over there that evaporated their deadly lies with the burning sun of truth. The Kaiser always managed to keep about four jumps ahead of his alibis.

The average Englishman was wont to refer to the War as a "beastly bore" and meant just that. He was certain Germany would be soundly licked and went about the job in a rather plodding, methodical fashion with none of the spectacular dash of the French, for instance, but in a manner that was extremely comforting to his allies. There was a terrible, grim purpose in his every move, be it ever so slow and ponderous to the observer. He may not have captured a town a day, but he knew no day when he wasn't trying.

England reminds me of a huge, sluggish, heavyweight prize-fighter, moving with elephantine slowness about the ring while a lighter and faster opponent pecks futilely at his tremendous bulk. He takes punches that would floor another, with contemptuous indifference. The crowd yells to him to step in and exchange blows and he minds their cries no more than the flying gloves of his adversary. At length, weary of the mere effort of waddling about the ring, he strikes — once. And the fight is over!

THE thing that won me completely to the Briton is his splendid indifference to the unexpectedness and hazards of life. However terrible the event, it cannot disturb his mental equilibrium. To him there is nothing extraordinary, though that is the word he uses most. A lifting of the eyebrows and he is displaying wild excitement and surprise. Tell him he has lost his wealth, friends, position, health and he will remark, "Really?" with the same mild interest that he would give to your casual remark on the weather. His courage is as unquestioned as it is remarkable. Even his bitterest enemy, the Hun, grudgingly admits this. Americans who have been in action told me of scores of British officers going over the top to certain death in a hell of machine-gun fire with less trepidation than one would step into a cold bath, well in advance of their men and toying with a swagger stick, their automatics belted at their waists. There were so many cases of this and in so many instances the swagger stick was the only weapon, that a general order was issued forbidding the carrying of the swagger stick in the trenches. This is a matter of record. Foolhardy, you may call it, but it is foolhardiness that thrills the spectator as a draught of rare wine and keeps the morale of a regiment up to the fighting notch.

During the time I spent in London, the Huns paid nightly visits by airplane and dropped tons of high explosives on the city. These huge, night-flying buzzards turned Piccadilly Circus into a battlefield and made many a home a shambles of murdered women, babies and those too helpless or defiant to seek shelter. I described these air raids in a previous article for McClure's, but I think a word here on the splendid courage of the English during those ghastly nights of death and mutilation, would not be amiss. I know that this was the thing that won me forever to the British. No outsider who was there and saw, could fail to be stirred to his very soul by that calm, unwavering fearlessness with which London took its nightly descent to Hell. And Hell it was, sent by this super-fiend who would turn the world into an inferno. Bursting shrapnel that tears horribly when it does not kill, hissing bombs containing an infernal poisonous chemical that burns the flesh green and disfigures for life, streets made into trenches by a single explosion, hospitals wrecked and patients dying of shock on the operating-table — all this and more too terrible to convey by mere words, with an indescribable din and bedlam for an accompaniment.

Under this acid test, the Englishman stood up unflinchingly true to tradition. Without the glory of battle, this being killed by a bolt from the sky in one's room, club or hotel, he went about London at the height of the horror, displaying a polite interest in the flashes of fire that seared the heavens, perhaps annoyance, if forced to seek shelter from a sudden rain of shrapnel, but fear — never! If he were at cards, he finished his game; at dinner, he apologized to his guest for the water spilled on the table by the crash of the explosion. If at the theatre, he and his lady walked to the foyer and watched the greater show outside, with occasional comments on — everything but the air raid!

A very young English officer happened to be my host one evening during an air raid. As we picked our way along the Strand during a veritable hail of shrapnel, a stray bomb exploded not five hundred yards away, showering us with plate glass from nearby shop windows and rocking the very earth beneath our feet with its horrible detonation. I confess that this sudden glimpse of quick death shook my nerves considerably, though I tried to remain outwardly calm. I turned to my companion with a surreptitious glance, hoping once to catch the Briton off guard. He had not yet been to the Front, his youth having kept him out of uniform until then, so his first remark could hardly be ascribed to a battle-scarred veteran's callousness.

"I say!" he remarked with some very genuine annoyance, stopping to light the inevitable "fag." "You know it's perfectly beastly to have the Hun come over and drop his bally bombs during your first visit to London. Fancy how it's ruining your trip, this beastly noise and all that sort of thing, what?"

He was absolutely more concerned over the fact that my visit was being spoiled, than he was over the imminent danger of the next bomb removing us both from this vale of tears. I doubt if that angle occurred to him at all. Nothing could have typified England more to me than that boy's remark.

The visit of the Hun air raiders to London was looked forward to every night as some sort of sporting event and bets were made freely as to the time of their coming. Certainly Drury Lane could present no more thrilling spectacle. People laughed and joked with one another as they crowded into shelters at the ominous sound of the police sirens warning all to take cover. An hour of an inferno that would provide ample material for a modern Dante, all the peril of the battlefield without the opportunity to strike back, tumbling buildings, mangled humans dying defiantly and unafraid, a hellish din that made one certain the end of all things had come and then — quiet. The thousands tumble out of cellars and doorways, half dimmed lights spring up, the streets are now jammed with a hustling, high-spirited throng, the inevitable "Cheero!" passes back and forth; from the windows of the hotels come the strains of a very fine imitation of our jazz "music." An urchin comes sidling up with, "'Ere you are, sir, tike you where the bombs fell. Show you the 'oles for sixpence!"

London is itself again!

Well, there is your Briton seen through what were extremely prejudiced and antagonistic eyes. There was once a popular song that covers the situation for me with its title. It was called, "You Made Me Love You, I Didn't Want To Do It!" I'd like if it were possible to take all these English haters over to London during one of these air raids to see the Briton at play with death. I assure you it was an inspiring spectacle.

I HEARD a mother at Waterloo Station bid good-bye to her son — the fifth, as I gathered from a chance remark, to join the colors. She was a splendid imposing lady of perhaps the first blood in England. The boy was a bright faced, straight and clean limbed youth, who wore his uniform as though it were coronation robes. There were no tears. I caught the mother's parting injunction:

"Good-bye, my son, and remember always — be British!"

Ah! If you could have heard the proud way those words were uttered and caught the glance that passed from mother to son!

If I had spoken I would have said,

"Madame, if he does just *that*, he will have done all you could possibly ask!"

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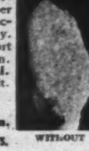

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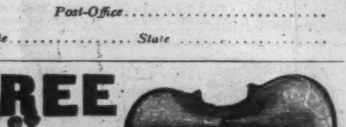

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The Great Return — *Continued from page 8*

Say what we all must against war, it is the greatest and the keenest game on earth. There is no excitement that man may ever know that is comparable with it. For the stakes are life itself.

Keyed taut to the breaking point, man plays perforce. And as the action is great, so equally great is the reaction. Nerves are drained; vitality sapped. And coming from its frenzied whirl man finds his body overwrought, his mind unstrung.

Suppose that you, after a year in a cabaret, were sent to a cloister. Suppose that you, after a year in a stock exchange, were put to matching pennies. Suppose that you, after having played in a world's series, were requested to spend the rest of your days milking cows. Multiply that by a million, and you can see what the soldier is up against.

You could do it, you think, after you got used to it? Exactly. That's just the point. *After you got used to it.*

So can the soldier—*after he gets used to it.*

The trouble is that people try to crowd him into doing it before he's got used to it. And he can't.

God knows he wants to! He tries. He tries as hard as any man can try. He does everything he knows how. But, unless a helping hand is extended to him, he is liable to fail. Because, in the first place, he himself doesn't quite know what's the matter with him. And in the second place, during any period of convalescence, mental or physical, it's pretty hard to ask a boy to be his own doctor and his own patient at the same time.

If the returned soldier came home with measles, it would all be very simple. Ambulances and automobiles would meet him at the dock; loving hands would put him to bed and administer to him; and in a week or so he would be up and around and ready to take one of the many positions that society, through the new needs of the world, and the new realization of those needs, would quickly find for him.

But because he comes back in a condition of overwrought nerves and unsettled mind, that he himself is unable to analyze, society, seeing him *looking* all right, thinks he *is* all right.

It is not that his condition is severe. It isn't. It isn't even serious. And if society will only take the trouble to understand, and the time to help the returned soldier, he'll be on his mental feet again in no time, and as up and doing as ever. In which case the whole Problem becomes solved in the beginning.

But if society will not understand and will not help, why, then . . . Even a bad cold, neglected, will develop into something worse.

THIS, then, is the crux of the whole matter: the ability of society to understand, and the willingness of society to help, the returned soldier.

First of all is this the sacred obligation of the soldier's immediate family and friends. They must bear with him. They must be patient, kind, considerate, helpful. They must expect of him no more than he willingly gives. For, by not expecting too much of him, he will give the quicker.

They must realize that he is one of those who have gone through the valley of the shadow to save the world from a thousand years of bondage. They must realize that no man can make so noble a journey, and so hard, without travail. No man can give to the world so much without giving of himself a little. Even as he went upon his journey by stages, so must he come back from that journey by degrees. And that return must be made gentle and easy.

Employers — big employers, all employers — should understand this, and appreciate it. Apparent inattention should not tell against a returned man in their employ. Perhaps his mind still wanders to Flanders' fields. Nor should seeming remissness tell against him; nor an ostensible lack of interest. Interest, attention, ambition — all these things will soon flower if the soil be fertilized of sympathy and time to heal be freely given.

Kindness, patience and understanding will quickly enable the returned soldier to readjust himself to the grooves of his former existence. Unless —

Unless he shall have grown big and fine and capable beyond!

For when the old life of peace returns to the soldier, to superimpose from the old qualities that were his upon the new ones that he has acquired from the new life of discipline, courage, valor and service, then will he have outgrown his former grooves. And he will become a new American in the new America that he has helped to save and will help to build! An America of spreading farms, of great reclamation projects, of vast factories, of ships dotting the oceans of earth, of foreign trade. And who better to aid in all these things than the Returned Soldier, born in peace, fired of war, broadened of service, mellowed by sacrifice?

Let society do its work but a hundredth part as well as the soldiers have done theirs and the great return will prove to be a Great Return indeed!

The Nice Present — *Continued from page 10*

should be taken off the car while Izzy was using it. Whereupon, of course, Izzy had to buy a new tire of his own.

Thus matters went on until each had accumulated his own private set of tires at fifty-six dollars each, and Jake was kept busy taking them off and putting them on. And the gasoline continued to be consumed at a frightful rate, while lubricating oil seemed to evaporate the moment it was poured into the car. But Solly and Izzy groaned under the burden of endless expense and realizing that it was only their hatred and envy of old Mirzoff that prevented them from throwing the automobile at his head, so to speak, said hatred and envy grew to such proportions that it soon became their ruling passion.

Solly had learned to drive fairly well. It chanced, one day, that Jake succumbed to an attack of mumps and sent word that he would be unable to work for a week. It was Izzy's turn to use the car and, with two friends, he had planned an outing which he disliked to postpone. They had arranged a fishing trip and Izzy had agreed to take them in the car to the pier opposite Hell Gate where the boat was moored. The garage could offer no other chauffeur to take Jake's place. In his extremity, Izzy telephoned to Solly and, in his sweetest tones, asked him to drive the car.

"You don't have to bring us back," he said. "We can come back by trolley. I wouldn't bother you only I promised them fellows and they're good customers, so I hate to disappoint them."

SOLLY grumblingly consented. Izzy sat on the seat beside him while the two guests sat in the tonneau. It being Izzy's day for using the car, Solly drove somewhat fast.

"D'ye mind getting off'n the car tracks?" asked Izzy. "It cuts the tires."

"The asphalt is full of holes," said Solly gruffly.

"But you don't feel them if you drive slow," said Izzy. "I found that them tires last twice as long if you drive slow."

"I'm sick and tired of the whole business," declared Solly. "If it wasn't for that gonif, Mirzoff, I'd leave the car standing in the street and never touch it again."

"Me, too," said Izzy. "Only he'd get hold of it and it's worth a thousand dollars if it's worth a cent."

"I betcha that fella Jake drinks the gasoline out of the tank," continued Solly. "It's just one darn expense after another."

When they reached the pier Izzy and his two friends alighted and walked out to the end where the motor-boat lay. It was one of the old, ramshackle piers in sad need of repair and tilted to one side from uneven use.

Izzy, in a sudden burst of generosity, turned back to the car.

"Say," he cried, "maybe you'd like to go fishing with us."

Solly hesitated for a moment and then, putting on the emergency brake, descended from the car.

"I get seasick easy," he said as he walked toward Izzy. "What kind of a boat have you got?"

"Look out!" shouted Izzy suddenly, running toward him and pointing. Solly turned his head quickly. He had evidently not pulled the brake tight enough. The car was moving down a gentle incline toward the side of the pier. Izzy, running toward the car, had come abreast of Solly who seized him by the arm.

"Wait!" Solly whispered. He looked quickly around. Izzy's friends had disappeared on board the boat. There was no one else in sight. The car was gathering momentum.

"If you want to stop it," Solly whispered fiercely in the other's ear, "stop it! I wouldn't touch it."

Izzy gazed at him. Admiration and awe stood plainly depicted upon his countenance.

"Say, I got to hand it to you!" he exclaimed. "You certainly are a quick thinker!"

The car rushed toward the edge of the pier. The string-piece was low and loose. There was a loud bump — the car recoiled a foot or so, came on again and climbing slowly over the string-piece, splashed into the river and disappeared from sight.

For a moment the two men gazed blankly at the spot where a moment before the car had stood. Then, turning to each other and grinning broadly, they shook hands.

"To hell with automobiles!" exclaimed Solly.

"And with Mirzoff, too!" added Izzy.

A watchman who came to the pier a few minutes later found them both gazing over the edge of the pier. When they explained to him what had happened, his jaw fell.

"Holy smoke!" he cried. "You'll never get her out o' that unless you grapple for her right away. This is the swiftest part of the river. The current'll have your car way up the river in an hour or two."

Izzy shrugged his shoulders.

"We should worry!" he said.

Solly went fishing with the party. He was in high spirits and each time his eyes met Izzy's they both smiled. They had become "glad" with each other at last. On the way home they stopped and had a drink together. A dozen times Solly recited how the thought of letting the automobile perish of its own volition had come to him and each time Izzy expressed his admiration. Having now something in common — a secret which they agreed had better never be divulged — the *entente cordiale* was established upon a firm basis.

That night Solly called Izzy on the telephone.

"What d'ye want?" asked Izzy gruffly.

"Say, what are you so snappy about?" responded Solly. "Just wait 'til I tell you something and you'll have an excuse for being grouchy."

"Well, what is it?" came the surly rejoinder.

"I just seen Jake," explained Solly. "I told him about the auto. His face is swelled up like two balloons."

"Well, what about it?"

Solly paused for a moment as if he were swallowing something. Then:

"Jake says the car was insured," said he, "in Mirzoff's name. He'll get fifteen hundred dollars."

There was a long silence.

"Did you hear what I said?" asked Solly.

"I heard you all right," said Izzy. "But I ain't worrying about Mirzoff. That gold spectacle case what the boys gave me — 18 karat — and I betcha it didn't cost a cent under a hundred — it was in the car — in the side-pocket!"

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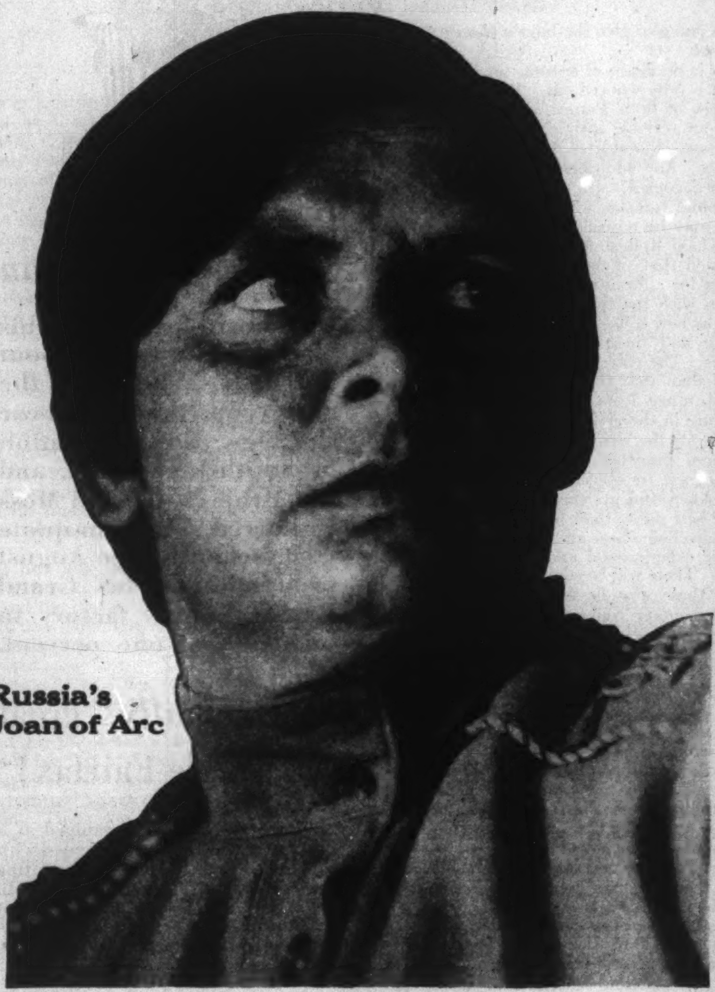

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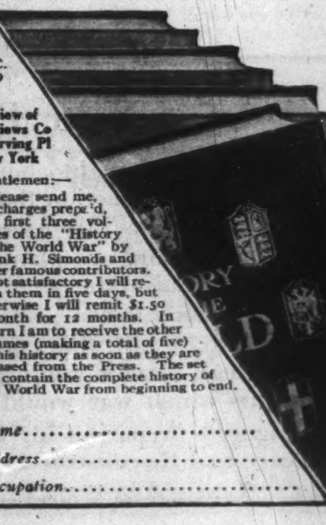

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When Johnny Comes Marching Home

[*Continued from page 20*]

Indoor clerks find they like the open air so well they must be farmers — scientific agriculturists, of course. Farmers' boys want to be — not indoor clerks, but great scientists, great magnates, perhaps. The great flux and change which everyone prophesied for after the War began before war's clamor was still. The new American university matriculated its first classes with bombs bursting in air.

Until the War ended, education, definitely organized, existed only here and there — classes in reading and the elements for the foreigners and the illiterates and special work for technical branches of the service. But as the firing ceased and the long process of repatriation and demobilization began, the full import of what was being done for the American forces was seen. The College in Khaki will really open its first term.

THE length of time which it will take to bring the boys home is still debatable. In a vast disorganized region like Central Europe (late Mittel-Europa) there will be need of policing for some time to come. Then, too, perhaps before we say good-bye to France we may want to lend a friendly hand in her rebuilding. We might like to take the trowel and lay a few stones in Belgium. And besides, the supply of ships will not be what it was to bring the American armies over. That first transportation of our millions was made possible by England's supreme sacrifice of her tonnage. She cannot do that again — and indeed the food not only for England but for all Europe must be carried across the Atlantic, even if our boys' homecoming is delayed. And, too, if they all came home together the avenues of return to civilian life would become terribly congested. Just how long the armies will stay in France will not be prophesied here. Some time ago it was said that Britain, which has only the Channel to deal with, would not get all her men back for two years after the signing of peace. Any one who likes can make his own estimate for the American army on this basis.

When he has eliminated fighting the Hun the American soldier will have a considerable margin of leisure. And one of the first ways of utilizing it is to do whatever is necessary to put him, in his civilian career, even with the man who did not go overseas but at home held his position and probably bettered it. The popular feeling of justice would be that the boy who has risked his life abroad should be put more than even with his fellow who kept the home fires burning.

But this must not be trusted to emotion — we must not believe that the soldiers are going to be given all the good jobs just because they are soldiers. Nor indeed will they want to depend on any such half-charitable feeling. We want no such spectacle as the old wars bore in their train of ex-soldiers drifting for the rest of their lives on the uncertain current of civilian kindness. When Johnny comes marching home we want him to be a better man physically, mentally, morally than when he went away. We want his greatest achievements to be in his future, not in his past. We are determined that sailing away to the wars shall be a finer thing than it has ever been in the history of the world. So we are going to give the boys a chance to go to school.

This is no figure of speech, no joke. The project is fully worked out. The educational resources of both France and England will be at our service, their equipment of classrooms and laboratories, their libraries, their teachers. And additional equipment, books, and pedagogues, will take a considerable east-bound tonnage for some time to come. There may be no college yell, but there will be a Khaki Kollege for all that — it is to be presumed that in deference to our national passion for alliterative misspelling it will be written with the two K's.

In the new college, Greek will not be compulsory and there will be mostly elective courses. The curriculum will be wider, more varied than that of any present institution. It will range from bee-keeping to French literature in the eighteenth century. It will include all the elementary and most of the advanced branches. Special subjects may be assigned to special districts and camps and soldier students transferred to whatever center best meets their needs. There will be camp machine-shops and laboratories. There will be experimental and intensive cultural farms. There will be courses given in French — for those who have already profited by the elementary courses in that language — in the universities of France. It is not impossible that men specially qualified — and specially eager for the chance — may be detached for study in the great English universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Education, one may indeed say, will be made varied, gay, agreeable as it rarely has been before, a kind of combination of the ordinary college course and the grand tour which was once the privilege of great lords and princes, and is now to be the right of every simple, gallant American doughboy.

Now that the rockets' red glare has died down there are many ways of judging a war and the ends it has served. One of the eminent psychologists who had charge of the "sorting out" of the drafts, rejecting defectives and classifying the others, recently made the startling statement that the opportunity for wide study and for the collection of statistics on such a gigantic scale meant so much to future scientific work for the mentally disturbed, the insane and the criminal, that, in his judgment, it alone was worth to America all that the War had cost!

IT takes all the courage of most of us, all the fervor of our patriotism to strike any balance that can control the loss of those lads who will not come back. They, indeed, we must always feel, were the flower of America, dying that from a richer soil still fairer flowers of freedom may spring. Yet they would tell us, if they could, that the boys who are to come home are as brave and as true as those who eternally stay behind. These who return are the land's future and its blessing. And let no one fear that books and study will send us home a highbrow army — only an army which has already enlisted for its career in peace. It has looted Europe only of experience and wisdom. Its booty is bright hopes for a newer, better world. And the more education it can pack to bring home, the better for America.

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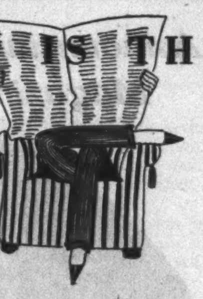

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Not Taps—But Reveille

by Robert Gordon Anderson

In Memoriam — Lieutenant W. L. M.

IT was a little house on a plain street. Yet as I entered the gate to-night I closed it gently, reverently, for I suddenly realized that the little house had the dignity of a great mansion, the majesty of a royal palace.

A messenger had entered that gate four days before. He was only a little boy in the blue of a messenger boy's uniform, loitering along the sidewalk and whistling as he went, so little realizing the import of the message he carried — that message which had been brought to so many homes by so many messengers throughout the ages.

Whistling still, he looked at the number on the house, below the stars and stripes and the service flag, and then at the address on the envelope he bore.

A girl answered the bell. Trembling, she opened the yellow envelope. The typewritten words gave the name of an aviation camp in the far-off south and the news that a boy had fallen to his death a few hours before.

It was her only brother and she blindly groped her way up the stairs to the widowed mother and the two younger sisters who had not heard the messenger enter.

And the lights burned all that night in the little house.

Three days later a flag-covered form had been tenderly carried across the threshold for the last time.

All that day the presence of the boy seemed to be with me. It was not because Death had brought to him that dignity which the Great Adventure brings even to a mean life at its end. There was no glory there that had not been there before.

This young lieutenant who gave his life for his country needed no idealization. He had all the graces of the youths of whom the old pagans used to say: "Whom the Gods love die young."

But better even than this beautiful proverb of the cultured Greeks was the old colored mammy's reply to her mistress mourning over the young soldier.

"Why should such a noble life be taken and the others left?" was the anguished question.

And the old colored woman with that childlike faith which is the greatest of all had answered:

"We always pick the beautiful flowers."

It might have served as an epitaph for the young soldier — his spirit was as beautiful as it was heroic.

Picture after picture flashes before me. The summer days when he rose at five and ran for the tennis courts for an hour of tennis before the day's work, his laugh ringing out as the golden sun's rim came up over the buildings that walled the court. Somehow he and the sun were always "pals."

And then his keen, vital interest in his job — real estate. The building of homes, the selling of lots, the management of the office — all of the day's work was just as much of a game, a keen honest game, to him as the tennis at dawn.

And dances, too. Many an evening we have seen him, and very handsome in his evening clothes he looked — slender, and erect, with a spring in his step, and a chuckle in his voice that echoed the gleam in his brown eye.

Yes, he was debonair and handsome, and the girls and older women, too, couldn't help turning their heads to look after him when he passed.

But the most of his attentions were showered on his three sisters, and his widowed mother. "Mother o' Mine" he called her — that brave Christian gentlewoman with the prematurely white hair and from whom he inherited those brown eyes and so much of his bright personality. Laughingly he used to say he was cut out for a bachelor, but those who knew him best always believed the jest covered a vow he had made deep in his heart always to look after that mother and the three fatherless girls, all younger than he.

Since the Great War has come home to us, there has been a spiritual quickening in our young men. But even in the days before 1917 when Youth thought of little but sports and dances and theater-parties and automobiles, he was a Christian gentleman. The boys called him "white clean through," but isn't that after all only their unconscious definition of a Christian gentleman?

No, Death has not brought a glory to this young life that was not his before. It is easy to realize it now. It had been just as with the sunshine, which warms us as we go about our daily tasks. We think of its beneficent golden presence, only once in a while — until it is gone. The sunshine of his beautiful spirit had been with us all the while, although we did not realize its full beauty until taken from us.

And so the gate closed behind me and I ascended the stairs to the little room where the mother sat with a letter in her lap, the one he had written when he had enlisted.

AS I clasped her hand in mine I tried to tell her — haltingly, for her grief almost blinded my own eyes and choked my voice — of the comforting things I had thought of in the bright daylight. She was more blessed than most mothers, twenty-six years of his useful, beautiful life had been hers, and now he had fallen in the service of his country. Many things I told her, the old, old truths that have been so often uttered in the homes of sorrow and which, at least this time, were all so true.

Then she asked me to read the letter which she had held all that day, almost as if the envelope contained the very spirit of her boy. When I read it aloud, as she asked me to do, I found in it a greater truth than any I could utter.

It was dated in June, written while he was away from home and just after he had volunteered, and in phrases which, for all their boyishness or perhaps because of it, were beautiful, told of the reasons why he had offered his life for his country.

It was rather for the world he offered his life, for he said so much was at stake in this struggle — that it was for the whole future of the human race. Such phrases are impressive in a newspaper editorial, but how sublime they become when penned by a boy who backed them up with his life.

Toward the end I found in this phrase a key to all this life of ours and the life beyond:

"We know, Mother, that Death is but the door to something infinitely better."

The wise men of the ages could have said nothing more. Reverently I placed the letter in her lap and left her. And if I had ever doubted, I would have found faith now, that the brave-hearted boy had really not left us. The bright eye might have been dimmed, the merry voice stilled, when at the grave this afternoon those rifle volleys woke the echoes of the Jersey hills, and the bugler played the last beautiful call beside the flag-draped form before it was forever hidden from our mortal eyes, but somewhere in that infinitely better life he wrote about and in the hearts of all who ever knew him, his spirit still lives.

. . . .

Blow again, bugle, blow once more! Not the sorrowing notes of Taps with which we laid him to rest, but the glorious notes of a diviner Reveille for one who wakes to see the Sun, for one who faces the Morning!

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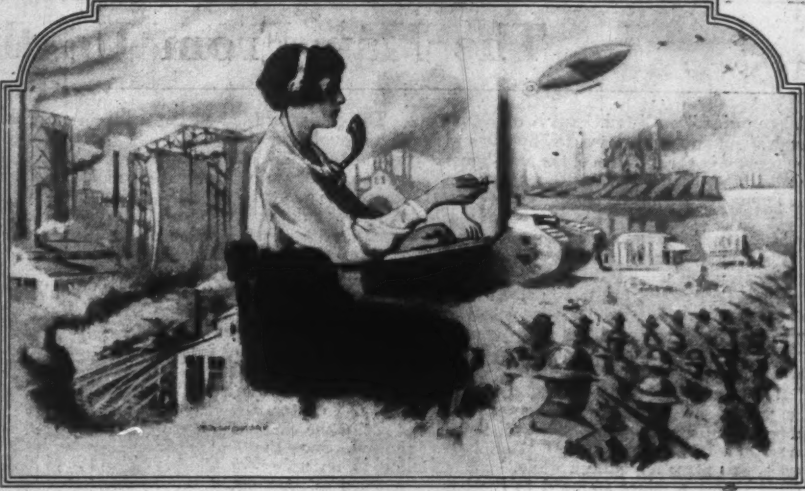

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The Man From Up the Creek

— *Continued from page 27*

"A late spring," predicted the men of Kavanaugh's Landing, as they worked by day and congregated in the barroom of the road-house by night to talk of the War. Each day the sun swung higher above the hills and with the first softening snow Jim Marvin threw the last shovelful of gravel upon his dump.

"I'm done," he announced, as he stepped into Kavanaugh's. "I don't know who'll sluice out that dump, but it won't be me — not this spring. I'll jest loaf down to the big river an' hang round till she starts to break up, then I'll come back an' we kin all make the first boat fer White Horse."

"If you see Old Man Haines down to Selkirk, you might kind o' drop the word that mebbe, if the price is right, I might sell, now," Kavanaugh said thoughtfully. "He's be'n wantin' this place fer quite a while."

After supper a miner stamped to the bar and threw down a piece of gold. "No more gougin' gravel fer mine," he announced, as he poured his drink. "I sold my dump 'sight 'n unseen,' jest as she stands."

"Me, too," said another.

The room was rapidly filling. Kavanaugh glanced at Cantrill, who was shoving stacks of chips across the table and stepped to his side.

"Jest a minute," he said, smoothly. "Did you boys git a good price?"

Cantrill frowned, and one of the men answered, "Naw, I didn't, but I'm a-goin' to 'list anyhow, so what I got is jest so much velvet."

"That's the way I figger," assented the other who had sold.

"Who bought you out?"

"Cantrill, here."

Kavanaugh glanced at the gambler. "So, now, yer goin' to start in an' git yer money back?" he asked. "Bought any more of 'em?"

Cantrill shook his head. Kavanaugh stepped back and addressed the room. "Listen here, boys. Of course yer claims are yourn; an' you kin do as you please with 'em, but if I was you, I wouldn't be in no hurry to git rid of 'em. You kin take it from me, that any one that enlists won't lose nothin' by it. This here Government uses men square — an' you kin bet yer last blue one that it won't stand fer any one jumpin' no soldier's claim, while he's over fightin' them Dutchmen. If you need money, or want to git rid of yer claim, I'll buy it an' pay you what it's worth. What's more, when you git back, I'll guarantee to sell it back to you at the same figger, if you want it. I'll go one better'n that; if I don't come back — if them Germans git me — you keep the money an' the claim, too."

"What you always nickin' at me fer?" whined Cantrill, when the hubbub that greeted the proprietor's announcement had subsided. "Ain't I always used you right?"

"You have," answered Kavanaugh, evenly, "an' there's be'n a damned good reason. An' I'm a-goin' to nick you again! Put up them chips, you skunk! As fer as you're concerned, gamblin' in this room is closed."

IV

"WANT to take a little walk?" asked the doctor, as he stepped into Kavanaugh's one morning when signs of spring foretold the approaching break-up of the big river.

"Sure. Where to?"

"It won't be long, now, till we're pulling out of here, and I thought I'd like to slip up and see how it is with the Man from up the Creek. I bet he'll grab the chance to go with us."

Kavanaugh shook his head. "No, he won't go with us."

"Why?"

"'Cause when he was down here last time the boys got him wrong. We was invitin' ourselves to a little enlistment party, an' he wouldn't come."

"But, man! He —"

"Sure, I know. But, the boys didn't git him right — no one but me an' Cantrill."

"He was too damned yellow to enlist," said the gambler, looking up from his everlasting solitaire.

The doctor whirled on him with an oath. Kavanaugh laughed.

"Yes, me an' Cantrill, we know'd he'd got to take care of himself that night. We know'd he was waitin' fer you, an' some one's life prob'ly depended on his gittin' you back somewheres.' So Cantrill tried to cover up his own yellow by accusin' him of bein' yellow, an' callin' him a coward."

The gambler sprang to his feet. "You're a —"

"Say it, Cantrill, an' I'll kill you."

The man sank back into his chair sullenly, as the two men passed out the door.

It was some time later, when Kavanaugh and the doctor, rounding a bend, came in sight of the cabin which was their goal, and halted. Snow that had fallen ten days before lay in an unbroken blanket of white that reached to the door.

Neither man spoke. In silence they moved toward the cabin, pausing for a moment beside a low white mound surrounded by a barrier of logs. Very awkwardly Kavanaugh removed his cap, and the doctor turned swiftly away. Without a word both stepped from their snowshoes before the door of the cabin.

"Gosh! Doc, I hate to open that door. D'you s'pose he's — ?"

The doctor shook his head: "No. Pneumonia, maybe, after the strain he's been through, but not *that*. He was different stuff."

Together they entered the room. It was empty.

"Just as she would have left it," murmured the doctor, as his glance took in the scrubbed floor, the white coverlet upon the bed, the dishes washed and put away upon their shelves, and the orderly array of pots and pans. A row of feminine garments depended from pegs set into the wall, and from beneath the edge of the bed coverlet peeped the toes of a row of women's shoes.

Kavanaugh crossed to the table. "He's beat us to it," he said, as he extended a scrap of paper. "Must of crossed the divide an' gone out by the Salmon."

"What does it say?" asked the doctor, with his eyes upon a tiny shirt of the softest wool that hung at the end of the row.

"It says: 'Owner in France.' That's all."

It was dark in the front line trench. Sergeant Kavanaugh and Jim Marvin, veterans of a hundred engagements, stood side by side upon the fire-step and peered into No Man's Land. In the bright flare of a star shell the wire stood out distinctly revealing to practised eyes the lanes that had been cut by a wiring party earlier in the night. The spiteful put, put, put of a Boche machine-gun sounded far to the right.

"Boys comin' in off a listenin' post," grunted Kavanaugh. "It won't be long now till the music starts." He glanced at the illuminated dial of his wrist watch. The machine-gun ceased firing and in the silence that followed the low man-sounds of the trench were distinctly audible, the soft click of metal as a man shifted his position, a slight cough here, and a clearing of a throat farther on. Of the nineteen men who had volunteered from Kavanaugh's Landing, only these two were together. Some had "gone west," others had been returned to Canada "physically unfit for further war service," and a few had been transferred to other units. Two and one-half years see many changes in trench-land.

"Listen at 'em cough," grinned Marvin. "You'd think we was in a con ward. What makes 'em do like that?"

Sergeant Kavanaugh returned the grin. "Same thing made us do it a couple years ago. Them replacements is mostly rookies. Say, who d'you think I seen last evenin'?"

An officer picking his way along the duck boards paused, whispered to Kavanaugh, and passed on.

"Who?" asked Marvin, as the officer disappeared.

"Cantrill. Guess the draft caught him. Looked kind of peaked an' scairt. He seen me an' started over to say somethin', but I ducked off."

"Damn pup!" growled Marvin. "Hadn't be'n fer him an' that — —— from up the crick, the camp would of enlisted a hundred per cent. solid."

"You boys got that bird wrong. Me an' Doc slipped up to see him an' —"

A BRIGHT flare lighted the sky and before it had died away the crash and roar of a thousand guns broke loose from behind the lines. In the trench the air vibrated with the crash of mighty sound as the English and Canadian artillery hurled tons of steel against the Boche front line.

"That'll git their wire," shouted Kavanaugh with his lips against Marvin's ear. "When it lifts to their batteries, over we go, an' give it to 'em cold. Fritz ain't got no guts fer the bayonet — an' mind you — like we done before — over the front line an' ketch 'em in the second an' third."

Marvin tightened his belt. "It's gittin' light," he yelled.

Kavanaugh nodded. "Fifteen minutes yet." He bit the corner from a plug of tobacco.

Daylight lifted the pall of obscurity from No Man's Land. "Their wire's gone to hell!" Kavanaugh spat delightedly.

"Look, the fourth man down the line!" cried Marvin. The sergeant glanced in the direction indicated and saw Cantrill standing rigid with set face and wide staring eyes. His rifle was gripped in both hands. The German batteries were replying and shells of all calibres were bursting close.

"When do we go?" screamed a recruit in Kavanaugh's ear.

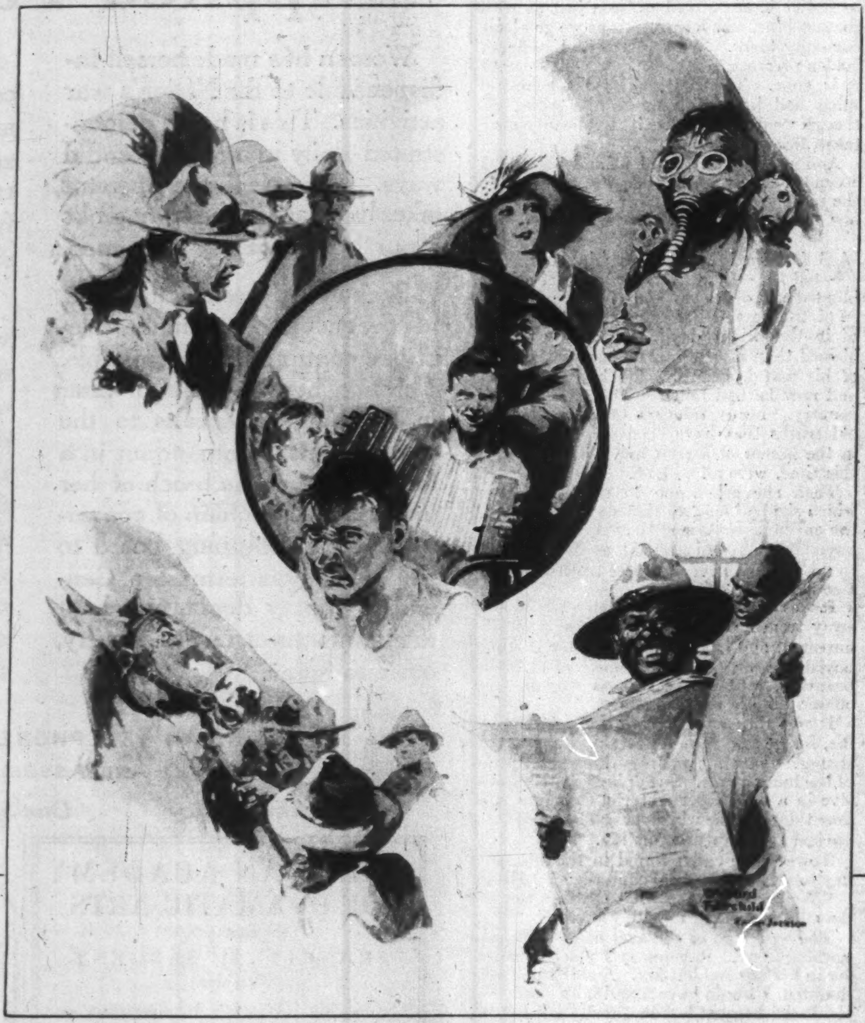
"Steady, son. This strafin' is the worst part of it. Five minutes more an' you'll be spearin' Huns. When you feel one wiggle on the end of yer gun, jerk it out an' git you another."

Suddenly the barrage lifted and swept the enemy battery positions.

With a yell, the men leaped from the fire-step and a moment later the parapet was alive with khaki-clad men who charged out through the wire-lanes and, running, leaping, yelling, cursing, swarmed out over the shell-pocked reach of No Man's Land.

With twenty men at his heels, Kavanaugh leaped the enemy first line trench. Rifle and machine-gun fire blended with the roar of the artillery. The men in khaki were leaping into the trench by the hundreds, their fixed bayonets a wall of bristling steel. Kavanaugh carried on to the second. A machine-gun crew got their range. Several men went down, but the rest followed on. Other squads of Canadians had crossed the first trench and were diving into the second. Grenades were exploding and the trench was a writhing mass of men.

"Ketch 'em in the [*Continued on page 50*]



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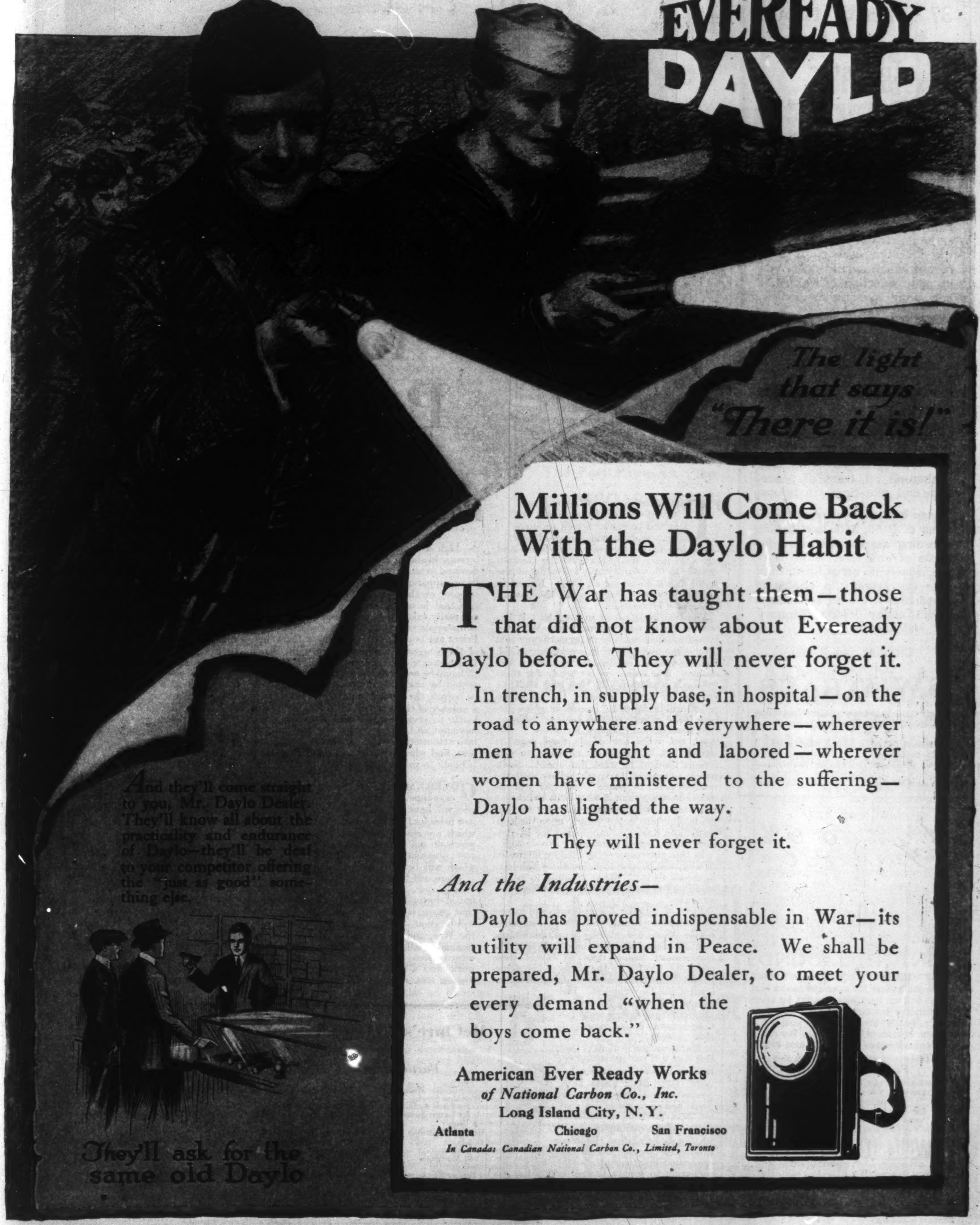
The fellow who never went to camp — particularly a Southern camp — has much to regret. But the boy who served recalls, with smiles now, the pack he had to carry; how his best girl always came, to his sorrow, at gas-mask testing hour; the jazz noise that almost drove him mad; the steed he never could mount; and last but not least, the sunny faces of the negroes who showed their ivories the day peace was declared. Oh, yes, it was a great life!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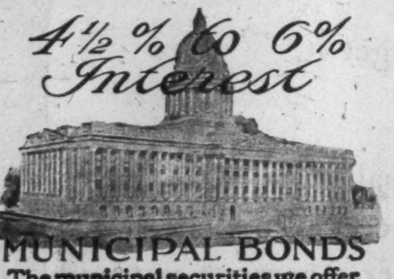

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This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of ten cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. A very attractive library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

Buying for Peace

by

Paul Tomlinson

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made for this special service. The Financial and Insurance Department cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44thSt., New York.

THE War is over. When Germany signed the armistice terms she agreed to render herself so impotent that it will be absolutely impossible for her to renew hostilities. And when the peace treaty is signed the German menace to the security and well-being of the world will be ended for all time. Kaiserism and kultur will no longer oppose the onward progress of civilization.

The War has gone on so long that it has become almost a part of our lives. We have thought almost entirely in terms of war and been influenced by war in everything we did. But the War is over, and all conditions will change. The sooner we get ready for these changed conditions the less we shall be affected by them, the easier the transition period will be for us. "In time of peace prepare for war," can well be changed to read, "In time of war prepare for peace." We must not relax our efforts until peace is signed, but it can do us no harm to give serious thought to what lies ahead. Some people competent to speak believe that the readjustment to peace conditions will be more upsetting than it was for us to get on a war basis. We prepared ourselves for war gradually, but peace comes upon us suddenly, and if we are unprepared for it, it is sure to be very disturbing.

In this discussion we are chiefly interested in what will happen to industries which have securities to sell. What is going to be the condition of those industries—and of their securities?

First of all, the Government will cancel the contracts it has with those companies whose plants are making guns, munitions, and all goods essential only to war. The Government has a right to cancel these contracts, though by the terms of the agreements the manufacturers have certain claims against the Government. The claims will be paid, of course, but collecting money from the Government is notoriously a slow process.

Many people will say that this fact will not prove embarrassing to the companies because they have made large profits out of their war business, and can afford to wait for their claims to be adjusted; they will have ample money to carry them over the non-productive period when they are remodeling their plants and preparing to supply the needs of peace. But remember that the Government has taken back a large part of the profits in the form of taxes. Moreover, the high cost of labor and materials and the increase in almost every other form of expense, demand so much capital that even when profits are apparently very large they are needed to carry on the business. Furthermore, it is said that in many instances these profits do not really exist; they are based on the value of materials valued at present market prices. Prices are bound to go down, and the value of these materials will go down with them. Profits may disappear automatically. Profits, it should be remembered, are not always represented by cash. Many companies will have to borrow the money to pay their taxes, and a number of them are likely to find the banks loathe to advance it to them. Some concerns have put all their spare earnings and surplus into extensions for the handling of war business, and when peace comes this investment is likely to prove unprofitable.

GOVERNMENTS are the big customers in war-time. When they stop buying, business will have to look for new customers, and new fields for their operations. The companies which are ready to supply what is wanted, which do not have to make over their plants and organizations are naturally the ones which will be in the strongest position.

There will be lots of work to do now the War is over. Operations suspended or postponed during hostilities will be resumed now that peace is here. The demand for labor will be great, though not as great as during the War, and moreover, the price of labor gradually will go down. Millions of men will return from the battle-fronts looking for work, and a considerable percentage of the women now working will continue to work. Labor will be plentiful, and the law of supply and demand largely determines its price, as it does the price of everything else.

The demand for materials will also be great, certain kinds of materials in particular. America's production of copper, for instance, has been almost entirely devoted to war uses, which means that it has been destroyed. Practically all of it has been blown away in munitions, and copper will be in great demand in the reconstruction. Copper companies will be able to produce more cheaply when peace comes, and should do well, in spite of the fact that the price of the metal is likely to decline.

The securities of equipment companies should be good investments. The demand for equipment seems certain to continue for a number of years; locomotives, cars, and, of course, all that goes into their manufacture, will be needed, and the companies which are in a position to supply these needs should prosper.

The tobacco business is growing rapidly, and the consumption of tobacco will doubtless increase steadily all the time. But in peace times it seems likely that the tobacco companies can show a greater profit, and, therefore, it may be well to add this class of securities to those which will benefit by the ending of the War.

Certain fertilizer companies will certainly not be affected adversely by peace. Our farmers every year are learning more scientific methods of raising their crops, and the importance of fertilizers is being more and more appreciated. This class of concerns is not so dependent on Germany for their potash as formerly, and the prejudice against all things German will lessen the chances of that country's being able to compete actively for years to come. Moreover, our increased ocean tonnage brings the nitrate fields of South America within easier reach, while the resources of our own country in this line are also being worked more extensively than ever before.

Oil stocks are regarded by many people as offering the most attractive possibilities of all. Companies producing fuel oil are particularly well regarded. Oil as a fuel will undoubtedly be used more and more in place of coal; in fact, the extent of its consumption may be almost revolutionary. Companies producing other kinds of oil should also do well. There is, however, hardly any field where the chances for unscrupulous promoters to gather in unsuspecting victims are so bright. Fortunes

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have been made overnight in oil ventures, but that does not mean that all oil companies are fortune makers. Remember that you are interested in bettering yourself, not some glib salesman, and especial care should be exercised in the selection of investments in oil concerns.

The production of automobiles has been curtailed, and a shortage of them has developed. Recently, however, a ruling has been made which allows motor companies to resume commercial operations to the extent of 75% of their annual output. The demand for automobiles is great, and motor companies which can pass through the readjustment period safely should reap a substantial benefit.

Railroad securities are selling far below the levels of former years; the stocks, for one reason, because the dividend rate is fixed and the speculative element, is therefore, absent. Also — and this applies both to the stocks and bonds — because interest rates are high now and securities must yield more than formerly in order to make them attractive. Many investors see in railroad securities, however, good prospects for the future. In fact, they have in many instances already responded to peace.

When Government loans are offered less freely, municipal bonds will be relieved from much of the competition which has affected them, and for this reason have a better chance of selling near their former price levels. Municipal bonds usually rank next to Government loans in point of attractiveness as safe investments.

It is entirely possible that the security markets may not immediately show the favorable response to peace news that many people have been led to expect. But this does not mean that certain securities do not possess intrinsic value which will eventually be reflected in higher prices. There are numerous elements which affect the market price of stocks and bonds, and one of the most important is the ability of brokers to borrow money. When money is cheap and plentiful it is easy for the so-called professional buyers to get credit, and on the basis of this credit to purchase securities. On the other hand, when it is hard to get credit, these professionals are automatically kept out of the securities market, at least to a large extent. The demand is therefore reduced in proportion, and prices do not go up as fast as they would otherwise; in fact, they are very likely to go down.

The general opinion is that the Government will do all it can to discourage any sudden advance in the price of securities, and thus prevent the wave of speculation and inflation which would be almost certain to follow in its wake. And because the Government practically controls the money supply it can exercise control over credit very effectually.

But if you choose your investment carefully, pay for it in full, and keep your head, even if it goes a few points below the price you paid, it seems entirely reasonable that you will reap your reward. No thinking man can possibly be pessimistic about the future of the United States of America.

Of course, no one can predict with certainty what will happen now the War is over, and general statements are not always exact. At the same time, it seems probable that the securities of the class of companies I have mentioned would bear watching. For details and the names of particular companies the old rule, "consult your banker," is the safest one to follow.

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The Man From Up the Creek

[*Continued from page 46*]

next one," roared Kavanaugh, as he leaped the trench.

But there was no next. A short distance behind the second line trench, the ground fell away rapidly in a broad depression or swale in which small parties of Huns were milling about in apparent confusion. To the right and to the left the communication trenches were spewing Boches into the swale. Among those who emerged from the trenches there was no confusion; with a ludicrous singleness of purpose they streaked it on the double for the shelter of a wood beyond. Waves of Canadians had crossed the trenches and were swarming over the ridge. Kavanaugh, with the dozen men who had escaped the machine-gun fire, plunged down the slope. The machine-guns that had got their range were firing from a thicket on a steep rise four hundred yards to the right.

With a yell, Kavanaugh charged into a squad of Huns. Little it mattered to him that he was out-numbered two to one. In a moment the little band was surrounded by gray forms. The machine-guns ceased firing, but Kavanaugh and his men fought on. Sweat glistened on their faces as they struck, and jabbed, and parried, and thrust. Out of the tail of his eye the sergeant saw that the Canadians who swarmed over the ridge were falling upon the gray lines emerging from the communication trenches. There were only six men with him, now, and only nine of the Huns. The fighting was hand to hand with bayonets and clubbed guns.

FOR some time Kavanaugh had known that the figure who fought at his shoulder was Cantrill. The man was fighting like a demon.

"Damn you, yer a man!" panted Kavanaugh, as he parried a vicious lunge.

Cantrill laughed, and thrust at an exposed throat. "Look," he managed to gasp.

A machine-gun opened up close at hand, and Kavanaugh saw that the fight had carried almost to the base of the rise; saw, also, a lone khaki-clad figure crawl from a shell-hole half way up the elevation and slip into the copse behind the gun.

"Turn around and give 'em hell!" Again the voice of Cantrill sounded, as from afar.

Kavanaugh whirled. Twenty-five or thirty Germans were charging straight at them. There were only four men with Kavanaugh, now—and all wounded.

Of their adversaries, also, only four remained, and they, too, caught sight of the advancing Germans. One, a huge Prussian, threw down his gun and raised his arms, the others followed his example. "*Kamerad!*"

"*Kamerad*, hell!" roared Kavanaugh, furious at the flimsy trick.

And the feel of the thrust was good as the point of his bayonet bit deep into the huge chest. Marvin got another, and the remaining two fled. Facing about, Marvin and the two others grimly awaited the German charge. The Huns were not shooting. Clearly they expected four easy prisoners. Kavanaugh glanced about for Cantrill. He was nowhere in sight. Suddenly the machine-gun was silenced. Then came the sharp crack of a revolver. Kavanaugh glanced upward in time to see a figure in khaki, the one he had seen slip into the copse a few moments before, hurl his revolver into the face of a gunner. The man reeled as the revolver bounced from his helmet, but recovered himself, and with his remaining companions, lunged toward the lone figure. Then it was that Kavanaugh saw Cantrill scrambling up the hill. As the three gunners threw themselves upon their assailant, Cantrill topped the rise. There was a blur of khaki and gray, and the sergeant whirled to the sound of trampling feet. The onrushing Huns were within seventy yards—fifty.

Kavanaugh gripped his rifle and waited, picking his man. Once again, above them a machine-gun roared. Put, put, put. Kavanaugh stared in surprise. The Huns were falling down, stumbling and crumpling as dead men crumple, and those behind were tripping over their bodies. The charge wavered, halted, while men continued to fall. The next moment they were dashing for the wood, while from the top of the rise, sounded the steady put, put, put, of the machine-gun.

Marvin gripped the sergeant by the shoulder and spun him around.

"Their own gun done it!" he cried, in amazement.

"Come on," answered Kavanaugh with a grin. "Le's go up."

They scrambled to the top to find Cantrill binding up the shoulder of the lone raider. Kavanaugh unslung his canteen and held it to the man's lips. He opened his eyes and the sergeant stared. Surely he had seen this man before, but he could not place him.

The man's eyes rested for a moment on Cantrill, and he struggled to his feet.

A V-shaped scar glowed red upon his bloodless forehead.

"Damn you, Cantrill, I ought to kill you!" he muttered weakly. Then his lips twisted into a smile, as he extended his hand. "Put her there!" he muttered, and sagged into Marvin's arms.

"God!" gasped Kavanaugh.

"It's—it's the Man from up the Creek!" yelled Marvin. "You fightin' son of a gun!"

The tide of battle had surged far to the left and beyond. Men bearing stretchers were hastening here and there.

"Come on," said the sergeant, "le's git these birds to the horspital. I guess, now, there's no doubt Kavanaugh's Landin' is one hundred per cent. *MAN!*"

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London In Darkness

— *Continued from page 11*

see the *Times* book review, and hear the gossip of the club, and loiter down Broadway, with a rabbit and a mug of ale at Brown's chop house with me after the show! How well I was looking, and —

Not a word about himself or his wounds! I couldn't whisper my questions as fast as he; but I managed to get in an inquiry at last.

"Oh, it's nothing," he said, and smiled. "I'll be operated on to-morrow, and out of here in a week. Look here, can't we have a week-end at Oxford? I'd love to show it to you."

He remembered that I had never been there, and how I used to like to hear him tell of the days when he was a student in one of the loveliest places in England.

There came a morning when he was out of the hospital, and he surprised me by driving up to my hotel, still bandaged, but debonair. I suggested luncheon at the Cheshire Cheese — a haunt that we both loved — and we drove there in the bright September sunshine. I have seldom had a better meal; for after all, it isn't the food, it's the people you're with that count. And we had made friends, after the soup, with two English officers who shared our table. One of them had lost his leg, the other had been gassed; but the ale and the port were wonderful, and though the sun disappeared and a typical wet London afternoon set in, we did not care, for we were talking of the War and of deeds of daring, and nothing mattered save that we were there in London, happy for a time, no matter what the future held. If you get soldiers together who have seen service, I defy you to be bored. Dusk came on, and we went over to see the spot where Goldsmith sleeps, in the Temple — that sacred place which always thrills me. And because my friends, new and old, were all English and I was an American, I had to show them the grave, for, of course, they had never taken the time to go there.

"Here lies Oliver Goldsmith."

Nothing else is on that tomb. What an epitaph! The rain descended, but we stood there, unmindful of it, with our hats off. And the organ in the chapel close at hand pealed out, and the high, pure voices of choir boys at practise came to us in the stormy twilight. "Glory to God in the highest," they sang.

Was it possible that, only a few hundred miles away, cannon were roaring, guns were clamoring, and men were killing one another? What did life mean? Here were friendship and peace; a little way off were hatred and discord and alarm.

"At any rate," I said to myself, as I turned away to get a taxi down the Strand, "here lies Oliver Goldsmith."

And my friend, Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson, of the Fourth Canadian Artillery, said, as if in answer to my thought, "Yes, and how fortunate he is!"

In bitter contrast to the men on leave who have a wonderful holiday of forgetting in London, was the fate of the boy who, knowing nobody in the great city, came over to spend his furlough alone. He is the type — and I am happy to say there were many of him — that cannot be trapped and ensnared by the women of the streets. I heard of one lad who spent two dismal days by himself in a small hotel — the best he could afford — and then became homesick for the Front, and went hurriedly back. The noise of London was as nothing after the furious bombardments to which he had so long been accustomed! He actually craved the companionship of his pals on the firing line.

I had an English friend in America who enlisted in December, 1914, giving up everything because he felt, as Dawson did, the tug at his heart for the mother country. He had lived so long with us that all his old associates in England had long since disappeared. Indeed, he had thought of himself for years as an American, yet when he realized that the bulldog needed him, he took a ship and sailed back to the land of his birth. He was like a Canadian, an Australian, or a South African; and, as Kipling once said:

"He knows naught of England who only England knows."

MEN have rushed from the uttermost ends of the earth to fight for Britain. He was one of them. It was not until December, 1915, that he got his first leave; and, of course, he went to London. He happened to arrive on Christmas eve. Every Tommy, every officer, was met by his girl or his sister or his wife. For him, there was no feminine face in all that happy crowd. Alone, he wandered up the Strand to the Savoy, where he ate a solitary dinner; and he told me that at ten o'clock he went solemnly to bed.

Have you ever spent Christmas alone? And especially in a great city? If not, you know nothing of this man's tragic solitude, with people swarming about him, with hurrying lovers going to some long-dreamed-of festival, and faces so lit with gladness as to be almost unearthly. He saw children and gay shoppers, and the clasped hands of man and wife in the ecstasy of Yuletide companionship; yet when he saw his own face in a mirror which he chanced to pass, only his sad eyes looked back at him. All his friends were three thousand miles away, with a wintry ocean between. All his thoughts were in some cozy lodgings in New York, where his books and his pictures were now being enjoyed by a stranger. And he dreamed of many a house-party out in the country, with soft snow, many a lighted window-pane, a roaring fire, and friends, friends, friends.

Bored to distraction, after four days and three desolate nights, he crossed the Channel for France. And when he got to his division, the men still there thought he had gone mad. And he had — with loneliness.

Since then he has been badly wounded; and when I saw him he was honorably discharged from the service. He is one of the quiet heroes who never complained. His gentle spirit will always be in my mind. He could fight furiously under shot and shell for England; but he could not bear to be lonely in her great heart.

These are the people who made London light, even in her darkness. Their great souls reached out in the night, and a flame came to your own. They gleamed and shone; but because they were as true as the stars, and as steadfast, you took them for granted, as you grow to take for granted all beautiful things. But their combined wonder made a glorious constellation; and London could never be dark while they were there.

The American Revolution of 1919

— *Continued from page 14*

probably three million errand boys, porters, clerks, schoolboys, farm-hands and old men into railroad shops, shipyards, machine shops and factories where they are earning the normal pay of skilled mechanics. It has probably brought seven million women — clerks, servants, school-teachers, sweat-shop workers, wives, schoolgirls — out of poorly paid positions and their homes into men's jobs at men's pay.

It has always been a fundamental American principle that wages, once up, do not come down. It has always been our belief and experience that nothing is more dangerous politically or economically — that nothing so much leads to hard times, unrest and dangerous political experiment, as wage reduction. Again nothing so increases a nation's ambition or advances its civilization as the better standards of living, the bigger opportunity for education, enjoyment and saving which the War has brought in such unprecedented degree. To keep wages up — what to do with our new women workers — how to maintain or compensate for this new scale of living, will be a tremendous after-the-war problem.

Billions of dollars' worth of new factories, new equipment, new machinery are producing new wealth, employing added labor and paying extra dividends because of the War. Most of them are making specialized war products. Turning all this equipment back to the manufacture of peace products—finding the kind of products they can make and can sell — will prove one of the heaviest taxes on American ingenuity in the near future.

The American farmer is to-day getting $2.20 a bushel for his wheat, and more in proportion for his cotton. For twenty years he has been prosperous, but he is making twice as much money to-day as ever before. He is drawing a large part of this income from outside the country and is paying it all back into the country. The effect of peace on the farmer's profits is, therefore, a big national after-the-war problem.

America's new Merchant Marine early got itself into the newspaper headlines. It is under the direction of a man who particularly appreciates the use of headlines and the value of public interest. All America expects and demands that the greatest war fleet become the greatest peace fleet on the seas. This is another of our after-the-war problems.

One third of all Americans are either foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents. Our nation is half agricultural and half industrial. In the past, each half has thought that its interests were largely different, even opposed. For a generation we have had a bitter political issue between capital and the rest of the country. We have been called the melting pot which refused to melt. Out of this conglomeration of mixed races and interests the War has created a greater feeling of common interest, a truer Americanism than we have ever before known, and a degree of solidarity that few nations have ever exhibited. This has been one of our very biggest war assets. Whether or not we can keep and use this asset under normal conditions is another of our greatest post-war problems.

ALL these — our new labor, its new scale of living, our new factories, new farm output, new merchant fleet, new national spirit — represent the principal fundamental changes the War has wrought in America. Their sum total constitutes a unique revolution of national spirit and power — the mountain peak to which the War has lifted America. Each of them is largely commercial — together they form America's $75,000,000,000 geyser of production. If we can find or create new outlets for this production, if we can keep our geyser flowing freely, there is every reason to believe that an answer can be found for the problems that these changes have brought.

If we can find or create new markets for the vast quantities of automobiles, bridges, locomotives, shoes, flour and canned beef that we were selling in the war market, and also enough stoves, tractors, plows, fertilizers and dyestuffs to replace the munitions we were selling, all these problems of keeping labor content, of keeping the advantages of our new scale of living, of using our new Merchant Marine, of maintaining our new unity, our idealism, our Americanism, become largely executive — a question of planning ways and means.

If we cannot find a new outlet for our increased war-production, or sell enough extra goods to keep our new war equipment and our new trained labor busy, there is little chance of solving satisfactorily any of these problems. Our new trained labor will have to go back to its old untrained, poorly paid work. High wages and the new scale of living cannot be maintained. For no leadership, however skilful, no political platform, no amount of demand or determination, can make something out of nothing. And idealism, unity, patriotism, do not find their best outlets among men who need a job.

Another post-war problem confronting America is that of taking care of our returned soldiers. If industry is going full blast, if everybody is busy as he is now busy, to find a place for them will be comparatively easy. But if our factories are idle and our millions of new laborers are also looking for a job, a very different problem confronts us.

Now that the War is over, America will find herself loaded down with thirty or forty billions of dollars of new debts. Now we are creating this amount of new wealth every year over and above what we produced or used before the War. If we can keep on producing this new wealth our war debts will be swiftly paid.

The devastated lands of Europe are depending for their re-construction — at least partly — on American capital. Vast developments that have been retarded by the War in our own and a score of foreign countries offer profitable investments for American capital. If we can keep our new factories and workers busy we will have this capital.

America has assumed the position of big brother in the family of nations. Certainly we have assumed this position toward Russia and Serbia and Belgium. These nations expect much of us in the way of example and support. We have assumed the position of adviser to the peoples of Germany and Austria. The carrying out of these conspicuous moral obligations depends on the solution of our own economic problems — of maintaining our heights, of keeping our geyser of prosperity flowing.

Russia's revolution has been the most startling, the most dramatic, one of the most awful events of the War. It almost proved fatal to the success of the conflict. America's revolution is perhaps the most important event of the War. It has unquestionably saved the War — and the world.

Russia's revolution has carried her so low that almost any change must inevitably be for the better.

America's revolution has thrust her so high — given us such opportunities for growth and happiness at home and such power for good in the world — it has laid upon us such corresponding responsibilities to our own people and to the peoples of the world, that it must be carried on.

America's revolution has already brought vast and glorious results — the reclaiming of Belgium, the saving of Poland, the vindication of popular government — results to inspire the poets and historians and philosophers. But its causes in their essence have been simple and practical — that, forced by necessity, America's statesmen and economists and business men have planned and organized, and America's practical energy and efficiency have achieved, the production of twice as much goods of various kinds as we have ever produced before.

The carrying on of America's revolution will add a glorious chapter to the world's history. Whether or not it is carried on will depend, in the final analysis, on a single question — whether or not America's statesmen and economists and business men can also plan and organize, and her practical energy and efficiency can also achieve, the selling to ourselves and others of twice as much goods as we have ever sold before.

Northern France, Belgium, Serbia need re-construction — re-building. What America needs is real-construction — *making real and permanent all the artificial assets and artificial prosperity the War has already built for us.*

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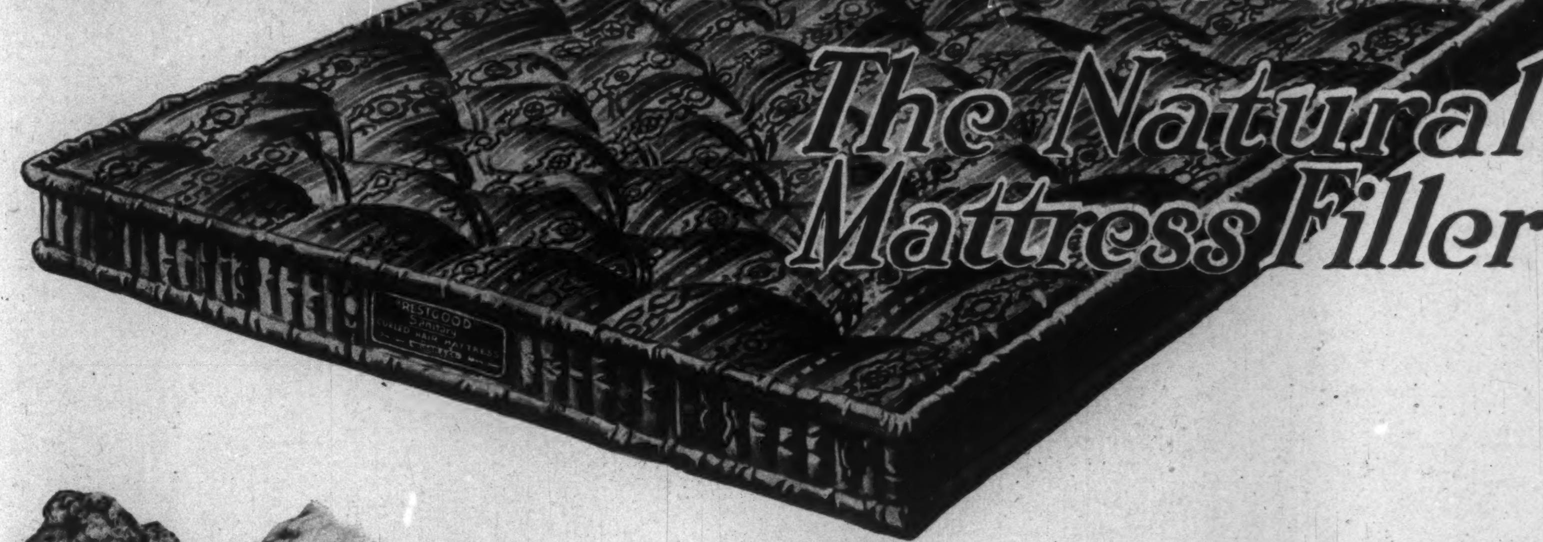

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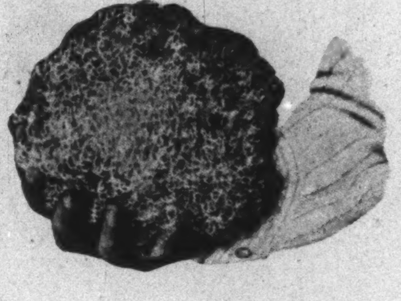

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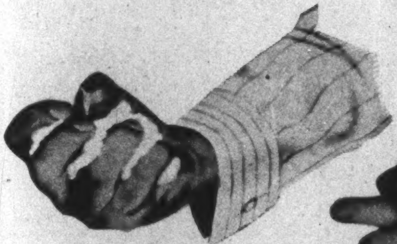

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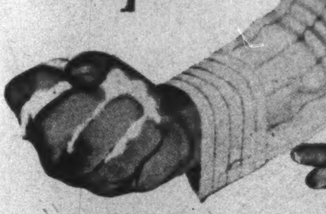

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